

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1919

AUTUMN CROCUSES

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I

'WHAT you need is a complete change, and quiet,' said his cousin Dorothy.

Guy, indeed, in spite of his efforts to keep up appearances, was a dismal figure. He had been passing the tea-cups and the bread and butter, enduring all the jests about sugar-rations and margarine, and enduring, which was so much worse, the complacencies over the approaching end of the war. His haggard face, narrow-jawed and high-foreheaded, expressed this endurance rather than any social amenity, and he was aware that Aunt Emily could hardly feel that the presence of her poet and soldier nephew added much to her tea-party. Indeed, the chattering, cheerful women affected his nerves almost as painfully as did the sound of the motor-buses when — every day it happened — he stopped on the curb, after leaving his office in Whitehall, and wondered how long it would take him to summon courage to cross the street. He felt, then, like breaking down and crying; and he felt like it now when they said, 'Is n't it all *too splendid!*'

Cousin Dorothy was as chattering and as cheerful as the rest of them, and she had every reason to be, he remembered, with Tom, her *fiancé*, ensconced in Paris, safe after all his perils. Doro-

thy, though like everybody else she had worked hard during the war, had seen nothing and lost nothing. And she had never had any imagination. All the same, he was thankful when she rescued him from the woman who would talk to him idiotically about his poetry (she evidently had n't understood a word of it), and took him into the quiet nook near the piano.

It might, then, have been mere consanguinity, for he had never before found intimacy possible where Dorothy was concerned; or it might have been a symptom of his state (his being at Aunt Emily's tea-party at all was that!); but, at all events, after admitting that Mrs. Dickson had been boring him, he found himself presently confessing his terrors about the motor-buses, his terror of the dark, his sleeplessness and general disintegration. His nervous laugh was a concession to Dorothy's possible misunderstanding; but as he went on, he felt himself almost loving her for the matter-of-factness she infused into her sympathy. After all, even good old Dorothy was n't stupid enough to suspect him of cowardice; and although, from a military point of view, he had made such a mess of it (invalided home again and again on account of digestive complaints, and finally, last spring, transferred to his small official post in London), to anyone, really, who had at

all followed his career, it would be apparent that no one could have stuck harder to the loathly job. He had felt that, and only that, even while, prompted by pride, he had made his effort to enlist, in the first months of the war. It had been with a deep relief that he had found himself at once rejected and free to stay behind, free to serve humanity with his gift rather than with his inefficiency; for he took his poetic vocation with a youthful seriousness. And when, later on, through one of the blunders of medical examination, he was drawn into the net of conscription, no one could have denied that he had marched off to the shambles with unflinching readiness.

Dorothy, he saw, took courage all along for granted. 'It's simply a case of shell-shock,' she said, as if it were her daily fare; 'you're queer and jumpy, and you can't stand noise. It's quite like Tommy.'

He could n't associate Tommy, short-nosed, round-headed, red-eared Tommy, with anything of the sort, and said so in some resentment. But Dorothy assured him that for some months — just a year ago — Tommy had been at home on sick leave, and really bad enough for anything. 'He suffered in every way just as you do.'

Guy was quite sure he had n't, but he did not want to argue about it. For nothing in the world would he have defined to Dorothy what he really suffered.

'It's country air you need; country food and country quiet,' Dorothy went on. 'You *can* get away?'

'Oh, yes; I can get away all right. Old Forsyth is most decent about it. He was telling me this morning that I ought to take a month.'

'I wonder if Mrs. Baldwin could have you at Thatches,' Dorothy mused. 'Tommy got well there directly.'

'Mrs. Baldwin?' His voice, he knew,

expressed an unflattering skepticism, but he could n't help it. 'Is she a home — an institution?' He saw Mrs. Baldwin, hatefully tactful, in a Red Cross uniform. 'No, thank you, my dear.'

'Of course not. What do you take me for?' Dorothy kept her competent eyes upon him. 'It's not even a P.G. place — at all events, not a regular one, though of course you do pay for your keep. She has very narrow means and takes friends sometimes, and, since the war, it's just happened — by people telling each other, as I'm telling you — to be shell-shock cases rather particularly. It's a lovely country and a dear, quaint little cottage, and she does you most awfully well, Tommy said.'

'I don't like the idea of settling down like that on a stranger.'

'But she would n't be a stranger. You'd go through me, and I feel as if I knew her already through Tommy. He said he was at home at once. "Cosy," was how he expressed it. And you get honey on your bread at tea and cream in your coffee at breakfast, and all sorts of delightful things *en casserole*, that she cooks with her own hands, quite equal, Tommy said, to the French. And Tommy knows, *now*, you see.'

'It's Mrs. Baldwin herself who frightens me. She frightens me more than the motor-buses in Whitehall.'

'That's just what she won't do. She's perfectly sweet. Cosy. Middle-aged. A widow. Her nice old father lives with her, and Tommy liked him so much, too. You help her to garden, and with the bees, you know. And the old father plays chess with you in the evenings. There's a stream near by where you can fish if you want to. It's late for that, of course; but Tommy got some quite good sport; he was there at just this time of year. And he said that it was most awfully jolly country, and that the meadows all about were full of autumn crocuses.'

'Autumn crocuses? In the fields? I've never seen them wild.'

'They do grow wild, though, in some parts of England. They are wild there. Tommy particularly wrote about them. He said one walked down to the stream among the autumn crocuses.'

Dorothy was baiting her hook very prettily, and he gloomily smiled his recognition of it. 'They do sound attractive,' he owned. He had n't imagined Tom a man to notice crocuses, and he was the more inclined to trust his good impressions further. After all, apart from Mrs. Baldwin and her father, the country, with honey, cream, and autumn crocuses, was a happy combination, if he had been in a condition for feeling anything happy.

What would Dorothy have thought of him, could she have known that, while they talked, her rosy, bonnie face kept constantly, before his haunted eyes, dissolving into a skull? Faces had a way of doing this with him since his last encounter with the war in the spring. And all the talking people in the room squeaked and gibbered. How could they go on talking? How could they go on living — after what had happened? How could he? The familiar nausea rose in him even as he forced himself to smile and to say, 'Well, could she have me — Mrs. Baldwin?'

He could not have made an effort to find a place for himself. Such efforts, he felt sure, would have landed him at some God-forsaken farmhouse miles from the station, where the beds were damp and the meat tough; or, even worse, at a Bournemouth hotel, amid orchestras and people who made a point of dressing for dinner. But, if someone found it for him, he would let himself be pushed off.

'I'm sure she could,' said Dorothy with conviction. 'I have her address and I'll write to-night and tell her all about you: that you're a rising poet,

and that your friends and relations will be so grateful if she'll do for you what she did for Tommy.'

He had an ironic glance for her 'rising.' His relations — and Aunt Emily and her brood were the nearest left to him — had never in the least taken in his standing or realized that he was, among people who knew, looked upon as completely risen. At the same time, sunken was what he felt himself; drowned deep; too deep, he sometimes thought, for recovery. His last little volume had been like a final fight for breath. He had written most of it over there, after Ronnie's death and before his own decisive breakdown, and he knew it a result as much of his malady as of his war-experience.

He wondered now, anew, whether these people had really read the poems. If they had, it only showed how impervious to reality they must remain. And there had actually been one, written after one of his leaves, called 'Eating Bread-and-Butter,' that should indeed have embarrassed them, had they remembered it, inviting them to eat it with him in a trench with unburied comrades lying in No-Man's Land before them. His head, as he thought of that, — from unburied comrades passing to unburied friends, — gave a nervous backward jerk, for he had told himself before that he *must* stop thinking in certain directions; and indeed the poems had helped to exorcise the obsession at the time when they had been written.

All the same, it was very strange — such a poet at such a tea-party. He had plunged into Aunt Emily's tea-party as he plunged nowadays into anything that presented itself as offering distraction. And now, as he said, 'Well, if you'll put it through, I'll go, and be very grateful to you,' he felt that he was making another plunge into Mrs. Baldwin's cottage.

II

It was a pretty cottage he found, as, on the September evening, his station fly drew up at the wicket-gate. They had come a long way from the station, and, after leaving a small village, the winding lane, too, had seemed long. He saw, nevertheless, as he alighted, that the rustic building, old stones below and modern thatch above, could not be far from the central group of which it formed an adjunct; for it had been contrived, by devices dear to the heart of the week-ender, from two or three laborers' cottages, thrown into one and covered all over with the capacious and brooding thatch. 'Quaint,' Dorothy's really inevitable word, altogether expressed it, from the box hedges that ran on either side of the flagged path, to the pale yellow hollyhocks beside the door.

A round-cheeked country girl, neatly capped and aproned, opened the door on a square, rush-matted hall; and beyond that he saw a room full of the sunset, where a table was being laid and from which Mrs. Baldwin came out to greet him.

She was not tall, and had thick, closely bound braids. He had dreaded finding himself at once dealt with as a case; but Mrs. Baldwin's manner was not even that of one accustomed to paying guests. Her murmur of welcome, her questions about his journey, her mild directions as she led him up to his room, — 'Be careful at this landing, the level of the floor goes up and the beam comes down so low,' — were rather those of a shy and entirely unprofessional hostess.

He thought, as soon as he took in his room, with its *voile-de-Gênes* hangings and dear old furniture, that he pleased her by saying, 'What a delicious room!' and even more when, on going to the wide, low-mullioned window, its panes open to the west, he added, 'And what

a delicious view!' There were meadows and tall hedge-row elms, and, running in a tranquil band of brightness, the stream that reflected the sky.

She did not say that she was glad he liked it, but her very gentle smile at the welcome it all made for him was part of the welcome. What she did say was, with the little air of shy preoccupation, while she wrung her finger-tips together, those of one hand in those of the other, 'I think the water's very hot. I have a rather young little maid. You'll tell me if you want anything. Are three blankets and the down quilt enough? The nights are rather cold already.'

He said that three would be perfect, secure from his glance at the deep, comely bed, that they would be beautifully thick and fleecy.

'Then you'll come down to us when you are ready.' She stood in the door to look round again. 'Matches here, you see; biscuits in the little earthenware box; and the spirit-lamp is in case you should wake in the night — you could make yourself a cup of cocoa. Everything is there — cocoa, milk, and sugar. It usually sends one off again directly.'

It was all the slightly shy hostess rather than the businesslike soother and sustainer; and, no, it was n't a bit cosy. He repudiated that word indignantly, while he washed — the water *was* very hot, admirably hot; there was a complacency about cosy, and Mrs. Baldwin had no complacency, though she was, for all her shyness and the unconscious gestures of physical nervousness, composed. Her hands, he remembered, recalling their little trick, — he had noticed it in the hall, — were like a child's; not the hands of a practical housewife. Yet from the look of that bed (yes, thank heaven, a box-spring mattress!), from the heat of the water, and, above all, the deft and accessible grouping of the spirit-lamp and its

adjuncts, she proved that she knew how to make one comfortable.

There were the meadows and — Going again to the window, he wondered, leaning out, could he see the autumn crocuses. Yes, surely; even at this evening hour his eyes distinguished the pale yet delicately purpling tint that streaked the pastoral verdure. What a delicious place, indeed! He stood, absorbed in looking out, until the maid came to say that supper would be ready in five minutes.

The long room, the living-room, — for it combined, he saw, all social functions, — also faced the meadows at the back of the house, and the primrose colored sunset still filled it as he entered. Mrs. Baldwin was busying herself with the table, and an old gentleman with a very long white beard rose, with much dignity, from the grandfather's chair near a window-seat. Mr. Haseltine, so his daughter named him, had more the air of seeing the visitor as a P.G., perhaps even as a shell-shock patient; but he was a nice old man, Guy felt, although his beard was too long. He wore a brown velveteen jacket, and Guy surmised that he might have been a writer or scholar of some not very significant sort.

'Yes, we think ours a very favored nook indeed,' he said, as Guy again praised the prospect. 'Yes; three cottages. Very happily contrived, is it not? There is a clever builder in the next town. He kept the old fireplace, you see; that end was a kitchen and the beams are all the old ones. Three gardens, too, thrown into one; but that is entirely my daughter's creation. Pig-styes used to be in that corner.'

Guy looked out at the squares of color, the low beds of mignonette, the phloxes, larkspurs, and late sweet-peas, a screen of stained-glass tints against the sky. Where the pig-styes had been was a little thatched summer-house,

with rustic seat and table. The bee-hives were just outside the hedge, at an angle of the meadow. Mr. Haseltine continued to talk while Mrs. Baldwin and the maid came in and out carrying tea and eggs and covered dishes.

'I hope you don't mind high tea,' she said. 'It seems to go with our life here.'

He felt that high tea was his favorite meal. There was a big white earthenware bowl on the table, filled with sweet-peas. 'Where do you get the old-fashioned colors?' he asked her. 'I thought the growers had extirpated them; one sees only the long-stemmed ones nowadays, with the tiresome artistic shades.'

He pleased her again, he felt sure, and she told him that she always saved the seed, liking the old, bright colors better, too.

He was glad that he had come, although Mr. Haseltine's beard was too long and he feared that he would prove talkative in the worst way, the deliberate and retaining way. He liked the smell of everything, — a mingling of sweet-peas, rush-matting, and China tea, — and the look of everything; good, unpretentious old oak furniture, fresh, if faded, chintzes, and book-lined walls; and he presently liked the taste of everything, too.

'I feel already as if I should sleep to-night,' he said to Mrs. Baldwin.

She sat behind the tea-urn, a little distracted, if anything so mild could be called distraction, by the plunging movements of the little maid as she moved about the table. 'That will do nicely, Cathy,' she said. 'We can manage now. You can bring in some more hot water if I ring. — Oh, I do hope you'll sleep. People usually sleep here.'

She was hardly middle-aged, though, after Dorothy's bright browns and pinks, Tommy might well have thought her so. Many years older than Dorothy, of course, yet how many he could

not in the least compute. There was an agelessness, with something tough and solid about her; she was as little slender as she was stout; she might, with her neutral tints, — hair, skin, dress, — have looked almost the same at sixty as she did now. She was n't pale, or sal-low, or sun-burned; yet her complexion seemed so to go with her hair that the whole head might have been carved in some pleasantly tinted stone. Only her eyes gave any depth of difference: gentle eyes, like a blue-gray breadth of evening. She had a broad, short face and broad, beautifully drawn lips, and looked almost mysteriously innocent.

Guy took her in to this extent, swift as he was at taking people in, and sensitive as he was to what he found. He felt sure — and the depth of comfort it gave him made him aware of all the reluctances Dorothy's decision had overborne — that she had n't the ghost of a method or of a theory. Shell-shock people had merely happened to come and had happened to get well quickly. He even gathered, as the peaceful evening wore on, — Cathy clearing, placid lamps lighted, the windows still left open to the twilight, — that she did n't really think very much about her cases, in so far as they were cases and not guests. Having done her best in the way of blankets, hot-water, and spirit-kettles, and seen them settled down into the life she had made for herself, — and not at all for them, — she went her own way, irresponsible and unreflecting.

To-night she did n't attempt to entertain him. It was Mr. Haseltine, at supper, who kept up the conversation, and with the air of always keeping it up, with even the air, Guy imagined once or twice, of feeling it specially his part to make amends, in that sort of resource, for his dear daughter's deficiency. She was, Guy saw, very much his dear daughter; but he felt sure that it had never entered the old gentleman's

head that anyone would find her interesting when he himself was there.

After supper she was occupied for a little while at her desk, adding up figures, it appeared, in house-books; for she came to her father and asked him if he would do a column for her. 'It has come out differently three times with me,' she confessed, but without ruefulness. 'I'm so dull at my accounts!'

Guy, as Mr. Haseltine fumbled for his large tortoise-shell eyeglasses, offered to help her, and then came over and sat beside the desk and did the rest of the sums for her. She was tidying up for the month, she told him, and always found it rather confusing. 'It's having to put the pennies, which are twelves, into pounds, which are twenties, is n't it?' she said, and thanked him so much.

But it could hardly be called entertaining, nor, when he accompanied her across the lane in the now deepened dusk, to shut up her fowls. After that, there was the game of chess, during which Mrs. Baldwin absented herself a good deal, helping Cathy, Guy imagined, with the beds and hot-water-bottles; and at nine-thirty they all lighted their candles and went upstairs.

Bedtime had been, for many months, his most dreaded moment. The door shut him in and shut away the last chance of alleviation. There was nothing for it but to stretch himself haggardly on his couch and cling to every detail in the day's events, or in the morrow's prospects, that might preserve him from the past. To fight *not* to remember was a losing game, and filled one's brain with the white flame of insomnia. He had found that it was when, exhausted by the fruitless effort, he suffered the waiting vultures to settle upon him, abandoned himself to the beaks and talons, that, through the sheer passivity of anguish, oblivion most often came.

To-night, from the habit of it, his mind braced itself as he came into the room, and he was aware, as he had been for nearly a year now, that Ronnie's face was waiting, as it were, on the outskirts of consciousness, to seize upon him. But, after he had lighted the candles on his dressing-table and the candles on the mantelpiece, taken off his coat, and started undressing, he found that his thoughts, quite effortlessly, were engaged with his new surroundings, old Mr. Haseltine's beard and eyeglasses occupying them, and the clucking noise he made in drinking the glass of hot ginger and water that had been brought to them on a tray while they played; Mrs. Baldwin's accounts, her fowls, and the color of her eyes. He decided that the color was Wedgwood, or perhaps periwinkle blue — some very dense, quiet color.

As he moved about the room, this protective interest came to him from the little objects he made acquaintance with: the round Venetian box, dim gilt and blue and red, on the chest of drawers, in which he found a handful of tiny shells — shells, no doubt, that Mrs. Baldwin had picked up during a seaside outing; the faded old blue leather blotter on the writing-table, marked E. H., which had probably been hers since maiden days (and did E stand for Ethel or Edith or Ellen?); the pretty lettering in fine black script of the writing-paper so pleasantly stacked; the dear old Dutch coffee-pot and jug on the mantel, and the bowl of mignonette that she, of course, had arranged. He sank his face into its fragrance, and peace seemed breathed upon him from the flowers.

He was wondering, as he got into bed, with a glance, before he blew out the candle, at the birds and branches, the whites and blacks and roses of the *voile-de-Gènes*, whether he would find the autumn crocuses open in the meadows next morning; it had looked like

the evening of another fine day. Then, the candle out, his thoughts, for a little while, were tangled in the magical dreamland of the *voile-de-Gènes*, and the breath of the mignonette seemed to lie upon his eyelids with a soft compulsion to peace, until, all thought sliding suddenly away, he dropped into delicious slumber.

III

He found the crocuses open, before breakfast. Only Cathy was in the living-room, sweeping, when he crossed it, though he thought he heard Mrs. Baldwin in the kitchen. A robin was singing on a spray over the summer-house. The sky arched pale and high; and though there was no mist in the air, its softness made him think of milk.

From the garden he passed into the meadows, and, almost at once, saw, everywhere, the fragile, purple flowers about him, if purple were not too strong a word for their clear, cold tint. Lower down, near the stream, they made him think of the silver bobbins set playing by great rain-drops when they fall heavily upon wide, shallow pools of water; and they seemed to grow even more thickly in the farther meadow beyond the wooden bridge. A sense of bliss was upon him as he walked among the flowers. He had never seen anything more lovely, and all but the darker buds were open, showing pale golden hearts to the sun. Yet, by the time that he had crossed the bridge, leaning on the high rail to look down into the limpid, sliding water, he knew that it could never stay at that or mean that for him. He had seen fields of flowers in France, and, while the horrors there had been enacted, these fields of crocuses, year after year, had bloomed. What they meant for his mind was the unbridged chasm between nature and the sufferings of man. Only when one

ceased to be a man, ceased to remember and to think, could such a day, such sights, bring the unreasoning joy.

Walking back, he saw, as he approached the house, that Mrs. Baldwin was standing at the garden-gate, and, bare-headed, in the linen dress of pale lavender, she made him at once think of the crocuses, or they of her. Their gentleness was like her, their simplicity, and something, too, — for he felt this in her, — of unearthliness. More, perhaps, than any other flower they seemed to belong to the air rather than to the ground, and, with their faint, pale stalks, their fragile petals unconfined by leaf or calyx, to be rising like emanations from the sod and ready to dissolve in mist into the sunlight.

‘You’ve had a little walk?’ Mrs. Baldwin asked him as they met.

He said he had been looking at the crocuses. ‘Are they really crocuses?’ he questioned. ‘I’ve never seen them wild before.’

‘They’re not real crocuses,’ she said, ‘though those grow wild, too, in a few places in England. These flowers are always called autumn crocuses hereabouts; but they are really, botanically, meadow saffron; and they grow wild in a great many places. You see they are not so dark a purple as the wild crocus, and they are much taller, and the petals are more pointed. Much more beautiful flowers, I think.’

‘Meadow saffron. That’s a pretty name, too. But I think I’ll go on calling them autumn crocuses. They were one of the reasons that made me want to come here,’ he told her.

They were leaning on the little garden gate looking over the meadows.

‘Really? Did you hear about them?’

He told her what Dorothy had said, passed on from the appreciative Tommy, and she said again, ‘Really!’ and with surprise, so that, laughing a little, he said that he believed she would never

have thought of Mr. Barnet as an appreciator of crocuses. She laughed a little, too, confessing to a community of perception where Tommy was concerned, and remarking that it was very nice of him to have cared. ‘What he talked about,’ she said, ‘was the food. He was never done praising my coffee. It’s time for coffee now,’ she added.

Guy, as they went in, said that, after all, if that was what Tommy had talked about, he wondered that his caring for the crocuses should have surprised her, for he was sure that the one was almost as poetical as the others. It was poetical, indeed, as she made it, in a delightful and complicated apparatus, glass and brass and premonitory scented steam; and the milk was as hot as the water had been, and there was cream. ‘How do you manage it, in these days?’ he asked. But she said that it was n’t wickedness and bribery, really: she and Cathy skimmed it from the milk that was brought from the nearest farm.

He realized that he was himself talking about the food just as Tommy had done; just as the chattering women at Aunt Emily’s tea-party had done; just as everybody, of course, had been doing in England ever since food became such an important matter. But it was Mrs. Baldwin who made him do it; for though unearthly, she was deliciously prosaic. He felt that anew when he heard her going about the house in her low-heeled little shoes, with Cathy. They did, evidently, all the work, and how fresh, composed, and shining everything was. The living-room, with its happy southern windows, its tempting writing-tables, its flowers and books, was an embodiment of the poetry that only such prose can secure.

Guy, while Mr. Haseltine sat behind his rustling *Times*, strolled before the shelves, surprised, presently, at their range of subject. Surely not Mrs. Baldwin’s, such reading; hardly, he

thought, Mr. Haseltine's. He took down a volume of Plotinus and found, on the fly-leaf, 'Oliver Baldwin,' written in a small, scholarly hand. That explained it, then. Her husband's. The Charles d'Orléans, too, the Fustel de Coulanges, the Crocé, and the Dante, with marginal notes. He had been a man of letters, perhaps. Of the dozen books he took down to examine, only one was initialled 'E. H.,' and that, suitably, was *Dominique*. But it had been given to her by 'O. B.'

As in the garden, presently, he and the old gentleman walked up and down, smoking, Guy asked him, with the diffidence natural to the question, whether his son-in-law, Mrs. Baldwin's husband, had been killed in the war; though he could n't imagine her a war-widow. One did n't indeed think of her in connection with marrying and giving in marriage — that was part of the unearthliness; yet widowhood, permanent widowhood, seemed a suitable state. She was not girlish, nor was she wifely. She was widowed, and it had happened, he felt sure, in spite of his question, long ago.

As he had expected, his companion replied, 'Ah, no; he died eight, nine years since.' And Mr. Haseltine then went on to tell, taking the war as the obvious interest, and not without the satisfaction that Guy had so often met and so often loathed, that he had lost dear ones. 'Children of my eldest son. Fine lads. Brave boys. One in the first month — at the Marne; the other only last year, flying. Yes; I've done my bit,' said Mr. Haseltine, with the fatuity that he was so plentifully companioned in displaying.

'Bit.' Odious word. His 'bit.' Why his? Had anyone written a poem on the formula coming from the lips of those for whom others had died? A scattered, flagellating line or two floated through Guy's mind. Something about barbed

wire came in. He wondered how old Mr. Haseltine would have felt about his 'bit,' hung up on that and unable to die. He wondered where the fine lads now lay. No more coffee for them, with cream in it; no more robins singing; no more strolling smokes among mignonne in the sunlight. How they were forgotten, already, except as self-glorifying trophies! How pleased, how smug this rescued, comfortable world!

Something of his distaste attached itself even to Mrs. Baldwin when she next appeared. Something irritated him in her peacefulness. She, too, had seen nothing and lost nothing. But, at all events, she would n't, he knew that, take any stand on the two nephews to claim her 'bit.' There was nothing fatuous about Mrs. Baldwin. The slight distaste still lingered, however, and he found himself wondering once or twice, during the day that passed, in spite of it, so pleasantly, whether she was n't, for all his idealizing similes, a stupid as well as a sweet woman. It was not because of filial self-effacement that she let her father do all the talking at meals: it was simply because she had nothing to say, and the good old boy was quite right in taking his responsibility for granted. The person who could talk was the responsible person. Her mind, though so occupied, was quite singularly inactive and, he was sure, completely uncritical. She did n't find her father in the least a bore, or suspect that anybody else might find him so. She did find, Guy felt sure, satisfaction in all her occupations. He heard her laughing — a very quiet little laugh — with Cathy in the kitchen; and in the afternoon, when he helped her to pick out seedlings, her attentive profile — as, after he had dug each hole, she dropped in the little plant, pressed the earth about its roots, and fixed it in its place — made him think of the profile of a child putting its dolls to bed. They

planted three beautiful long rows, and Guy was quite tired by tea-time, for though they had high tea at half-past six, they were not deprived of the precious afternoon pause, taking place as it did at the unaccustomed but pleasing hour of four.

After tea she went to see some people in the village, Mr. Haseltine dozed in his chair, and Guy took a long walk.

So the days went on, and at the end of a week he was able to write to Dorothy and tell her that he was sleeping wonderfully and that Mrs. Baldwin's cottage was all that she had pictured it. By the end of the week he had even grown rather attached to Mr. Haseltine, and he enjoyed playing chess with him every evening; and sometimes they had a game in the afternoon when tea was over. The undercurrent of irritation still flowed, but he had learned to put up with the old gentleman and to circumvent his communicativeness, and in the case of Mrs. Baldwin he more and more felt that she was the sort of person to whom one would, probably, forgive anything. It had become evident to him that what might be dullness might also be unawareness. That was a certain kind of dullness, it was true, but it did n't preclude capacity for response if the proper stimulus were applied. It amused him to note that if none of the nearly inevitable jars of shared life seemed ever to occur between her and her father, it was simply because, when a difference arose, she remained unconscious of it unless it were put before her. Nothing could have been less in the line of selfishness; it was she who thought of him, of his comfort and happiness, and who ordered her life to further them; he, in this respect, was passive; but Guy felt that the poor old boy often brooded in some disconsolateness over small trials and perplexities that a companion more alert to symptoms would have discerned and dispelled at once. Mr.

Haseltine even, sometimes, confided such grievances to the P.G.

'I don't want to bother Effie about it,' he said; — E. had stood for Effie — 'she's a dreamy creature and very forgetful. But it's quite evident to me that the rector and his wife have been expecting to be asked to tea to meet you. I've just been talking to them in the lane, and I saw it plainly. They had asked us to bring you before you arrived, hearing we were to have another guest, — they've always been most kind and neighborly in helping us to entertain our new friends, — and I really don't know why Effie should have got out of it. I usually have to remind her, it's true. But I sometimes get tired of always having to. She does n't care for them herself; but that's no reason why you might not. We have few enough interests to offer visitors.'

Guy was glad to have escaped the rectory tea, though he did not say this in assuring Mr. Haseltine that the entertainment offered at Thatches was absolutely to his taste. He was completely out of place at any rectory; he could imagine no rector who would not find his poems pernicious; but he felt that there was justice in Mr. Haseltine's contention. He *might* have cared for them. As it was, Mr. Haseltine was brought once again to reminding her. It was evident then that she was ready to please anybody or everybody.

'Ask them? Ought I to ask them?'

'My dear, it's ten days since they sent their invitation. They spoke again — and it's the second time — of having been so sorry not to see us, when I met them yesterday, in the lane. I don't know why you did not go.'

'I thought it would bore Mr. Norris, father. He came here for quiet, you know. But would it bore you?' she asked Guy. 'They are very nice. I don't mean that.'

'It's certainly very pleasant being

quiet,' said Guy; 'but if Mr. Haseltine likes having them, I assure you that people don't frighten me in the least.'

'Oh, not on my account,' Mr. Haseltine protested. 'I see our good friends continually. It is of them I am thinking, as well as of Mr. Norris. He might find them more interesting than you do, Effie, and they will, I fear, be hurt.'

Now that it was put before her, Mrs. Baldwin did it every justice, rising from the breakfast-table, where she had just finished, to go to her desk, and murmuring as she went, 'I had n't thought of that. They might be hurt. So, if it *won't* bore you, Mr. Norris.'

And the Laycocks were asked, and did indeed bore Guy sadly.

It was on the night after their visit — Mr. Laycock had questioned him earnestly about his personal impressions of the war and to evade him had been wearying — that Guy, for the first time, really, since he had come, found sleep difficult and even menaced. It was because of that, he felt sure, looking back on it, that the curious occurrence of the next day took place — curious, and, had it taken place in the presence of anyone else, embarrassing. But what made it most curious was just that; he had not felt it embarrassing to break down and sob before Mrs. Baldwin.

The morning had begun badly. The breakfast-table papers had been full of the approaching victory. Mr. Haseltine read out passages from the *Times* as he broke his toast and drank his coffee. He had reiterated the triumph of his long conviction, and Mrs. Baldwin had murmured assent. 'All's well with the world,' was the suffocating assurance that seemed to breathe from them both. 'All's blue.' Was hell forgotten like that? What if the war were won? Of course, it had to be won — that was an unquestioned premise that had underlain his rebellions as well as Mr.

Haseltine's complacencies since the beginning. But what of it? No victory could redeem what had been done.

He went out into the garden, to be away from Mr. Haseltine, as soon as he could, and took a book into the summer-house; and it was here, a little later, that Mrs. Baldwin, seeing him as she passed, her garden-basket on her arm, paused to ask him, with her smile of the shy hostess, if he were all right. She did n't often ask him that, and he saw at once that his recent recalcitrancy to rejoicing had pierced even her vagueness. He knew that he still looked recalcitrant, and he was determined not to soften the overt opposition rising in him; so he raised his eyes to her over his book and said that he was not, perhaps, feeling very fit this morning.

Mrs. Baldwin hesitated at the entrance to the summer-house. She looked behind her at the garden and up at the roses clustering over the lintel under the thatch; she even took out her scissors, in the uncertainty that, evidently, beset her, and snipped off a dead rose, and she said presently, 'It was all that talk about the war, was n't it? — when what you must ask is to forget it.'

'Oh, I don't ask that at all,' said Guy. 'I should scorn myself for forgetting it.' She glanced in again at him, mildly. 'I want to forget what's irrelevant, like victory,' he said; 'but not what is relevant, like irremediable wrong.'

Her awareness had not, of course, gone nearly as far as this. She kept her eyes on him, and he was glad to feel that he could probably shock her. 'You see,' he found himself saying, 'I saw the wrong. I saw the war — at the closest quarters.'

'Yes — oh, yes,' Mrs. Baldwin murmured.

'For me, tragedy does n't cease to exist when it's shoveled underground. If one does go down into hell, one does n't want to forget the fact — though

one may hope to forget the torments and horrors; one wants, rather, to remember that hell exists — and to try and square life with that actuality.'

There was silence after this for a moment, and he imagined that she was very much at a loss. Her next words seemed indeed to express nothing so much as her failure to follow — that and a silliness really rather adorable, had he been in a mood to find it anything but exasperating. 'But, still — hell does n't exist, does it?' she offered him for his appeasement.

Guy laughed. 'Does n't it? When things like this war can happen? How could it ever have existed but in men's hearts? It's there that it smoulders and, when its moment comes, leaps out to blast the world.'

He could talk to her like this because she was too simple to suspect in him a poetical attitudinizing; anyone else would of course suspect it. Guy was even aware that to anyone else it would be that. She looked kind and troubled and as much as ever at a loss. She did n't know at all how to deal with the patient, and she was evidently uncertain what to do, since it might seem heartless to go away and leave him to his black thoughts, yet intrudingly intimate to come and sit down beside him. Nothing could be less intimate than Mrs. Baldwin. It was he, of course, who was tasteless in talking to her in a vein appropriate only to intimacy.

'Don't bother over me,' he said, offering her the patent artifice of a smile. 'I'm simply a bad case. You must n't let me trouble you. You must just turn your back on me when I'm like this.'

It was not poetic attitudinizing now; there was in his voice a quaver of grief and she responded to it at once.

'Oh, but I don't like to do that. I do wish I could be of some help. I see you have n't slept, for you look so tired, as you did when you first came. And

Mr. Laycock did bore you. It's wrong of people to talk to you about the war.'

For the first time he saw in the eyes fixed upon him pity, evident pity and solicitude. And before it he felt himself crumble suddenly. He saw all the reasons she had for pitying him, did she but know. He saw Ronnie's face again; he saw his own haunted nights and his own grief. He wanted her to see it. 'Oh — one can't be guarded like that,' he murmured; 'I must try to get used to it. But — I did n't sleep; that's true. I'm so horribly afraid of not sleeping. You can't imagine what it is. I've the most awful visions.' And leaning his elbows on the table, he put his hands before his face and began to cry.

She stood there; he did not hear her move at first; and then she entered and sat down on the seat beside him. But she said nothing and did not touch him. He had had in all the tumult of his disintegration, a swift passage of surmise: would she not draw his head upon her shoulder, like a mother, and comfort him? But that would have broken him down heaven knew how much further.

He cried frankly, articulating presently, 'It's my nerves, you know; they have all gone to pieces. I lost my friend; my dearest friend. For months I did n't sleep.'

Mrs. Baldwin's silence was not oppressive, or repressive, either. He heard her hands move slightly on the basket she held on her knees and the soft chafing in the folds of her linen bodice that her breathing made. It was an accepting stillness and it presently quieted him; more than that, it enabled him at last to lift his head and look at her without feeling ashamed of himself. Oddly enough, he knew that he, perhaps, ought to be. He *could* have helped himself. There had been an element of willfulness in his breakdown; he had wanted her to see; but, even had she known this about him, he would not have felt

ashamed. She was so curiously a person with whom one could not associate blames and judgments. She was an accepting person.

She was n't looking at him, but out at the sweet, bright, autumnal little garden; and as her eyes came to him, he felt them full of thought; felt, for the first time, sure that, whatever she might be, she was not dull.

He could not remember, looking back at the little scene, that she had said a single further word. He did not think that he had said anything further. He was helping her, a little while after, to prune the Aimée Vibert rose that had grown with great unruliness over the little tool-house near the kitchen door. 'It will really pull it down unless we cut out some of these great branches,' she had said, as, equipped with stout gloves, they had worked away together, unfastening the tangled trails and stretching them out on the ground. So displayed, the Aimée Vibert was drastically dealt with, and it was mid-day before they finished fastening the thinned and shortened shoots into place.

She had said nothing further; but he believed that, for the first time, her thought really included him. He had been put before her. She was different afterwards. He had become an individual to her, and had ceased to be merely the paying guest.

IV

The third week came. There was rain, rather sad September rain, for a day or two. They sat in the evenings before the wide fireplace where logs blazed. Mrs. Baldwin, at his suggestion, read aloud to them Fabre's *Souvenirs Entomologiques*. She read French prettily, better than he did himself, and he was a little chagrined once or twice to find that she knew it better, priding himself on his French as he did. He

had lived for a year in Paris, with Ronnie, before the war.

The horrors of the grim, complicated under-world revealed by the French seer distressed him. Mrs. Baldwin did not feel them as he did, feeling the marvels rather than the horrors, perhaps. She laughed a little, rather callously, at the ladies who devoured their husbands, and seemed pleased by the odious forethought of the egg-laying mothers. She shared Fabre's humorous dispassionateness, if not the fond partiality which, while it made him the more charming, did n't, Guy insisted, make his horrid wasps and beetles a bit more so. As usual, she vexed him a little, even while, more and more, he felt her intelligent; perhaps she vexed him all the more for that.

'She's so devilishly contented with the world,' he said to himself sometimes, even while he smiled, remembering her laughter.

Old Mr. Haseltine fell asleep one night while she read, and to be together there before the fire, the old man sleeping beside them, made them nearer than they had ever been before. Guy was aware of this nearness while he listened and while he watched her hand, short, like a child's (and her face was so short) support the book, and her eyelashes dropping down the page or raised to a fresh one.

When he went to his room that night, he stood still for a long time, his candle in his hand, listening to the soft beat of the rain against the window. He was hardly ever now afraid of being alone, or of the dark, and he stood there musing and listening, while he still seemed to see Mrs. Baldwin's hand as it held the book, and her reading profile. Her life seemed to breathe upon him and he rested in it. He slept deliciously.

'Did you know that I write?' he asked her next day. He had wondered about this once or twice before.

'Oh, yes; your cousin, in her letter, you know, told me that you wrote,' said Mrs. Baldwin.

They were in the living-room after midday dinner, and alone. She looked up at him very kindly from the papers and letters she was sorting at her desk.

'You've never heard of my effusions otherwise, though?' He put on a rueful air. 'Such is fame!'

'Are you famous?' Her smile was a little troubled. 'I don't follow things, you know, living here as I do.'

'You read the papers. I *have* had reviews: good ones.'

'I don't read them very regularly,' she admitted. 'And I so often don't remember the names of people in reviews, even when I've liked what is said of them. Have you any of your poems here? Perhaps you'll let me read them.'

He felt, with the familiar chagrin, that she would never, of herself, have thought of asking him.

'Yes, my last volume. It's just out.'

He was going for a walk in the rain with Mr. Haseltine that afternoon. There was an old church in the neighboring village that his friend wanted him to see. Mrs. Baldwin had letters to write. 'Will you have time to look at it while we are out?' he asked.

Although she had shown so little interest in him, he was eager, pathetically so, he felt, that she should read and care about his poems. She said that it was just the time: her letters would not take long. And so he ran up to his room and got the little book for her: *Burnt Offerings*.

All the time that he was walking with Mr. Haseltine and seeing the church, and the old manor-house that took them a half mile farther, he wondered what she was thinking about his poems.

By the time they had returned the rain had ceased. A warm September sunlight diffused itself. Veils lifted from the stream and trailed upon the

lower meadows. The sky grew clear and the leaves all sparkled. They found that Mrs. Baldwin had had her cup of tea, for it was past four; but all had been left in readiness for them, the kettle boiling; and after Guy had swallowed his, he went out and saw her walking down among the crocuses.

'Oh, are you back?' she said when he joined her. 'I wanted to be there to give you your tea. Was it all right?'

'Perfectly,' he said. 'We put in just your number of spoonfuls.'

Mrs. Baldwin wore her little knitted jacket and had put on her white, rubber-soled canvas shoes against the wet; but her head, with its thick, close braids, was bare to the sunlight.

'I had to come out as soon as it stopped raining,' she said; 'and I'm afraid I simply forgot to look out for you and father.'

Her gentleness had always seemed contentment; this afternoon it seemed happiness, and he had never seen her look so young. He wondered if she were going to take him so dreadfully aback as not even to mention his poems; if she had simply forgotten them, too. Already her demeanor, unclouded, almost radiant, inflicted a wound; she had either forgotten, or she had cared little indeed, since she could look like that. But, after he had commented, consentingly, on the lovely hour, she went on with a change of tone, a voice a little shy, 'I've read the poems. Thank you so much for letting me see them.'

'You read all of them?'

'Yes. I did n't write my letters.'

'I hope you read them, then, because you cared for them.'

She did n't answer for a moment, walking along and placing the small white feet carefully among the crocuses. 'They are very sad,' she then said.

He was aware, after an instant of adjustment to the blow, that she made him very angry. Terrible, his poems,

searing, scorching; wicked, if one would; but not sad.

'Oh!' he murmured; and he wondered if the divided feeling she had from the first roused in him had been this hatred, not perhaps of her, but of her unvarying acquiescence, her untroubled inadequacy.

'They interested me very much,' she said, feeling, no doubt, that, whatever he was, he was not pleased. 'They made me see, I mean, all the things you have been through.'

'Sad things, you call them. You know, I rather feel as if I'd heard you call hell sad.'

She looked up at him quickly, and it was now she who was taken aback and, as she had been the other day, at a loss. And, as on the other day, she found the same answer, though she offered it deprecatingly, feeling his displeasure. 'But hell does n't exist.'

'Don't you think anything horrible exists?'

They turned at the end of the meadow. It seemed to him, although he felt as if he hated her, that they were suddenly intimate in their antagonism. He would force that antagonism, and its intimacy, upon her — to its last implication.

'Horrible? Oh, yes, yes!' she said, startled, and that was, he reflected grimly, to the good. 'But it would have to be irretrievable, would n't it, to be hell?' she urged.

'Do you suggest that it's not irretrievable? You own it's horrible. Irretrievably horrible, I call it. And that's what I call hell. Yet all that you could find to say of my poems is that they were sad.'

She hesitated, feeling her way, hearing in the recurrent word how it had rankled. 'I only meant sad, I think, because of you; because you had suffered so much.'

'You seem always to imply that one

might *not* have suffered!' And thrusting aside her quickly murmured, 'Oh, no, no!' he went on: 'I can't understand your attitude of mind. Do you realize at all, I sometimes wonder, what it has all meant, this nightmare we are living in — we, that is, to whom it came? Can you imagine what it was to me to see boys, dead boys, buried stealthily, at night, under fire? Boys so mangled, so disfigured — you read that poem, "Half a Corpse"? — that their mothers would n't have known them; featureless, dismembered boys, heaped one upon the other in the mud. Has your mind ever dwelt upon the community of corruption in which they lie, as their mothers' minds must dwell? I do not understand you. I do not understand how you can dare to call such things sad.'

His own wrath shook and yet sustained him, though he knew a fear lest he had gone too far; but in her silence — they had reached the other end of the meadow and turned again in their walk — he felt that there was no resentment. It was as if she realized that those who have returned from hell cannot be asked to stop and pick their words with courtesy, and accepted his vehemence, if not his blame; and again, when she spoke at last, he felt that her bewilderment had settled into thought.

'Yes. I can imagine,' she said. 'But no, I don't think that my mind has dwelt on those things. If I were their mothers, I don't think that my mind would dwell, as you say. Something would burn through. There are other kinds of suffering — better kinds; they help, I believe. And, for that kind, it is worse, but is it so much worse than in ordinary life? That is what happens all the time when there is no war: dreadful changes in the dead; and burials. They are not quite so near in a churchyard, and their graves are named; but do you think that makes it easier to bear?'

He felt now as if it were insult she was offering him.

'You deny all tragedy to war, then? It's all to you on a level with an Elegy in a Country Churchyard with curfew and rector and primrose-wreaths? You read "His Eyes," — Guy's voice had a hoarser note, but, mingled with the sincerity of what, at last, he knew he was to tell her, the very centre of his sick heart, went a surface appreciation of what he had just said and of how curfew and rector and primrose-wreaths would go into a bitter poem one day, — 'you read that poem of mine at the end of the book. "His Eyes" is about myself and my friend Ronnie Barlow, the artist; you never heard of him, I know. He hung, with shattered legs, dying, just in front of us, on the barbed wire, for three days and nights. When he could speak, it was to beg to be shot. We tried to get to him, four, five times; it was no good. There was barbed wire between, and the Germans spotted us every time. He died during the third night, and next morning I found him looking at me — as he had looked during those three days — his torment and his reproach. And so he went on looking until the rats came and he had no more eyes to look with. Will you tell me that that is no worse than the deaths died in the parishes of England? Will you tell me that it's the sort of death died by the cheery, mature gentlemen who ate their dinners and slept warm and dropped a tear — while they did their "bit" in their government offices — over the brave lads saving England?'

He had taken refuge from Ronnie in hatred of those whom, in the poem, he called his murderers, and his voice was weighted with its fierce indictment. In the pause that followed he had time to wonder if she found him, at last, intolerable. She walked beside him, still looking down, and it might well have

been in a chill withdrawal. He almost expected to hear her, in another moment, find the conventional phrase with which to leave him. But no, — and in his own long sigh he recognized the depth of his relief, — she was not going to punish him with convention; she was not going to leave him. And what she said at last was, 'I'm so sorry! Please believe that I'm so very, very sorry! Only — why do you speak, and write, as though it were someone's fault?'

Ah, here then, at last, they had come to it, the barrier, on one side of which he stood with his hell and she on the other in her artificial paradise.

'I write it and speak it because it is the truth,' he said. 'Millions of innocent creatures, of gifted, beautiful creatures, like my friend, have been slaughtered, tortured, driven mad, because of greasy, greedy wire-pullers in their leather chairs at home.'

'In this war, too?'

'This war preëminently.'

'You don't feel that the crime was Germany's?'

'Oh, of course!' his laugh sneered the facile acquiescence. 'Let us put it on Germany, by all means. We'll sleep the sounder! Certainly, I grant it to you freely — Germany struck the match and lighted the fuse.'

'And were n't we all responsible for the fuse — you and I, I mean, as much as the people in the leather chairs?' There was no irony in her repetition. 'The people who fought, as much as the people who did n't fight? Was n't the fuse simply our conception of our national safety? of our national honor? That is what I feel so sad about your poems, — though I should never have wanted to explain it, — that you are so wrong, so ungenerous, so vindictive.'

In all his life it had rarely been his lot to know such astonishment. Astonishment came first; and then the deep, deep hurt that rose, wave after

wave, within him. Was this, then, what she felt for him — only this? Had n't he told her about Ronnie — her alone of all the world? Should not that have made her reverent of him, and pitiful? Should a man who had endured such griefs receive such blows? Waves of color, too, flooded his face and tears rushed to his eyes. He thought, when he was able at last to gather thoughts together, that it should now be for him to find the conventional phrase and leave her. But, glancing again at her profile, finding it, though singularly pale, so much more gentle than severe, the impulse dropped. He was not strong enough for convention. He was shaken, shattered; too weak even for self-preservation.

He walked, miserable, and his mind full of a whirling darkness, beside her, determining only that she should be the first to speak again. She was. She had quite come out of her shyness, — if it had ever been that, — and though it was with something faltering, something that was, he made out, sorry for them both in the predicament to which, after all, he, and not she, had brought them, it was more than all with resolution that she said, —

'I am so sorry if I seem presumptuous. But you asked me. And your poems are n't the first I've read. So many young men, who have been so brave, like you, and who have been through it all so that they have the right to speak, seem to feel more than anything that hatred, not against war, — we all hate war, — but against people, some groups of people, they make responsible. There are bad and selfish people everywhere, — among poets, I feel sure, just as much as among statesmen; but has n't this war proved — since everybody has gone — that no one group is bad and selfish; that there are men in every group who have been glad to die for their country?

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I know I have no weight with young men like you; I am not a person of any importance for opinion; but how I wish that I could make you believe that you ought not to write like that — with hatred in your heart. Can great poetry be written out of hatred? And it's not only yourself it hurts: it hurts other people; harms them, I mean. It spreads a mood of darkness and fever just when they are so in need of light and calm. And for the mothers, for people who have lost, cruelly, those whom they loved as much, perhaps even more, than you loved your friend — do you not see how your poems must sicken them? Do you not see that it all becomes just that — a community of corruption? You imprison them, force them back into their helpless suffering; when what they pray for is strength to rise above it and to feel all the goodness and love that has been given for them; to feel what is beautiful, not what is horrible; so as to be worthy of their dead.'

As he listened to her, — and with a slow revulsion of all his nature, as if, against his very will and mind, she moved his heart to breaking with something passionate that spoke in her words, — an overwhelming experience befell him.

The crocuses beneath their feet, her sunlit shape beside him, her voice, as she spoke to him thus, with her very soul, blended together in a rising wave of light, or music, piercing, sweeping him, lifting him up to some new capacity, leaving the old inert and dangling, lifting and still lifting him, until at last, as if with a great, emerging breath, he came into a region bright and fair, whence, looking down on the dark and tattered past, he saw all life differently, even Ronnie's death, even Ronnie's eyes. Ronnie was with him, with Mrs. Baldwin, in the bright stillness.

Upborne, sustained, like a swimmer

in some strange, new element, he seemed to gaze down through its golden spaces at the inert, alien darkness that had been himself. 'Rubbish! Rubbish!' he seemed to hear himself say. Yet all was not left behind, all was not rubbish; else how could he be here, with her, with Ronnie? It was bliss to see himself as he had been, since something else was so immeasurably secure. Oh — could one stay always like this! This was to taste of everlasting life. His longing, as if with a cry, a grasp from the swimmer, marked the soft turning of the tide. He sank, but it was sweetly, if with a strange, an infinite sadness, a sadness recorded, accepted, while he sank, as making forever the portion of the temporal consciousness. And the bliss still stayed in the acceptance, and purple ripples seemed to glide back rhythmically as the crocuses swam before his eyes. It had all been only an instant then, for her last words came to him as if she had but spoken them and he heard his own voice murmuring, as if from very far away, 'Perhaps you are right.'

The ripples stayed themselves. He looked down at the crocuses and saw Mrs. Baldwin's white shoes standing still among them. Lifting his eyes, which felt heavy, he found her looking at him with attention, with anxiety.

'It's nothing,' he tried to smile. 'Nothing at all. I mean — you've done me good.' He saw that she had n't an idea of how she had done it.

'Do take my arm,' she said. 'I ought to have remembered that you are not strong yet.'

He took her arm. Perhaps he needed it. His normal consciousness was gathering about him once again, but no longer with the old close texture. It was all more permeable to light — that was how he tried to put it. And he heard his voice go on, 'You see — what it all amounts to — oh, I'm not think-

ing about the poems, I know that you must be right — it's not what you say, is it? It's something far more right than what you say. But I love you. That's why you can do it to me. I wonder I did n't see it before. You made me angry with your peacefulness. I did n't understand. I needed your peace. You, you were what I needed. You will forgive my speaking? Surely you'll understand. Perhaps you feel you hardly know me, while you are like my life. Is it possible that some day you might love me back and marry me?'

He had used the words that came. They were the words of the normal consciousness. How else could he ask her to keep him always near her so that he might never lose that sense of paradise?

But she had stopped still and had drawn her arm from his. Was it possible that after what she had done to him, for him, she could see him only thus? 'Oh, no,' she said. 'No. No.' Never had he seen a human face express with such ineffable gentleness such repudiation. And she repeated it, as if he had given her too much to bear; as if for her own reassurance; as if to efface even the memory of his words: 'No; no; no!' She began again to walk toward the house.

Had it not been for the initiation that had passed, he knew so clearly now, in all unawareness from her spirit to his, he would have felt to the full the shame of his rejection, the deserved shame. For he was a stranger and she had given him no right to believe that she even liked him. But he could feel no shame. Had he really thought that she could love him? Had it not been only that he wanted to tell her that he loved her, and had wanted her, as it were, to keep him safe? He found himself trying to explain this to her, — not pleading, — only so that she should not be angry. 'I had to tell you. You'd done me so

much good. Everything came different. Really, I'm not so presumptuous. I never meant to ask anything.'

But she was not angry. 'Forgive me,' she said. 'I hardly know what I am saying. You so astonished me. Forgive me. But I don't feel as if I knew you at all. Please don't think me reproaching you. I begin to understand. You are not at all strong. It was like the other day when you cried. I mean — I feel sure you think you care for me; but you could n't have said it, when we know each other so little, if you had been well.'

She was putting it aside, for his sake, as an aberration, and he really smiled a little as he shook his head. 'No; really, really, it's not that; not because I've been on edge and ill. It was something that came to me from what you are; something that's been coming ever since I saw you. I know that I am nothing to you; but for a moment, just now, it seemed, when I had received so much, that you must know what you had given; it seemed that a person to whom so much could be given, could not be so far away. But even then I saw quite clearly what you saw in me: a vain, pretentious, emotional creature; insincere, too, and proud of my suffering. I *am* that. But I had never seen it before. And when it came to me from you and, instead of crushing me, lifted me up, I knew that I loved you. — No; I won't try to explain. Only you do forgive me? You will let me go on as if it had n't happened? I promise you that I'll never trouble you again.'

Oh, the gentleness, the heavenly gentleness! It breathed through him like the color of the crocuses, although she was as impersonal, as untouched, and as mysterious as they. He was nothing to her — nothing; but she stood before him, looking at him, and though she gave nothing but the gentleness, he knew that he received all that he

needed. It was enough that she was there.

'But it's *I* to be forgiven — *I*,' she repeated. 'Of course we will go on. Oh, you look very tired. Please take my arm again. I spoke so strangely to you. But — but —' She had flushed: for the first time he saw the color darken her face as if with a veil of pain, and in her voice was the passion, deeper, stiller, that he had heard a little while ago and that had enfranchised him. 'I am married — I mean, my husband is dead, but I am married. Perhaps you don't understand. Perhaps you will some day if you should lose someone you love and feel them still your very life. We were like that. He is always with me.'

They had said nothing more as they walked up the meadow to the house, his arm in hers. He had no sense of loss; rather, from her last words to him, came a sense of further gain. She would be like that. He saw now that her peace, against which he had pressed and protested, was something won, was depth, not emptiness. She, too, had lost and suffered. She was made dearer to him, more sacred. As for his love, it did not belong — he had seen this even before she told him why — to this everyday world to which he had returned. But it was everything to have found it, with that other world, and to know that there it had its being, its reality, forever. What was it that had enlarged, transformed his life, but that very certitude of an eternity where all good was secure? He could not explain it to himself in any words. Words were the keys of temporality. But he had seen, if only for the few shining moments, that Ronnie was not lost; that nothing had been in vain.

If he found no difficulty, it was evident to him that Mrs. Baldwin felt none, and he was glad to believe that this might be because he showed her

so completely, in his candid contentment, that he would never trouble her again. She was not more kind to him; but she took, perhaps, even more care, as if feeling that she had miscalculated something in his recovery. She inaugurated a glass of hot milk, instead of spiced hot water, at bedtime, and a rest on the sofa, with a rug, before the midday dinner. 'You will look so much better when you go back than when you came,' she said.

For the time of going back drew near, and he did not dread it, though loving Thatches and all it meant more and more with every day. But of course, even in the temporal world, he was not to lose Thatches. That was quite understood between them. The P.G. would be welcome whenever he cared to come.

V

He was playing chess on the afternoon before his departure. Tea was over and Mrs. Baldwin had gone out. Guy had noticed that she had been perhaps a little stiller than usual that day, when he had seen her, and that he had seen her little. The game did not go very well; they were neither of them keen on it; and when the old gentleman had won an easy victory, he leaned back in his chair, the board still on its little table between them, and said, 'Poor Effie! She's still in the church, or in the churchyard, I expect.'

Guy felt the shock of a great surprise. Strangely enough, though Mrs. Baldwin had spoken of her husband and of his death, and though his books were there, he did not associate him with Thatches, nor with the churchyard. And with the word, 'churchyard,' a painful anxiety rose in him.

'Is it an anniversary?' he asked.

'Yes,' Mr. Haseltine nodded, sighing and rubbing his hand over his head.

'September twenty-ninth. I'd forgotten myself till just a little while ago. Oliver died on this day. Her husband. Poor Effie!'

'They lived here?' Guy asked. He had imagined that it had been after her bereavement that she and her father had found and made a home of Thatches.

'Oh, yes. They lived here. All their married life,' said Mr. Haseltine. 'Ten years or so. It was a great love-match. They were very happy. I never saw a happier couple — until the end.'

'Did anything part them?'

Mr. Haseltine had put his hands into his pockets and was gazing at the board as if with a painful concentration, and though he shook his head he answered, 'It was the malady. Cancer, you know. Cancer of the face. Such a handsome fellow, too: beautiful, bright, smiling eyes; beautiful mouth. All gone. All disfigured, cruelly disfigured, and with horrible suffering.'

Guy felt his breath coming thickly. 'Was it long?' he asked.

'Yes. Long. Eighteen months, I think. Morphia did little good at last. He could n't swallow; could hardly speak; begged to be killed and put out of his torment. She was with him in it all. She never left him, day or night; nor could he have borne it if she had. Nothing quieted him except her hand in his. But at the end,' said Mr. Haseltine, pushing away the table and rising, 'at the end, it attacked his brain and then he raved at her. She could n't go into the room at the last.'

The old man, with step lagging, as if weighted, walked away to the window and stood looking out, while Guy, at the table, felt his heart turn to stone.

'Poor Effie!' Mr. Haseltine repeated after a little while. He came back into the room and moved up and down, pausing to look at the books and pictures. 'She has never been the same

since. For a long while we were afraid she could n't live. She hardly slept for months; and when she did sleep, she used to wake crying, crying, always for him. When she became stronger, she used to walk up and down those meadows, sometimes for hours at a time. Very gentle; no complaint; always ready to talk to people, to go on with things as best she could; but changed; completely changed. We speak very little of him; but when we do, it's quite naturally. She goes to the church sometimes, and there are always flowers on his grave; but I don't think she has any orthodox beliefs; I don't know that she has any beliefs at all. Still, she seems helped. She is a very dear, unselfish woman; a dreamer, she was always a dreamer; but always meaning well; and she does good in her quiet way. And I think she likes this plan of having people come and stay and seeing after them; especially now that they are so often people who have had a bad time. Dear me, dear me!' Mr. Haseltine again shook his head, stationed again at the window and looking out. 'You would hardly have recognized her had you seen her ten years ago. She had bright hair and a charming color; and full of gayety and mischief. You'd hardly believe it now.'

'I'm so sorry,' Guy heard himself saying. He remembered that those were the words Mrs. Baldwin had used to him about Ronnie.

'Yes, it's very sad,' said Mr. Haseltine. 'Life is certainly very difficult for some of us, and Effie has had her share. Somehow one does n't remember it when one is with her. I only recalled the day by chance.'

Guy was walking in the meadows when Mrs. Baldwin returned. He saw her in the garden, reading the letters that the evening post had brought, and his first impulse was to remove himself as speedily as might be from her sight,

to cross the bridge and the farther meadow, and turn into the lane that led away from it. But then he saw, as he stood irresolute, that she was coming down to him, and he stood there, helpless, watching her approach in the soft radiance of the late afternoon. She wore one of the lavender-colored dresses and the little knitted jacket. In her hand were the opened letters. Her face was tranquil. She was, of course, unaware of what had happened to him.

She joined him. 'You are having your last look at the crocuses?'

It was their last look together. That, of course, was why she had come, full of care and of kindness.

'Yes. Yes. My last look for the year.' He heard that his voice was strange. And his heart seemed to lie like a cold hard block in his side.

'Are n't you feeling well?' she asked.

He walked beside her in silence. What could he say? But how was it possible not to tell her?

They had turned toward the sunset and came now to the bridge. She was looking at him, with solicitude. He stopped before they crossed.

'I must say something to you,' broke from him. 'I must. I can't go away without your knowing — my shame — my unutterable remorse.'

She looked at him with the look he knew so well. Kindly, firmly, if with anxiety, she prepared to hear him thrust some new torment upon her.

'Shame? Remorse?' she murmured.

'About my poems. About my griefs. What I've said to you. What I've given you to bear. I thought I'd borne so much. I thought you unfeeling, without experience. I thought I'd been set apart — that all of us had been set apart, who suffered in the war. Stop me at once if you won't hear it from me. But your father told me, just now, about your husband's death.'

She became very pale. She looked

away from him, but she said nothing.

'That's all,' said Guy after a long silence. He saw that there was nothing more to tell her. She had understood.

'Let us walk up and down,' said Mrs. Baldwin.

They crossed the bridge. He saw the stream sliding brightly below them between the old, black planks. In the farther meadows the crocuses grew more thickly and opened widely their pale purple chalices.

'We have all suffered,' said Mrs. Baldwin. 'You must n't have remorse or shame. Nothing is harmed between us.'

The horrible stricture around his heart relaxed, and as they went very slowly up and down he felt his throat tighten and tears rising, rising to his eyes. He could not keep them back. He was n't really quite strong enough for this. They fell and fell, and from time to time he put up his hand to brush them away.

'We have all suffered,' Mrs. Baldwin repeated gently.

'Some, more! some, more!' he said brokenly. 'Some, most of all!'

They came back to the bridge, but though they crossed over, they did not pass out through the high gate that barred the other end. The gate was closed, and Guy stopped at it and leaned on it and put his face on his hands. Mrs. Baldwin stood at the gate-post beside him, her hand laid on it and her head leaned against her hand.

'He would have liked you,' she said. 'He was so interested in young men, young poets. He was not old himself; and he wrote, too, did you know? All those books in the living-room are his. He used to work there. I will give you his two books, if you care to have them.

They were thought very good; I think you will like them. — It was because of the crocuses we came here,' she went on. 'We found them one September, just like this, and the three little ruined cottages, and we knew at once that we must live here. He so loved them. When he was very ill — but before the very end when nothing could come to him any longer, when he was quite shut away — he used to lie at the window and look out at them — that big window above the living-room.'

Divinely she was helping him. It was as if, taking him by the hand, she led him again away from his darkness and into her own light.

Yes, brokenly it came to him, it was there, secure; how won, he knew not. Through her he had found it; but that was because her feet had passed before him up the calvary. She had gone through everything; and she knew everything.

And, to his new hearing, something of the infinite weariness of that ascent was in her voice when she next spoke, although it was a voice as peaceful as the evening air around them. 'Are they not beautiful?' she said.

He raised his head and looked at the flowers through his tears. They had never been so beautiful. 'They make me think of you,' he told her.

'Do they?' Mrs. Baldwin still leaned her head against her hand, still looked out over the meadows. 'But there are so many of them,' she said. 'So many! That is what I feel first of all about them. I could not think of them as like one person. Multitudes. Multitudes. — And so silent! They make me think always of the souls of the happy dead.'

ADVENTURES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY L. P. JACKS

I

I do not pretend to be an expert in Psychical Research. About two years ago, indeed, the S.P.R. did me the honor of appointing me their annual president; but this, I believe, was because I was known to take an interest in the subject; certainly not because I had, or was ever likely to have, an experience comparable to that of Sir Oliver Lodge, or Professor Hyslop, or any other of the well-known men and women who have devoted years to the study of the phenomena. My experience is limited and incomplete. But so far as it has gone, it seems to me significant, and the lessons I have drawn from it may conceivably be of some use to others.

Until a year ago my own studies in the subject had been confined to its literature, to the published reports of investigators, and to the various theories and speculations to which the phenomena had given rise. Though profoundly interested, and entirely respectful to the claims of Psychical Research as a branch of scientific investigation, I was unwilling to become, as people say, 'mixed up in séances and that sort of thing.' For one reason, I foresaw the likelihood that it would involve a tax on my time and energies, which were otherwise fully engaged. For another, I dreaded the effect it might have upon my mind, or rather upon the atmosphere of my mind. I am one of that large class of persons who are easily intoxicated by novel and

startling experiences, and for whom wisdom consists in keeping to the trodden highways of life. It seemed to me that the sudden feeling, experienced for the first time, of being actually in communication with a departed friend, was precisely the sort of thing to overexcite a mind such as my own, and that I should be well advised not to challenge danger in that form. My own trouble in life has not come from my inability to have visions, but from my tendency to have more of them than was good for me. Many of them have turned out to be chimeras, and some, I must confess, have grossly deceived me and led me, unconsciously, I hope, to state as fact what afterwards turned out to be something else. Such a person has need to think twice before placing himself in direct contact with psychic phenomena.

However, I began to feel that it was not fair to occupy the position I did, and to write occasionally on the subject, without getting a nearer view of the facts. I often found myself at a great disadvantage in discussing these matters with those who had the experience I lacked. Moreover, two or three of my friends, in whose condition I had some right to be concerned, were clearly losing their heads. They were constantly assuring me that survival had been 'scientifically proved'; but when I pointed out that the reasons they gave were not scientific, the answer was that, if only I had had their 'experiences,' I should think differently. Their attitude resembled that of the mystic

who, when his statements are challenged, silences opposition by declaring, 'I have felt; I have seen.' It was perhaps a vain thing to hope that I might save them from losing their heads; but the hope was there, and it led me to run the risk of losing my own.

Three sittings, with long intervals between, were arranged with one of the best-attested mediums in England. Stringent precautions were taken to ensure my anonymity, and for reasons which are exceptionally cogent, I am convinced that at the first two sittings the medium had no knowledge, and no means of getting knowledge, of who I was. Between the second and third sittings, however, my identity was revealed to her through the sudden indiscretion of a friend. Incidentally, this served a good purpose, by giving new grounds to believe in the medium's honesty. On learning who I was, she communicated her discovery without a moment's delay to those who were arranging the third sitting on my behalf. Moreover, when the sitting took place, there was nothing to suggest that she had made any use of the knowledge she had gained. There had been ample time to compile my personal *dossier*: to get up my family history, to bribe my servants for domestic information, and to prime herself in the many ways that are open to fraudulent mediums when practising on the credulity of a sitter. There were no signs whatever that this had been done. The sitting followed the same tracks as its predecessors, and while it showed no knowledge of facts concerning me which could easily have been found out, it hit the truth at several points which were virtually inaccessible to inquiry.

For these and a good many other reasons I dismiss the hypothesis of fraud as inapplicable to the sittings in question. Fraud is unquestionably practised by some professional mediums,

but this must not be held to the prejudice of what has the marks of being genuine, any more than the frauds practised in the Christian or any other religion, the amount of which has been enormous, can be adduced to prove that all clergymen are rogues. Nevertheless, even in the case of a medium as genuine as the one with whom I have had to do, I cannot resist the conviction that a professional element is present, which takes the form of 'shoppy' patter about 'astral bodies,' 'planes of existence,' and other such-like vernacular, and which seems to be used largely for the purpose of filling up gaps when nothing is doing. This patter, I confess, made me suspicious at several points, and the more so because it often took a form into which an excited sitter could read meanings to suit his fancy, his desires, and his expectations. On the other hand, the presence of this meaningless and unsatisfactory element serves only to make the phenomena the more remarkable when, as happened in the present instance, they suddenly change their character and become intelligible and to the point.

The mixture of sense and nonsense, of reality and play-acting (if such it be), seems to me to be one of the most interesting features of the case. It may be regarded in two ways. One may treat the sense as discredited by the nonsense which precedes or follows it; or, on the other hand, one may find the sense all the more significant by reason of the contrast with the nonsense out of which it emerges so unexpectedly and so inconsequently. My own preference is for the latter point of view. The very fact that the stream of nonsense, or professional play-acting, or whatever it may be, is suddenly broken and arrested seems to me to suggest the presence of some intelligence, or intelligences, sufficiently powerful to break and arrest it. Certainly the contrast

between the two things is most remarkable and not a little puzzling. It suggests an analogy with the phenomena of dreams, in which a similar thing frequently occurs — first a confused jumble of absurd images and impossible situations, then a sudden episode of order and rationality, followed in turn by an equally sudden relapse into the realm of nonsense — the mere babble of the mind, in which the dream began.

With regard to the hypothesis of fraud there are two forms of credulity against which one has to be on one's guard. The first is represented by the sitter who, when a 'spirit' with a long beard and a benevolent expression is announced, at once jumps to the conclusion that this is a departed uncle, and unconsciously gives the medium a lead which, if he is fraudulent, he will cleverly follow up until the sitter is intoxicated with the certainty that the departed uncle is 'present.'

The second form of credulity is represented by the equally common type which pushes the hypothesis of fraud beyond all reasonable limit, the skeptical sharpness which inevitably overreaches itself. For example, I was recently explaining to one of these skeptics the extreme precautions that were taken to secure my anonymity at the sittings to which I have alluded, and I mentioned the names of some well-known persons who had assisted me in making these precautions complete. His answer was a veiled hint that 'we were all in the game,' and that possibly the Society of Psychical Research was a kind of conspiracy. Again, I have heard it solemnly maintained that there exists a secret syndicate of mediums, a great organization with a central office, an elaborate system of underground and overhead communications, 'wires' everywhere, and with innumerable spies, informers, and de-

tectives all over the country; so that a medium belonging to the syndicate can be supplied at short notice with a complete *dossier* of the private life of any sitter he may chance to be expecting. Probably there is some slender basis of fact for this delightful myth. But anyone who believes it in its developed form, which has now attained considerable currency, may be justly classed with the 'innocents.' The fact is that the hypothesis of fraud, if pressed hard enough, can be made to cover anything. The very precautions taken against fraud can be readily interpreted in terms of fraud, as they were in the case I have just mentioned; and the honorable men who have taken part in this work are easily disposed of as only a more astute type of rascal than the rest. Why not? So far as I can see there is nothing left for these gentlemen but to challenge their traducers to a duel; and one almost regrets for their sakes that dueling has gone out of fashion.

It is impossible to lay down any general rules as to the point beyond which the hypothesis of fraud can no longer be reasonably entertained. Certainly the dangers of pressing it too hard are as great as the dangers of not pressing it hard enough. There is credulity at both ends of the line, and each man must be left to his own common sense to find the just mean between the two. The point varies with almost every case that comes under observation.

II

Coming now to the actual phenomena of the sittings, which on the whole were remarkably good, the first point to which I would call attention is that the communications took a decisive start on the track of my literary interests, and not on the more usual track of personal affections. None of my blood-relations, the deceased persons whom I

should have supposed most anxious to communicate with me, appeared upon the scene. The 'spirits' who did appear (through the voice of the medium), or who appeared most persistently, were those who, if I had been consulted beforehand, I should have said were little likely to want to communicate with me in this manner. In one instance the appearance of the individual in question caused me great surprise: he was almost the last person among my acquaintances whom I should have expected in such a connection.

The chief manifesting spirits were four in number, all of them well known to me in life. Two were men of letters with whom I had been connected in literary work; the third was a public character with whom my connection was slighter, but about whom, as it happened, I had privately consented, the day before, to write an obituary notice; the fourth was the person whose appearance caused me so much surprise — a man who had been recently killed in the war. All four gave quite unmistakable proofs of their identity. Their names were given with some difficulty, but correctly; their ages and personal appearance were truly described, and with some amount of characteristic detail; common friends were mentioned; and out-of-the-way places, with peculiar names, with which one or other of them had been connected, were well and easily indicated. In two instances the *voice* of the deceased person was reproduced, breaking with quite startling effect into the babbling tones which the medium commonly uses. This happened both before and after the medium had discovered who I was; but even if we suppose that after the discovery she had been foraging in my personal record, it is unthinkable that in the few days she had for the purpose she should have learned to imitate the voice of an obscure person whom I

had not seen half a dozen times in the course of his life.

As I have said, the start was made in the track of my literary interests; the spirits introduced were, with the exception of the fourth, persons who might be supposed to have had some share in those interests; and these characteristics were maintained throughout, with one or two breaks-away into matters of more individual concern. At the first sitting the intelligence at work — alleged by the control to be the 'spirit' of a departed friend — showed clear acquaintance with an article I had published some months previously in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *motif* and keyword of the article were correctly given; and what the 'spirit' said in general terms corresponded with my own thoughts about the article and with my own intentions in writing it. This, no doubt, the skeptic will explain on the ground that the medium had primed herself in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which by that time had reached England; an argument which I can only meet by repeating the assurance that, when this happened, the medium had not the faintest notion who I was.

However that may be, the skeptic must find another explanation for what happened at the next sitting, which also preceded the disclosure of my identity by the indiscreet friend mentioned above. At this sitting the 'spirit' who had shown his acquaintance with the published *Atlantic* article, got on the track of another article of mine which *was then lying unpublished in one of my study drawers*, and the contents of which were known to no living person save myself. Here the characterization was even more precise than on the previous occasion. The 'spirit' showed a quite intelligent grasp of the scope of my argument in the article, and especially of its ethical motives, and actually repeated more than once a

highly peculiar key-phrase of the article, though, I must confess, with a little 'boggling' at that point, in which I had to help him out. However, having got the phrase, which I venture to say would have been quite unintelligible to the medium in her normal condition, the 'spirit' made an entirely right use of it, developed its meaning, and even showed a measure of prescience quite in keeping with the educated and penetrating person he claimed to represent.

Another remarkable phenomenon was the introduction of the gentleman, recently dead, whose obituary notice I had agreed to write only the day before the sitting took place. I have every reason to believe that this fact was known to two living persons only — myself and a relative of the deceased who had asked me to write the notice. Yet the 'spirit' himself seemed to know all about it; he knew the plan on which I had proposed to myself to write about him, and which I had communicated to nobody; he knew that, owing to certain circumstances, the notice would have to be written in two separate installments or parts — a very unusual occurrence in this kind of writing. He also indicated certain wishes of his own with regard to the mode of publication — eminently reasonable wishes which appeared to be based on knowledge of what was going on in the world. Very remarkable, too, was the way his personality came and went. At moments he stood out clearly defined, and I had no manner of doubt as to who he was; and then again he seemed to fade away or get entangled with some one of the other spirits who were said to be present, so that I had some difficulty in making out which of them was trying to communicate with me.

This leads me to call attention to a curious circumstance which, while it seems to me to rule out, decisively, the hypothesis of fraud, renders it, at the

same time, very difficult to explain the facts either by 'survival' or by 'telepathy.' To grasp the point, I must beg the reader to keep a few facts clearly in his mind; for there is a knot to be disentangled.

There were, as I have said, four chief communicating spirits whom I will call A, B, C, D. At the first sitting B held the field. At the second A appeared simultaneously with B, and the two manifested alternately. At the third, A, B, C, D were all present, either together or in succession.

The point to which I now call attention is the tendency shown in the second and third sittings, especially in the third, for these 'spirits' to get mixed up or entangled with one another, and not only with one another, but possibly with other 'spirits' not belonging to the four — certainly with one other whom I will presently indicate.

The simplest of these 'mix-ups' is that of A and D. A was one of the literary authors to whom I have referred; D was the man killed in the war whose appearance took me so much by surprise. Now it so happened that these two men, of whom A was much older than D, *had the same surname*, a not uncommon one. For reasons which will presently become apparent, I will call it Scott, and distinguish them as 'Old Scott' and 'Young Scott.' Old Scott and Young Scott were known to one another in life, and both, of course, were known to me, Old Scott quite intimately.

At the third sitting Old Scott appeared the instant the medium was in trance, and began by mentioning certain objects to which I knew he had attached great value when in life. His communications proceeded quite intelligibly for some time, and I was able to recognize the characteristic relevance of all that he said. Suddenly his talk turned to another subject, which, so

far as I know, had no connection with him, and which seemed altogether out of keeping with his personality. The situation became confused and unintelligible, and in my bewilderment I said to the control, 'This cannot be Scott who is talking to me now — who is it?' The answer came (in effect), 'Yes, it is *Young Scott*.' For a moment I could not think who Young Scott (who had not appeared before) might be. Then it suddenly flashed upon me that I had known a Young Scott who had been killed in the war, and remembering the communications which had just passed, I recognized that, while out of keeping with the elder man, they were all in keeping with the younger. What had happened was therefore that Old Scott — who had played his part admirably — had suddenly changed into Young Scott, a totally different person, without the controlling intelligence being aware of the change until I called its attention to the fact: the two personalities had coalesced through the identity of their surnames. From that point all was clear for some time. Young Scott placed his identity beyond question by a quantity of striking evidence, of which the sudden reproduction of his voice was perhaps the most impressive. But later on the two Scotts again became mixed up, the communications being partly in the character of the one and partly in that of the other.

At the second sitting, at which Old Scott was much in evidence, a still more inexplicable mix-up had taken place. Old Scott had made his identity clear, reminded me of his home, mentioned his children by name, alluded to his writings, his friends, his favorite pursuits. For some time he and I understood one another; and when I questioned him, the answers were to the point. Then, quite suddenly, his conversation left the track, and he began to talk of things I could not connect

with him. He mentioned certain countries where I knew he had never been, and declared that he 'passed over' from a place a thousand miles from the actual place of his death, and many other things altogether out of Old Scott's environment. I now began to realize that it was no longer the Scott I knew with whom I was talking, and asked the spirit, 'Who are you?' And then, to my infinite surprise, the answer came, 'I am Sir Walter Scott, the novelist.'

In all this I have somewhat exaggerated the facts and made them more distinct than they really were. What happened was that two eminent men bearing the same surname, one of whom I knew well and the other not at all, became mixed up in the controlling intelligence, misled no doubt by the identity of name. There was no earthly reason why the spirit I have called Sir Walter Scott should want to communicate with me. But the evidence seems pretty clear that the controlling intelligence, having started rightly with my friend Old Scott, did after a certain time lose its way, and became entangled with another personality (the assumed Sir Walter), and that without being aware of what had taken place. This I submit is incompatible with fraud — no fraudulent medium would play the game quite so stupidly as that. But what, in heaven's name, is it compatible with? With survival — hardly. With telepathy — hardly.

III

If the reader asks me what I make of all this, the answer is, frankly, that I don't know what to make of it. Confining myself to the evidence in the three sittings, a fragment only of which has been given above, it seems to me that the statement now so often made that 'survival is scientifically proved'

goes far beyond what my own experience warrants. I can imagine half a dozen hypotheses, including survival among them, any one of which covers a part of the facts, but none of which covers them completely. I am inclined to think that we are only at the beginning of these investigations, and that the haste which many are showing to force 'survival' as the only possible explanation, damages the inquiry by arousing a degree of skepticism which is, indeed, unwarranted, but is quite natural in the circumstances. Under the most favorable conditions the difficulties of the investigation are immense, and it is to be regretted that we often make them greater by forcing the pace in a manner which cautious science will never tolerate.

In my own case, and I have no doubt in that of many others, one of the chief difficulties arises from the emotional stress at the moment when these things are happening. Say what we will, the desire to believe that our departed friends are still alive is immensely powerful with most of us; and when we first come into contact with signs which seem to indicate that they are actually near us, the emotional reaction is apt to be such as almost to overpower the exercise of reason. Were I to abandon myself to the *feelings* I had at certain passages of these sittings, I should assert without hesitation the survival of my friends. It did seem as if I was actually communicating with them. But reviewing the matter in calmer moments, I cannot but remember that there were other passages when this feeling was rudely broken into by feelings to the contrary. If the hits were impressive, the misses were equally disconcerting. If the spirits played their parts well at some points, they played them remarkably ill at others. Often the hits would be so startling as almost to carry one off his feet; but again, some frightful miss

or hopeless muddle would go far to undo the previous effect. The impression left upon me is, on the whole, deeply confused. I mean, it is confusion one has to do with; but confusion, be it noted, with clear intervals. Yet the clearness is not always that of truth. It is sometimes the clearness of manifest error. One is in a realm analogous to that of dreams.

A difficulty of another kind arises from the constant danger of reasoning in a circle. The problem of evidence, complicated enough even in ordinary practice, is here immensely more complicated by the fact that *the existence of the witnesses*, which in most other cases is taken for granted, is now the very point in question. The witnesses are the 'spirits'; but the 'spirits' are the beings whose existence has to be proved. If I say that Old Scott proved his existence by giving the name of his country cottage, I am clearly begging the question, which consists precisely in proving *that it was Old Scott* and not the subconscious activities of the medium, or some other agency among minds on earth, which there and then delivered this particular piece of information.

A third and peculiar difficulty, which has not been sufficiently noticed, arises from the reluctance of persons who have jumped to conclusions about these things to admit, on subsequent proof, that they were wrong. To declare your belief in 'spirits,' and then to be confronted with a proof that you were the victim of a mistake, is a particularly odious way of being made to look a fool. People exposed to this danger will fight to the last ditch — fight till every vestige of regard for truth has long been thrown to the winds. Recently I had an experience of this in investigating a haunted house, a remarkably well-attested case. After two or three of the most trying nights of my life, I succeeded in satisfying myself that the ghost

was due to natural causes, though I was more than once on the point of seeing him myself, so great was the nervous tension caused by watching and waiting for his appearance. But when I presented my explanation to those who were already committed to belief in the ghost, and whose reputations for common sense were in a manner dependent on their stories being verified, I encountered the darkest of looks. My explanations were not accepted. I do not wonder at this, and I cannot deny the possibility that, if I had stayed in the house another night, I might either have seen the ghost or come to believe that others had seen him. I should undoubtedly have saved myself a great deal of trouble and some unpleasantness if I had come down from the haunted chamber with a circumstantial story that I had seen the apparition — a story which I could easily have invented and maintained without anybody being able to prove that I was lying. Indeed, I must confess that the temptation to do this did once or twice furtively suggest itself to my mind; and although I managed to resist the voice of the tempter, — who promised me much amusement and *réclame*, — I could not help thinking that many ghost stories have had their origin in precisely this temptation — to which, by the grace of God, I had turned a deaf ear. At all events, I learned that belief in spirits, or in ghosts, when once it has been expressed, is apt to become a vested interest of a kind which people will not give up without a struggle. The moral is that one should refrain from expressing such a belief until he is absolutely sure of his ground.

Here, too, the emotional stress was very great, and it was none the less try-

ing because the predominant emotion happened to be that of fear. Like Fontenelle, one need not believe in ghosts to be terribly afraid of them. I certainly did not believe in this particular ghost; I suspected from the outset that an *idée fixe* had got possession of the witnesses; but when, after watching for hours in a dark and silent corridor, I saw a column of light slowly form itself at the farther end, it was nothing short of the courage of madness that caused me to rush toward the 'apparition' — only to discover that it was caused by the suddenly unclouded moon shining through a skylight and reflected from the surface of a highly polished floor. I wonder even now why I did not rush in the opposite direction, away from the terrifying object instead of toward it, calling out to all and sundry that I had seen the ghost.

Under these peculiar conditions one's normal psychology is apt to be dislocated, and the mind can play the strangest tricks upon itself. The boundaries between truth and falsehood become blurred, our very conscience gets out of hand, and we may tell the most egregious lies almost without consciousness that we are lying.

Such certainly has been my own condition, more than once, when in actual contact with these phenomena. It is only by an effort that I can avoid yielding to the excitement of my first impressions and bring myself to tell the sober truth about them. If the reader, after hearing my confession, turns the tables on me by refusing credit to my testimony, I should hardly be disposed to quarrel with him. I would only beg him to try his own hand and see if he can do better. He will not find it easy to tell the truth.

FAME AND THE POET

BY LORD DUNSANY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HARRY DE REVES. — A Poet.

(*This name, though of course of French origin, has become anglicized and is pronounced DE REEVVS.*)

DICK PRATTLE. — A Lieutenant-Major of the Royal Horse Marines.
FAME.

SCENE: *The Poet's rooms in London. Windows in back. A high screen in a corner.*

TIME: *February 30th.*

The POET is sitting at a table writing. Enter DICK PRATTLE.

PRATTLE

Hullo, Harry.

DE REVES

Hullo, Dick. Good Lord, where are you from?

PRATTLE (*casually*)

The ends of the Earth.

DE REVES

Well, I'm damned!

PRATTLE

Thought I'd drop in and see how you were getting on.

DE REVES

Well, that's splendid. What are you doing in London?

PRATTLE

Well, I wanted to see if I could get one or two decent ties to wear, — you can get nothing out there, — then I thought I'd have a look and see how London was getting on.

DE REVES

Splendid! How's everybody?

PRATTLE

All going strong.

DE REVES

That's good.

PRATTLE (*seeing paper and ink*)

But what are you doing?

DE REVES

Writing.

PRATTLE

Writing? I did n't know you wrote.

DE REVES

Yes, I've taken to it rather.

PRATTLE

I say — writing's no good. What do you write?

DE REVES

Oh, poetry.

PRATTLE

Poetry? Good Lord!

DE REVES

Yes, that sort of thing, you know.

PRATTLE

Good Lord! Do you make any money by it?

DE REVES

No. Hardly any.

PRATTLE

I say — why don't you chuck it?

DE REVES

Oh, I don't know. Some people seem to like my stuff, rather. That's why I go on.

PRATTLE

I'd chuck it if there's no money in it.

DE REVES

Ah, but then it's hardly in your line, is it? You'd hardly approve of poetry if there *was* money in it.

PRATTLE

Oh, I don't say that. If I could make as much by poetry as I can by betting I don't say I would n't try the poetry touch, only —

DE REVES

Only what?

PRATTLE

Oh, I don't know. Only there seems more sense in betting, somehow.

DE REVES

Well, yes. I suppose it's easier to tell what an earthly horse is going to do, than to tell what Pegasus —

PRATTLE

What's Pegasus?

DE REVES

Oh, the winged horse of poets.

PRATTLE

I say! You don't believe in a winged horse, do you?

DE REVES

In our trade we believe in all fabulous things. They all represent some large truth to us. An emblem like Pegasus is as real a thing to a poet as a Derby winner would be to you.

PRATTLE

I say. (Give me a cigarette. Thanks.) What? Then you'd believe in nymphs and fauns, and Pan, and all those kind of birds?

DE REVES

Yes. Yes. In all of them.

PRATTLE

Good Lord!

DE REVES

You believe in the Lord Mayor of London, don't you?

PRATTLE

Yes, of course; but what has —

DE REVES

Four million people or so made him Lord Mayor, did n't they? And he represents to them the wealth and dignity and tradition of —

PRATTLE

Yes; but, I say, what has all this —

DE REVES

Well, he stands for an idea to them, and they made him Lord Mayor, and so he is one. . . .

PRATTLE

Well, of course he is.

DE REVES

In the same way Pan has been made what he is by millions; by millions to whom he represents world-old traditions.

PRATTLE (*rising from his chair and stepping backwards, laughing and looking at the POET in a kind of assumed wonder*)

I say . . . I say . . . You old heathen . . . but Good Lord . . .

He bumps into the high screen behind, pushing it back a little.

DE REVES

Look out! Look out!

PRATTLE

Wha? What's the matter?

DE REVES

The scree!

PRATTLE

Oh, sorry, yes. I'll put it right.

He is about to go round behind it.

DE REVES

No, don't go round there.

PRATTLE

What? Why not?

DE REVES

Oh, you would n't understand.

PRATTLE

Would n't understand? Why, what have you got?

DE REVES

Oh, one of those things. . . . You would n't understand.

PRATTLE

Of course I'd understand. Let's have a look.

The POET walks towards PRATTLE and the screen. He protests no further. PRATTLE looks round the corner of the screen.

An altar.

DE REVES (*removing the screen altogether*)

That is all. What do you make of it?

An altar of Greek design, shaped like a pedestal, is revealed. Papers litter the floor all about it.

PRATTLE

I say — you always were an untidy devil.

DE REVES

Well, what do you make of it?

PRATTLE

It reminds me of your room at Eton.

DE REVES

My room at Eton?

PRATTLE

Yes, you always had papers all over your floor.

DE REVES

Oh, yes —

PRATTLE

And what are these?

DE REVES

All these are poems; and this is my altar to Fame.

PRATTLE

To Fame?

DE REVES

The same that Homer knew.

PRATTLE

Good Lord!

DE REVES

Keats never saw her. Shelley died too young. She came late at the best of times, now scarcely ever.

PRATTLE

But, my dear fellow, you don't mean that you think there really is such a person?

DE REVES

I offer all my songs to her.

PRATTLE

But you don't mean you think you could actually *see* Fame?

DE REVES

We poets personify abstract things, and not poets only but sculptors and painters too. All the great things of the world are those abstract things.

PRATTLE

But what I mean is they're not really there, like you or me.

DE REVES

To us these things are more real than men, they outlive generations, they watch the passing of Kingdoms: we go by them like dust; they are still there, unmoved, unsmiling.

PRATTLE

But, but, you can't think that you could *see* Fame, you don't expect to *see* it?

DE REVES

Not to me. Never to me. She of the golden trumpet and Greek dress will never appear to me. . . . We all have our dreams.

PRATTLE

I say — what have you been doing all day?

DE REVES

I? Oh, only writing a sonnet.

PRATTLE

Is it a long one?

DE REVES

Not very.

PRATTLE

About how long is it?

DE REVES

About fourteen lines.

PRATTLE (*impressively*)

I tell you what it is.

DE REVES

Yes?

PRATTLE

I tell you what. You've been overworking yourself. I once got like that on board the Sandhurst, working for the passing-out exam. I got so bad that I could have seen anything.

DE REVES

Seen anything?

FAME AND THE POET

PRATTLE

Lord, yes: horned pigs, snakes with wings, anything, one of your winged horses even. They gave me some stuff called bromide for it. You take a rest.

DE REVES

But my dear fellow, you don't understand at all. I merely said that abstract things are to a poet as near and real and visible as one of your bookmakers or barmaids.

PRATTLE

I know. You take a rest.

DE REVES

Well, perhaps I will. I'd come with you to that musical comedy you're going to see, only I'm a bit tired after writing this; it's a tedious job. I'll come another night.

PRATTLE

How do you know I'm going to see a musical comedy?

DE REVES

Well, where would you go? *Hamlet*'s on at the Lord Chamberlain's. You're not going there.

PRATTLE

Do I look like it?

DE REVES

No.

PRATTLE

Well, you're quite right. I'm going to see 'The Girl from Bedlam.' So long. I must push off now. It's getting late. You take a rest. Don't add another line to that sonnet; fourteen's quite enough. You take a rest. Don't have any dinner to-night, just rest. I was like that once myself. So long.

DE REVES

So long.

Exit PRATTLE. DE REVES returns to his table and sits down.

Good old Dick. He's the same as ever. Lord, how time passes.

He takes his pen and his sonnet and makes a few alterations.

Well, that's finished. I can't do any more to it.

He rises and goes to the screen; he draws back part of it and goes up to the altar.

He is about to place his sonnet reverently at the foot of the altar amongst his other verses.

No, I will not put it there. This one is worthy of the altar.

He places the sonnet upon the altar itself.

If that sonnet does not give me Fame, nothing that I have done before will give it to me, nothing that I ever will do.

He replaces the screen and returns to his chair at the table. Twilight is coming on. He sits with his elbow on the table, his head on his hand, or however the actor pleases.

Well, well. Fancy seeing Dick again. Well, Dick enjoys his life, so he's no fool. What was that he said? 'There's no money in poetry. You'd better chuck it.' Ten years work and what have I to show for it? The admiration of men who care for poetry, and how many of *them* are there? There's a bigger demand for smoked glasses to look at eclipses of the sun. Why should Fame come to me? Have n't I given up my days for her? That is enough to keep her away. I am a poet; that is enough reason for her to slight me. Proud and aloof and cold as marble, what does Fame care for us? Yes, Dick is right. It's a poor game chasing illusions, hunting the intangible, pursuing dreams. Dreams? Why, we are ourselves dreams.

He leans back in his chair.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

He is silent for a while. Suddenly he lifts his head.

My room at Eton, Dick said. An untidy mess.

As he lifts his head and says these words, twilight gives place to broad daylight, merely as a hint that the author of the play may have been mistaken, and the whole thing may have been no more than a poet's dream.

So it was, and it's an untidy mess there (*looking at screen*) too. Dick's right. I'll tidy it up. I'll burn the whole damned heap.

He advances impetuously towards the screen.

Every damned poem that I was ever fool enough to waste my time on.

He pushes back the screen. FAME in a Greek dress with a long golden trumpet in her hand is seen standing motionless on the altar like a marble goddess.

So . . . you have come!

For a while he stands thunderstruck. Then he approaches the altar.

Divine fair lady, you have come.

He holds up his hands to her and leads her down from the altar and into the centre of the stage. At whatever moment the actor finds it most convenient, he reposes himself of the sonnet that he had placed on the altar. He now offers it to FAME.

This is my sonnet. Is it well done?

FAME takes it, reads it in silence, while the POET watches her rapturously.

FAME

You're a bit of all right.

DE REVES

What?

FAME

Some poet.

DE REVES

I — I — scarcely . . . understand.

FAME

You're IT.

DE REVES

But . . . it is not possible . . . are you she that knew Homer?

FAME AND THE POET

FAME

Homer? Lord, yes. Blind old bat, 'e could n't see a yard.

DE REVES

O Heavens!

FAME walks beautifully to the window. She opens it and puts her head out.

FAME

In a voice with which a woman in an upper story would cry for help if the house was well alight.

Hi! Hi! Boys! Hi! Say, folks! Hi!

The murmur of a gathering crowd is heard. FAME blows her trumpet.

FAME

Hi, he's a poet. (*Quickly, over her shoulder*) What's your name?

DE REVES

De Reves.

FAME

His name's de Reves.

DE REVES

Harry de Reves.

FAME

His pals call him Harry.

THE CROWD

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FAME

Say, what's your favourite colour?

DE REVES

I . . . I . . . I don't quite understand.

FAME

Well, which do you like best, green or blue?

DE REVES

Oh — er — blue.

She blows her trumpet out of the window.

No, — er — I think green.

FAME

Green is his favourite colour.

THE CROWD

Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

FAME

'Ere, tell us something. They want to know all about yer.

DE REVES

Would n't you perhaps . . . would they care to hear my sonnet, if you would — er . . .

FAME (picking up quill)

Here, what's this?

DE REVES

Oh, that's my pen.

FAME (*after another blast on her trumpet*)

He writes with a quill.

*Cheers from THE CROWD.*FAME (*going to a cupboard*)

Here, what have you got in here?

DE REVES

Oh, . . . er . . . those are my breakfast things.

FAME (*finding a dirty plate*)

What have yer had on this one?

DE REVES (*mournfully*)

Oh, eggs and bacon.

FAME (*at the window*)

He has eggs and bacon for breakfast.

THE CROWD

Hip hip hip *hooray!*Hip hip hip *hooray!*Hip hip hip *hooray!*

FAME

Hi, and what's this?

DE REVES (*miserably*)

Oh, a golf stick.

FAME

He's a man's man! He's a virile man! He's a manly man!

Wild cheers from THE CROWD, this time only from women's voices.

DE REVES

Oh, this is terrible. This is terrible. This is terrible.

FAME *gives another peal on her horn. SHE is about to speak.*DE REVES (*solemnly and mournfully*)

One moment, one moment . . .

FAME

Well, out with it.

DE REVES

For ten years, divine lady, I have worshipped you, offering all my songs . . .
I find . . . I find I am not worthy . . .

FAME

Oh, you're all right.

DE REVES

No, no, I am not worthy. It cannot be. It cannot possibly be. Others deserve you more. I must say it! *I cannot possibly love you.* Others are worthy. You will find others. But I, no, no, no. It cannot be. It cannot be. Oh, pardon me, but it *must* not.

Meanwhile FAME has been lighting one of his cigarettes. SHE sits in a comfortable chair, leans right back, and puts her feet right up on the table amongst the poet's papers.

Oh, I fear I offend you. But — it cannot be.

FAME

Oh, that's all right, old bird; no offence. I ain't going to leave you.

DE REVES

But — but — but — I do not understand.

FAME

I've come to stay, I have.

(SHE blows a puff of smoke through her trumpet)

CURTAIN

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH COLORED SOLDIERS

BY JOHN RICHARDS

I

IN July, 1918, I was with a regular army regiment, in command of an infantry platoon. We took part in some very heavy fighting in the drive which closed up the Soissons-Rheims-Château-Thierry triangle. At the end of the month, when we were recuperating, there came a call from General Headquarters for officers with trench experience. I was put on the list, being one of the few officers accustomed to trench routine, as I had served in the Argonne with the French during the spring.

It was hard to go; one learns to love the regiment with which one has shared bitter but tremendous experiences; and my dismay was great when I found myself transferred to a famous colored regiment, then in sector in the Champagne region. I had known little or nothing of negroes. Smiling, dark-skinned porters

had brushed my clothes on Pullman cars and pocketed my quarters; on great evenings I had dined at the Parker House in Boston; and once, when I was a boy, I heard Booker Washington speak. But such experiences do not make for large knowledge of the colored man. I had the typical Northern feeling that only a Southerner could work with him. Thinking over my friends from the North whom I have seen leading and understanding their brother of another race, I am convinced that this idea of the mysterious bond between the Southerner and the negro is too much dwelt on. For my part, looking back at my own small corner of the war, I am very glad to have had the experience of going over the top, first with white, then with colored American troops.

The battalion to which I was assigned was in what is called the interme-

diate position, in trenches and dugouts, two kilometres behind another battalion which held the front-line trenches. The captain gave me an orderly, who showed himself almost immediately devoted and willing, whereas my former (white) orderly had spent some time sizing me up, and had served grudgingly at first. Colored soldiers are generally proud to be orderlies, and in this capacity are most faithful.

As this was a machine-gun company, the first thing to do was to visit the two sections of my platoon, stationed at strong points half a mile apart, to talk with the sergeants and inspect the guns. I found these fine Hotchkiss guns all in first-rate condition, and the ammunition oiled. Though it was hard to keep our men looking respectable even behind the lines, and though our kitchens required rigid and wordy inspections, these men had been well taught to keep their guns clean, as their first duty. They treated them with reverent care, always managing to find oil somehow, although the supplies were scanty and far apart. Most of them knew the nomenclature of the guns well enough. They were quick and handy at stripping and assembling, besides knowing a good deal about possible jams. In fact, they were decidedly good machine-gunners.

It was a strange country that I found myself in — very different from the wheatfields and groves of our July fighting. In the Champagne, the white clay is everywhere turned up by the lines of trenches and by the craters where shells have exploded. The effect is of the bones of a country, exposed. The skeleton of the land protrudes on dreary hills and in desolate valleys. On moonlight nights, the high parapets of clay are ghostly white, as if men had tunneled in enduring snow.

Aside from the shelling, which we avoided by staying in our dugouts and

by wasting no time when moving in the trenches, my first real experience in this sector came a few days later, when we moved up to relieve the battalion in the front-line position. Making a relief in the trenches is always nervous work. In the regular trench parallels that stretch across the line of fire, there is good protection against hostile artillery; but in the long *boyaus* that lead toward the front, there is very little shelter. Moreover, the guns of the enemy are carefully registered on these communication trenches. All movement must be at night, and accomplished quietly; for if the Germans suspect that a relief is in progress, there will be slaughter among the long lines moving out or in, in single file.

The night of this relief was clear and still; the German guns were silent for once. Rumor was afloat of a tunnel which the enemy were building toward our lines. There is something unpleasant about the idea of tunnels, suggesting sudden explosions of hidden mines. We were half a mile behind the front line, moving slowly up the *boyau*, or communication trench. I was in charge of a column of seventy-five men, walking behind them, according to my orders, in case there should be stragglers. At the head of the column were a *poilu* guide whom the boys did not know and one of our own sergeants. We crawled along, each man bent on not losing sight of the man in front of him. Sometimes, as soldiers hesitated at a mud-puddle, a gap would open in the column, to be closed by a sprint that passed like a wave to those behind.

We were half-way to the front lines when suddenly there was a shout, a rush; and I was knocked flat by my detachment moving to the rear at triple time. I have never seen living men move faster. They threw off their packs, they threw away their guns. I got up blaspheming, with my face full

of mud, tried to stem the rush, and was borne back by it, wondering frantically if I ought to use my pistol. I pursued my small command and found it scattered over the country half a mile back. Knowing almost no names, and bewildered by the dark, I spent a nightmare half-hour, cursing and cajoling them to get into line again. This time I took care to go ahead, and we moved forward, picking up the guns and packs, relieving the troops in the front line two hours later than we should have.

What had happened was this: the column had come to a gully with a bridge across it; the bridge had a roof. It looked like a dark hole. Some one at the head of the line had probably whispered, 'Ma Lawd, dat am de Boche tunnel!' then — stampede. The Germans had not fired a shell; the hole which they had seen was innocent of sound or movement — and these were seasoned troops! As for the blunder of having no officer at the head of the files, there was another lieutenant who should have been there, but who lost himself in the labyrinth of the trenches, showing up very wild-eyed next morning. This I did not know, and had obeyed my orders.

Such an introduction to a new outfit was naturally disquieting. I talked much with the other officers of the battalion, who had been longer with the regiment, and here are snatches of what they told me: that the men were good boys, but always boys; that they must always be shown the way, and shown how; that everything they did should be most carefully checked up, nothing taken for granted; that, provided a man kept his dignity, he could mingle more freely with these boys than with men of his own color, because there was always the color-line; that a laugh, a friendly word, eating in the same dugout with them, went a long way; that they were the greatest mimics in the world.

'Bawl them out when they need it,' said my captain, 'but always keep your sense of humor!'

I did my best to work along these lines, and found good results. The men responded gratefully to kindness, and they were willing workers. How a cheerful man lights up the drudgery of trench work, where the long hours of tense watching are relieved by sleep in a foul, crowded dugout; where the meals are irregular and generally cold, and where, just as the night-watchers turn in, the German barrage descends and all must jump to their stations!

Colored men are wonderfully good company. Their ridiculous chaff, their comical bewilderment and excuses when they have counted the ammunition wrong or left a rifle to be rained on, are very endearing.

'Doan yo' heah what de man say, yo' lazy dood?' In speaking of an officer among themselves, our men seldom said lieutenant or major; it was generally 'de man.' And generally the men were 'de dood.' Sometimes, from a corporal in a fit of irritation, one would hear, 'Yo' big black nigga'; but let an officer use that word, said the captain, and good-bye to his influence! The thing he needed most was a transfer to another regiment. I have never tried it, nor have I heard it tried. Good workers, cheerful humorists, heart-warming children are these soldiers. But beware the time in the cold gray of morning when the big shells come and every eye must be clear and nerves steeled for the expected raid. Make sure that you move and talk like a paladin who minds eighty-eights no more than flies, whatever your feelings may be. And if you are visiting an outpost at night, know the countersign, and curse, and ring the bell whose handle hangs by the chicken-wire gate — *hard*. Even then, be ready to drop flat at any moment, for their nerves are on

hair-triggers, and they love to throw grenades.

Thinking of what had been said about the colored man being a good imitator, I looked round for a chance to give him something to imitate. It came very soon. The platoon held two machine-gun positions in the front line, where the wire was rather thin. Two nights running, a dozen or so 'hedge-hogs' (egg-shaped, criss-cross tangles of wire that one man can handle) were sent out to us to fill in with. I waited till there was light enough to see by, and then went over the top. No man was allowed to come up; they merely handed out the wire while I walked back and forth with it and jammed it into the holes in our wire proper, sometimes connecting two or three of the prickly eggs with small pieces of wire that we had on hand, so that the 'hedge-hogs' could not be kicked out of place. This happened for two mornings; but lest I appear to be blowing my trumpet, let me say that it was perfectly safe. The German lines were at least half a mile away; their patrols which came near us at night always retired well before dawn; and there were no observation balloons up. This I knew perfectly, but the men did not. They rolled their big eyes as I came in. My little piece of stage-play worked admirably, raising my reputation with my men. It was the right move with these troops, but in a white regiment it would have been better to take a detail over with me.

All this time we were in what might be called an average sector. There was plenty of healthy artillery activity and frequent raids, but no fighting of the intensity that characterized the sectors farther to the west. The raids were often unsuccessful. When we took a prisoner or two, we were very happy. As for losing prisoners, we never did. Several times our men were taken. Such, however, was their dread of what

would happen to them behind the German lines, that their captors could never hold them. Agile as panthers, and with the same hair-trigger quality that caused my downfall the night that someone saw a Boche tunnel in a harmless bridge, they always broke away and got back to our lines. I believe it is true that this regiment, though serving in the trenches as long as any National Guard regiment, has never had a single soldier taken and kept prisoner. Moreover, in these same trenches during the month of July they withstood successfully a terrific bombardment and a strong attack.

II

On the twenty-sixth of September, 1918, we took part in the great drive that swept the Germans back all along the line. I did not last long, as my skull was slightly fractured by a machine-gun bullet on the first day; yet I have a few vivid impressions. I recall, just before the attack, a solemn, determined group emerging from the dugout, only to plunge back again and yet again for some forgotten piece of equipment. They always forget something. Again, I see myself (while watching for the signal to attack and trying to place some lost infantry stragglers who had wandered into our position) handing over to my sergeant, with most fervid injunctions, the important job of making sure that we took all our sixteen boxes of ammunition. He was almost scornful in his confidence of accuracy; yet we turned up at the jumping-off place one box shy. Again, when we were well into No-Man's Land, and our familiar trenches seemed far away, I remember two boys rolling on the ground, crying, 'I'se got de gas *bad!*' when no gas was there, and other boys laughing at them. When we took prisoners, boys again! Nobody wished to take their sullen

captives away somewhere and cut their hearts out — they were much too happy. The proud soldiers escorting the detachment to the rear were as good as a brass band. Their march among the shell-holes was nearly a cake-walk.

How willingly they followed their officers among the shattered wire and the ruin of the German trenches, shouldering the heavy guns or carrying the still more cumbersome ammunition! When I was wounded, how tenderly and deftly a big corporal bandaged my head! My most important impression, however, is one which was not over-clear at the time, but which now seems to mean more. When, after being hit, I had done my best for an hour with a head that turned round and round, I was ordered to the rear. I remember saying, 'Sergeant —, you are now in charge of this platoon.'

He was my best sergeant, one of the finest we had. He looked at me first in bewilderment, then in dumb resignation. He seemed to say, 'I'll do it, though I don't believe it can be done,' like a boy whose family is suddenly blotted out and who finds himself with no means of support, facing a great world.

This episode gathers significance by contrast. In the July fighting, half a battalion of raw white troops, resting for half an hour on the battlefield, after their first attack, were suddenly struck by artillery fire. It was from a battery of seventy-sevens, I think, getting their target by means of an observation balloon. We saw the balloon, but it was so far away that none of us thought of the danger. Such things are learned only by experience. It was a shattering surprise to exhausted men. Three officers who were sitting under a tree were struck by a shell, which killed two of them and wounded the third desperately. I was the only one left, having the luck to be at a neighboring spring,

quenching my thirst. There we were, overwhelmed by shelling, and it looked like a counter-attack. I had to call up my non-commissioned officers and make them acting officers for the emergency. How magnificently they responded! Each man looked me in the eye and answered with the confidence of a budding general. They did the work of preparation and made many useful suggestions. With their help the position was securely arranged and held, till a superior officer arrived. The difference between the two attitudes is striking, bringing out again the boylike quality of the colored soldier.

There are other random observations that may throw light on these men. The best of them are very efficient at *liaison* work, than which there is nothing more important. The messenger must often not only run through hell with his message, but *get* through. Besides courage and endurance, they had a marvelous knack of finding their way in the infernal tangle of an old trench-system which had changed hands several times. Our best man was one who in 'civil life' had been a distinguished 'gun-man.'

Sickness has a very depressing effect on the negro: a boy who suffers with rheumatism is sure that it is going to his heart; a cold brings thoughts of an early grave, though they are really very rugged. We had expected much sickness with the cold weather, yet found, for the most part, nothing worse than imaginings and low spirits. They dropped away fast in the hospital when we were waiting at Brest to go home; but so did their white officers.

Of the gratitude and loyalty of the colored boys, let me give an instance. When we were behind the lines, a private, whom all considered spineless and good-for-nothing, was severely reprimanded at two inspections for the condition of his rifle. After the second inspection was over, an officer came up to

him and pointed out in a friendly way how he could get the rust out of that shocking barrel. A week later they were in the trenches, a heavy barrage was bursting all along the parapet, and it became necessary for this officer to run through and find how an outlying position was making out. He stood outside the dugout and called for a volunteer to go with him, since, if he were hit, someone must carry the news to battalion headquarters. The men were clustered on the stairs and in the doorway. As the officer spoke, a shell nearly got him. For a moment no one moved. He called again, and the despised soldier whom he had befriended wriggled through the crowd in the doorway and rushed forward.

Many of them are deeply religious. The censors know this well from their letters. They have been spared, they say, and they thank God for it. It is a long, hard trail, but Jesus Christ will see them through. I remember well our old mess-sergeant, a very dark negro, his close-curved hair shot with white, often coming up to me in quiet times, placing his hand on my shoulder and talking to me of the goodness of God in sparing us through the horrors we had seen. Indeed, God has been good to us. Through the years before us, may all who have been in that fiery furnace remember that they always represent the dead who lie in Flanders fields, and work with strength and vision.

Colored soldiers are splendid 'hikers.' They have fine endurance, with a sunny disposition that keeps them from complaining. When a man falls out from fatigue or illness, their sense of humor asserts itself. Among white troops passing the sufferer, there would generally be muttered comments of sympathy on having been sent to France to be marched to death. The colored soldier who falls out, however, receives no mercy. Every man in line feels that he

has proved himself a better walker than the unfortunate, and struts along the road, jollying his footsore comrade as he passes. Watch the change as the column, marching at route step, swings into some small French town where children and an old woman or two observe the passing army. The command of 'Attention!' is not necessary. Every man swings into step, shoulders are thrown back, and extra distances between ranks close automatically. *Some one is watching them.* There was one comedian who stowed somewhere about him for these occasions a battered silk hat. We let him wear it — in small towns! The inhabitants stared at him and laughed. He was happy and made the whole company happy.

In their drilling they are like sensitive plates, responding to the tone of the officer in charge. No troops will do well under a slipshod drillmaster, but the colored man will deteriorate and become slack more quickly than the white. He responds immediately, however, to snappy commands and a soldierly appearance. He will snap through the manual of arms and march perfectly in close-order drill, with a slight, irresistible swagger. Let a superior officer come out to see such an exhibition as machine-guns going into action in competition, and they will tear down the field as if the guns they carried weighed nothing. They will almost burst their hearts with exertion, happy all the time because they are observed.

The colored soldier is generally a splendid physical specimen, with great powers of endurance. He is tireless, cheerful, and loyal, and will follow like a dog through artillery barrage and the wind of machine-gun bullets. On the other hand, he has an extraordinary nervousness, does not like the dark, and lacks will and initiative. This last appears most clearly in the case of non-commissioned officers. Many will

handle their men very creditably behind the lines, while to an officer some of them are full of intelligent suggestions (too full, if encouraged!). In hard conditions, however, the best of them, though showing no apparent fear, seem to be struck dumb. They do what they are told, but move as if bewildered. I think they lack the free, independent spirit that stirs in the breast of the white; that rises within him when the shells are falling thick and says, 'I am a better man than any — Boche, and I am coming through.' Of course, you find the same spirit in some negroes, but it is rare. They are boys. They do not grow up, even under shell-fire.

If I were to join the army again, I should like to serve with colored troops. They are so cheerful and willing, and they march so well. They enjoy the theatrical effect of their drill. They are extremely good with animals. Have you ever seen eight black boys hustling a wary old mule up into a freight car? All eight are clustered round his stern, lifting, pushing, shouting, laughing, while the mule braces all four feet on the sloping gang-plank. They do not fear his kicking, and in a moment the most obstinate of brutes is safe aboard.

Among themselves they are full of humor, tolerant, and kindly. The officer who, while with them, would not grow young again is indeed a slave to dull care. What a simple lovable people are these dark-skinned brothers of ours!

If I were to go fighting again, I should like to serve with them, too; but it must be realized that this is a very different proposition. I should like to have the power to raise a body of negro troops. They should be picked men, and then picked again. To get non-commissioned officers for a company, those of a battalion would be combed over, and these sergeants and corporals, when chosen, would be under close observation. In fighting qualities the average

of the colored race is not as high as that of the white; but given the picked men and their thrice-picked leaders, with officers who understand their weakness and their strength, the result would be a body of troops that would shed great glory on their race. They should have a gradual training in war: that is, they would hardly be the men to throw into a terrific encounter as their baptism under fire. Such was to some extent the experience of the colored regiment with which I served. They had the advantage of a long training in the trenches before they took part in a big attack. They came through with a fine record. And let me say, with pride in the officers with whom it was my privilege to be associated, that they were well led.

I have said nothing about colored officers, because I have not known them; but this much I think is true: black still turns naturally to white for leadership, just as on the Southern plantation the slave turned questioning eyes to the planter. All the more credit to the colored officers, many of whom have led their men well.

Men of the South who face the race-question bitterly, and men of the North who wash your hands of it, remember that races develop slowly! A few years ago, these men were slaves in the cotton-fields. A few years before that, they were children in the jungles of Africa. They are children still. The race-question is a topic far beyond the scope of this paper; yet, in considering it, let the white citizen remember the lovely traits of his colored brother. We have so much in power, prestige, and development which they have not. We inherit an independent spark, fostered through ages of war and upward groping. Let us hold out our hands and open our hearts to these wonderful boys who move among us, remembering that white and black lie side by side in the fields 'over there.'

ON GROWING OLD

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

Be with me, Beauty, for the fire is dying,
My dog and I are old, too old for roving;
Man, whose young passion sets the spindrift flying,
Is soon too lame to march, too cold for loving.
I take the book and gather to the fire,
Turning old yellow leaves. Minute by minute
The clock ticks to my heart; a withered wire
Moves a thin ghost of music in the spinet.
I cannot sail your seas, I cannot wander
Your mountains, nor your downlands, nor your valleys,
Ever again, nor share the battle yonder
Where your young knight the broken squadron rallies:
Only stay quiet, while my mind remembers
The beauty of fire from the beauty of embers.

Beauty, have pity; for the young have power,
The rich their wealth, the beautiful their grace,
Summer of man its fruit-time and its flower,
Spring-time of man all April in a face.
Only, as in the jostling in the Strand,
Where the mob thrusts, or loiters, or is loud,
The beggar with the saucer in his hand
Asks only a penny from the passing crowd,
So, from this glittering world with all its fashion,
Its fire and play of men, its stir, its march,
Let me have wisdom, Beauty, wisdom and passion,
Bread to the soul, rain where the summers parch.
Give me but these, and though the darkness close,
Even the night will blossom as the rose.

THE WELFARE OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD

I

WHAT I have to say is really an appeal to book-lovers. As this article proceeds I may, at times, seem to regard the subject too much from the bookseller's point of view. This may be due to the fact that my forty-seven years of business life have been spent either in the retailing (in both bookstore and book department), wholesaling, or publishing of books. Nevertheless, it seems high time that the public should realize that the bookselling business is sick, and that there is a rational way to bring it back to health.

In proportion to population there are only half as many booksellers in this country to-day as there were fifty years ago — in many cities and towns there are even fewer stores than there used to be. There are actually several cities of fifty thousand or more inhabitants without a bookstore or a book department worthy of the name — I reluctantly abstain from giving these cities the invidious distinction they deserve.

Albany, Troy, and Schenectady, three cities in comparative proximity, with a combined population of over 250,000, have no well-stocked bookstore, and none of the department stores in these cities devotes much space to the sale of books. Fifty years ago Poughkeepsie, with a population of 20,000, maintained three stores, each with a well-assorted stock of books, and they were all on the main business street. Recently I met a man who told me he

was a bookseller in Poughkeepsie. I asked 'Who does the largest book business here?' He replied, 'I do.' 'Where is your store?' 'On Liberty Street' (a side street). 'What is your selling force?' 'My wife and I.'

Poughkeepsie, which now has a population of about 30,000, is perhaps an extreme instance of the decline of book-selling; but the decline is general. A few years ago Des Moines had a distinguished bookstore, which was an object of civic pride, and the admiration of all Iowa. To-day the proprietors have given up the sale of books, and deal in stationery only, while two department stores with inadequate stocks of books supply the reading public. Fifty years ago New Bedford, with a population of less than 25,000, had more bookstores than it has now with a population of over 100,000; and those old shops carried a better assortment of books — books of general literature — than you will find in the leading bookstore of that beautiful city to-day.

Instances of the decline of bookselling could be cited *ad infinitum*.

So precarious has become the financial condition of booksellers that, in recent years, certain publishers have formed an association to provide extended credits to such large retail distributors of books as may be in financial distress. For example, a big bookstore in New York, another in Boston, another in Baltimore, another in San Francisco, have been saved from bankruptcy only by the timely help of this association.

This state of affairs is naturally a cause of solicitude to the leading publishers of books. To help the bookseller, a coöperative bureau, maintained at the expense of publishers, spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in efforts to increase the sale of books in various cities, by giving exhibitions, receptions, and lectures devoted to books; but not a single new bookstore, or any material improvement in trade-conditions, has been traced to these efforts.

Publishers are lavish in expenditure for advertising their publications in the daily press and magazines; catalogues and circulars in large quantities are freely provided to booksellers for distribution, and extra copies of books are lent them for window-displays. Some publishers go so far as to pay half or more of the cost of special advertising under the name of the bookseller.

To protect their own interests, in view of the lessened number of booksellers, publishers have more and more resorted to other means of distribution. One of these means is the sale of books by the personal solicitation of book-agents, who often persistently intrude upon possible purchasers, to their great annoyance. The term book-agent has become one of opprobrium. This method of bookselling has led to scandalous practices which are freely condemned by the trade, not only because of their fraudulent character, but also because they create in the minds of the book-buying public a distrust of all selling methods. Another means of direct distribution by the publisher is extensive advertising, in magazines and newspapers, of books singly and in sets, which are sent for examination on the payment in advance of a small sum of money. The great expense of these forms of distribution usually makes the prices of books thus sold much higher than those of books of equal value sold in stores. These, and other special

forms of distribution adopted by publishers, often result in large sales of a few publications.

All this, however, does not take the place of the vanished and vanishing bookstore as a distributor of books of general literature.

There is no question that the great public of this country has a keen appreciation of good books, and cherishes a latent desire for the entertainment and instruction that books provide. There is plenty of evidence of this, not only in big Boston, but in little Romeo — Michigan. But how to satisfy that appetite and how best to develop the taste for reading is the publisher's big problem — as yet unsolved so far as this country is concerned.

In Great Britain and Ireland, also, the business of bookselling has been in a state of decline for many years. Although it has not sunk quite so low as in the United States, this decline has been a matter of deep concern to both publishers and booksellers in those countries, and just before the Great War, an agitation was begun to bring about reform in the distribution of books. This was interrupted by the conflict.

Contrast with this state of affairs the condition of the book-trade in the Latin and Teutonic countries of Europe. We find that, for fifty years or more, the business of both branches of the trade has been generally satisfactory in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark; Holland and Belgium; France, Switzerland, and Italy; Germany, Austria, and Hungary; Spain and Portugal. In normal times, the number of books published in each of these countries is much larger in proportion to the population than in the United States, and a wide distribution of these books is obtained. In the larger cities, the bookstores are as favorably situated as the shops of other branches of trade; and, in the smaller cities and towns, there is almost always at least

one well-appointed store for the sale of books. In Norway, the city of Bergen, for instance, with a population of about 80,000, has three such stores; in all Scandinavia and Denmark there is no town of 10,000 inhabitants without a bookstore. Bookselling in Western Europe (excluding Great Britain and Ireland) is a thriving business. I shall have more to say about it later in this article; I allude to it here merely to contrast it with the unhealthy condition of the trade in this country, Great Britain, and Ireland.

II

To what shall we attribute the decline of the bookseller as a medium of distribution of the vast number of books provided by the publishers? Why, in this great country of opportunity and enterprise, constantly growing in population and wealth — why does not the number of booksellers increase?

Some people will tell you that the free public libraries, especially since their number has been greatly augmented by the bounty of Mr. Carnegie, make book-borrowers instead of book-buyers. But this explanation fails to account for the fact that the best bookstores are most frequently found in communities that have good public libraries. In the trade it is now generally accepted that the well-conducted public library makes new readers; that the appetite for books, once acquired, is satisfied only by ownership.

Others will tell you that motoring occupies many of the hours formerly devoted to reading, and that the 'movies' engage the attention of countless thousands, to the exclusion of the reading of books: and still others will claim that the magazines, which have come into existence in amazing numbers in recent years, are supplanting books. But the decline of bookselling began long before the motor-car appeared on

our highways, or the entertainment of the moving picture entranced both young and old, or the magazines crowded the news-stands.

Again, the sale of books in department stores has been suggested as the cause; but this comparatively recent development can be scarcely more than a contributory factor, for the decline set in before any department store entered the bookselling field. Undoubtedly, the sale of books by department stores, which, in the last thirty years, has assumed considerable proportions, has, in some cities and towns, drawn more or less business from bookstores. On the other hand, it is well recognized that the department stores have developed new book-buyers among the great public that looks to these big purveyors to supply the greater part of all its daily needs. The huge democratic department store is familiar to many who would hesitate before entering the store devoted only to the sale of books, stationery, and allied articles. I remember that, as a schoolboy, I looked upon the bookstores of my native city as almost sacred ground, on which I entered with trepidation, fearing to disclose my ignorance of the great world of books to the man behind the counter. How much easier to stroll from the hat department into the book department, and then, with casual glances here and there, to acquire at least a passing acquaintance with the books spread in profusion on tables or arranged on open shelves accessible to all! The fact remains that all the book-business of all the bookstores, and of all the departments devoted to the sale of books, is to-day materially less in proportion to the country's population than that of the bookstores alone prior to the advent of book departments.

Another reason offered in explanation of the decline of the bookseller is the active and hurried life of our

people, which leaves little time for the sustained reading of books. That we are a nation of fast and busy workers is well known, but this can scarcely be the explanation of the distressing state of our book-business; for in England, with a people leading lives of deliberation and composure as compared with ours, we have seen a similar decline of the trade, which has become more and more pronounced over a long period of years.

The bookseller will tell you that a large portion of his business has been drawn away by the publisher who does not hesitate to sell his publications direct to the reader. The greater part of the business in school-books, medical books, and law-books has been lost to the bookseller, and some publishers have proposed to take over the sale of books to public libraries, thus further contracting his business. At a recent national convention of booksellers, a publisher present told of a series of books of which his firm had sold two million volumes; one and a quarter million had been sold direct to readers, while all the booksellers and book departments together had sold the remaining three quarters of a million. Booksellers do not object to the sale of books at retail in the publishers' shops, but they do object to the growing practice among publishers of advertising direct to readers, thus ignoring the bookseller, and more and more weakening the position of the bookstores.

And yet, with conditions *as they are*, what other course is the publisher to pursue? He finds the bookstores and book departments of to-day altogether inadequate as media of distribution. Few of the booksellers buy the more expensive publications, so the publisher advertises to individual customers in the magazines and newspapers, and even sends descriptive circulars to carefully selected lists of people who are recognized as habitual buyers of books.

The sale of books by the publisher direct to the reader is undoubtedly due to the decline of the bookseller as a medium of distribution. In other words, it is an effect rather than the cause of the decline.

III

And now we come to the reason given by the publisher for the decline of the bookseller. He will tell you that almost all the latter's troubles are due to his own lack of enterprise and initiative; that no other class of dealers is so lacking in the qualities that bring success in business. One of the most alert-minded of our publishers told a convention of booksellers that, after visits to bookstores in certain smaller cities, he was so affected by the wails about poor business and small profits, that he was in the plight of the woman who said she felt so bad she'd just like to take down her back hair and have a good cry.

The publisher is right. While there are some men of high character and ability in the business, it is nevertheless true that it is very largely in the hands of men who lack enterprise and initiative; for in its present state bookselling is not sufficiently attractive to draw to it men with the adequate ability and character to carry it on in a spirit worthy of such a business.

When we find, in all the United States and in Great Britain and Ireland, the business of the bookseller to be generally falling off — a condition which has existed (with more or less prolonged periods of slight recovery) for more than forty years; and when, in the Western Continental countries of Europe, we find the bookseller generally prosperous during the same period, is there not ground for the belief that these widely different results must be due to fundamental differences in the way the business is conducted?

In this country, books are placed be-

fore the bookseller prior to publication, complete or incomplete, and often in the shape of a mere dummy — that is, a cover and blank leaves. The publisher's salesman, who has been instructed by the sales-manager, has his little story of superlative commendation for each of the volumes thus offered, and now seen by the bookseller for the first time. In this predicament, for it is no less, how can the bookseller decide intelligently how many of each volume he should buy? For willy-nilly, buy he must, because the publisher, by his advertising, will at once create more or less demand which the bookseller must be prepared to meet.

I have asked men engaged in various branches of commerce what other articles of merchandise are bought with so little acquaintance with their qualities as new books. The invariable answer is, 'None.' Is it any wonder, therefore, that booksellers suffer serious losses because of their inability to find a market at normal prices for many of the books bought under such handicaps?

The money losses incurred from unsalable books are enough in themselves to render the bookselling business unprofitable in this country to many of those who engage in it; but there is a still greater loss involved: the accumulation of unsalable books often becomes, in the course of a few years, the major part of the bookseller's stock and ties up a large part of his capital. This lessens his ability to pay his bills promptly, also lessens his capacity to buy books that his customers want. 'Dry-rot' sets in, and the business becomes precarious. This often leads to bad practices — improper means of getting rid of undesirable stock. Books which cannot be sold at normal prices in the ordinary course of business are called 'plugs.' When there is a large number of any one or more 'plugs,' they are placed in piles, called 'monuments' in

the jargon of the trade. The 'monuments' will sometimes be put in the most prominent position in the shop, and the morally blind proprietor will say, 'Now, boys, it's up to you to sell these.' Under this instigation the salesmen will try to dispose of these 'plugs' at their original selling price. If the 'monument' of any one 'plug' is unusually big, a premium of five to twenty-five cents is often given to the salesman for each copy sold. In such a shop, 'plugs' of which there are only one or two copies are constantly recommended instead of acceptable books. Of course, this sort of forced distribution must injure the morale of the business and, in the long run, discredit the bookseller with many of his customers. For what he has done is not in its essence different from the intentional passing of a counterfeit coin; indeed, it is even more heinous, because the bookseller is violating the trust imposed by his calling. Instead of being a stimulus to reading, the book is a deterrent. After such an experience, the reader more readily turns from books to other means of recreation, and the futile volume remains a reminder of misplaced confidence.

In an endeavor to find out the cause of the bookseller's distress, someone will ask: Were not the retail prices of books in this country during the latter part of the last century cut and slashed to such an extent as almost to eliminate the profits of the bookseller? and is not this, in itself, enough to have caused his decline? The cutting of prices during this period was undoubtedly a contributory cause of his misfortunes; but the decline had been noticeable for several years before price-cutting became general. The natural and, I believe, the sound inference is that this price-cutting was an effect of the decline rather than its cause. Booksellers who found that their business was falling off sought to restore it by

lowering prices, only to find their profits grow less and less.

Other questions will be asked. How is it that well-stocked bookstores were plentiful in this country fifty years ago? Will you explain how it happens that nearly every city of 15,000 inhabitants or more had good bookstores then and had had them for decades? While not so many books were then published, was not the bookseller in the same predicament then as now, when new books were put before him by the publisher's salesman?

Happily, he was not; for, fifty years ago, he was protected from risk of loss with new books. It was the custom of publishers generally, and had been their custom for a long period, to send to booksellers at the time of issue from one to ten copies of each new book, with the understanding that unsold copies of books thus sent could be returned to the publishers. To-day he is always more or less apprehensive, when he buys new books, that many of his purchases will remain on his hands unsold. Unfortunately, this sensible custom of sending new books subject to return gradually fell into disuse; and it is probably not by chance that the decline of the bookseller followed close upon the abandonment of the custom. I would even venture the postulate that there is no other satisfactory explanation of the gradual decline of bookselling in this country.

In writing upon the problem of the distribution of books in this country a publisher of high repute has said:—

The publisher who discovers or invents a new method, which shall be both practical and effective, for the distribution of books of general literature, will confer a boon upon the author, whose books will then be sold to all possible purchasers; upon the public, many individuals of which would gladly buy some books, now on the publishers' shelves, of which, under the present methods, they

will never learn; and especially upon the publishers themselves, whose profits increase greatly as increasing numbers of copies of a work are sold, and whose lack of profits on publications of these classes is due almost entirely to their failure to find practical methods for the distribution of such books.

It is significant that, in this utopian state of affairs for publisher, author, and public, nothing is promised the bookseller.

This was said several years ago; but there is no sign, as yet, of any new method that would solve the problem.

Instead of trying to find a new method of distribution, why not try to restore the bookseller as a distributor to the position he occupied fifty years ago? Why not make such arrangements as will attract fresh enterprise and capital to the business of bookselling, thus leading to the establishment of more and more bookstores, until the day shall come when every city and town will have at least one store with an ample assortment of books?

IV

Let us turn to Europe and see how books are sold there. Everyone in the book business knows that the distribution of books in Western Continental Europe is conducted on radically different lines from those followed in the United States and in Great Britain and Ireland. We find, too, that *the book business in the countries of Western Continental Europe is conducted differently from all other branches of business in all these countries*. It can scarcely be possible that books should be distributed in an altogether unusual way unless there is an altogether unusual reason for adopting methods at variance with those customary in other branches of business generally. *Is it not fair to assume that the business of bookselling is conducted in a peculiar way in Western*

Continental Europe for reasons peculiar to books as merchandise?

Dealers in all sorts of merchandise (books excepted), when buying supplies, are able from their knowledge of the goods offered them to exercise judgment in making their selections. For instance, the buyer of linens or any other textile can readily determine their quality by an examination of the goods; the buyer of teas can judge of their quality by taste; the buyer of metals by specifications and analytical tests. In fact, the expert buyer is always able to determine easily the value of the sort of merchandise with which training and study have made him familiar; but the bookseller, though he be familiar with the reputation of countless books already published, can have next to no knowledge of the several hundreds or thousands of new books put before him for consideration in the course of every year. Even though mere reading of books would provide the necessary knowledge, he would not be much better off, for no one could possibly read more than a small fraction of the books published. In the absence of knowledge how can anyone exercise judgment?

It is then the undetermined qualities of new books that put them in a class by themselves; and it is the recognition of the peculiar nature of books as articles of merchandise that has led publishers in the countries of Western Continental Europe to place their publications with booksellers on peculiar terms — terms that relieve the dealer of the dangerous risk of buying blindly. The details of these terms vary more or less with each country, and differentiation would be out of place here; but, generally speaking, the bookseller is granted the option of taking books by outright purchase or on memorandum. In all these countries the fundamental basis is the same: the protection of the bookseller from the hazards which are not of his making, which

are entirely beyond his control and which, therefore, should not be put upon him. School-books, what are known as 'novelty' books (that is, books that depend upon their material appearance for their attractiveness), and a few minor classes are properly excepted, and must always be bought not subject to return.

This basis of the practice of bookselling has obtained in the countries of Western Continental Europe for more than fifty years — in some of them for centuries. Its decided advantages are convincingly demonstrated by the general commercial success of both the publishers and the booksellers of these countries; also by the production in large numbers of books of high character.

With this basis the attitude of the publisher to the bookseller and that of the bookseller to the publisher are wholly changed. The relation becomes one of coöperation, and with coöperation comes growth. The publisher will be careful not to ask the bookseller to take more of his books under the return privilege than in the publisher's opinion can be readily disposed of, and the bookseller will try his best to meet the views of the publisher as to the possibilities of sale of his numerous productions; certain publications — for the most part the higher-priced books of general literature and those of more or less technical nature, which the bookseller would like to have in his stock for possible customers, but which for one reason or another, under present conditions, he would not dare to buy — will appear on his counters. The adventurer in the publishing field who often tries, and often with success, to foist books of doubtful merit on a too trustful market, will find increasing difficulties in exercising his propensities; the conscientious publisher, with fuller responsibilities, will become more and more discriminating as to the quality of the material he selects for publica-

tion; the author will be less tempted to submit indifferent productions; the public will gain new confidence in both publisher and bookseller; enterprising young men and women who find a congenial atmosphere in the bookstore will be encouraged to enter the bookselling field; new bookstores will soon be opened where none exist; and, as such stores are the best possible advertisements, many people who are now unmindful of the delights of reading will frequently have their attention drawn to books; before long, places for the sale of books will be as numerous as in those countries where the publishers long ago adopted the methods that appear to be essential for successful bookselling.

It goes without saying that the publishers, finding the channels of distribution provided by booksellers becoming bigger and better as well as more numerous, will come to depend upon them

more and more, and thus place their books within easier reach of the reading public.

To adopt for this country and for Great Britain and Ireland the bookselling system of Western Continental Europe would in the opinion of many be revolutionary; but with a sick business would it not be worth while to apply a remedy of proved efficacy? The bookseller is the child of the publisher; if the latter desires his child to live and grow and prosper, he must provide the best means in his power to restore him to health and give him all possible opportunity to remain sound. This does not involve experiments with hypothetical or theoretical business plans, but simply calls upon our publishers to deal with our booksellers on a basis that has brought success to the trade in many other countries for generations.

The potentiality of bookselling in the United States is beyond measure.

A BOLSHEVIK COMMISSAR

BY JOHN RICKMAN

IN October, 1917, I was asked to go to visit an old man who was sick unto death. The interior of the hut would be familiar to any who have read the Russian novelists. On the bed (the only bed) lay the old peasant whom I had come to see; he was about seventy and was grimy, weary, and ill. On the stove lay three of his grandchildren and one of his sisters; on a low shelf by the stove lay his wife, nearly doubled up with rheumatism and suffering from tuberculosis. The room was well furnished

for a hut: besides the bed and the table there was a writing-desk — carefully pointed out as a suitable place for me to sit at to write prescriptions; there were five books in the house, and a Singer sewing-machine. The kitchen utensils — which by experience proved good marks of the degree of civilization of the occupants — were crude and consisted of two iron pots, a frying-pan, three earthenware eating-bowls, a few cups, and about half-a-dozen wooden spoons. This family had in addition two knives,

three metal forks, and two or three metal teaspoons.

Awaiting my judgment on the old man's condition were his five sons. One was a forester, two were agriculturists (plain moujiks), two were officers. One of the latter wore a gorgeous Caucasian uniform — a captain of cavalry; the other, an 'under-major' of artillery, who had received the officers' cross of St. George from Nicholas II. On the latter this article is written.

The father began telling me of his sons, and of how popular they were in the village; but of none was he so proud as of the two who were farmers, because they were the best-natured; this was spoken, of course, aloud and in the hearing of all five. My discomfort at hearing these gentle family discriminations in Russia was slowly vanishing, because they appeared to be signs of solidarity and unity in the family, rather than signs of bitterness.

I asked why he was not proud of his officer sons. He said the country could be proud of them because their worth was shown in the country's wars; but his home-staying sons had shown their worth in the village and the home; therefore he was proudest of them because he was a plain villager himself.

I soon got to know the artillery officer and had many talks with him, chiefly on politics. He said he had left the army because the war had died out, and he thought of doing something for his village, as a secretary to the Mir or assistant at the school. I pointed out that his university career was wasted in a village; that he should go to a big town and work there. He said that his heart was in his village, and he would live where his interests lay. I told him that, if he had children, he could not earn enough here to send them to his University (Kiev), but with town work he might afford it. He said that he had no children, but if he had, he would not

have them different from the village children; if his sons were clever, the village would send them to a secondary school, and if they got scholarships the village would help them through the University. He thought that, as a matter of fact, the more he did for his village, the more the village would do for him; but he would not put his children in a position which was out of the reach of, say, his nephews.

His opinion of the Bolsheviki was that they were turning too much attention to distribution, to equalizing the people, and too little to production, or to improving the people; but he said that Russians at the moment do not see this, so we must humor them and lead them gradually to see the importance of production.

Nominally, he was a Bolshevik official, but his point of view was Social-Revolutionist. He said that he thought the country was going too rapidly to the 'Left,' and he feared a reaction to the 'Right'; for his part he would prefer a middle course, but felt it to be the best thing to follow the popular movement to the Left, and to steady it, in order to prevent or diminish the risk of reaction. He feared the Right more than the Left.

In December, 1917, he was made secretary of his Mir, and in January, 1918, President of the Council of the Village, as the Mir was called under the Soviet (Council) form of government.

From this time onward he was to be seen at all times of the day, and often far into the night, at work gently guiding the counsels and the minds of his fellow villagers. From village chief he was made *volost* chief (called, under the old régime, *starshina*). Under his presidency the villagers requisitioned the library of a landlord who had not visited his estates for over two years. The people wanted to divide the spoils; after great efforts of persuasion, he in-

duced them to come to the point of looking at the requisition, of which he approved, as good only if the village as a whole, and not as individuals, were to benefit by the change. It took weeks to convince them. He used no high-handed methods; it would neither have paid him to do so, nor have agreed with his principle of relying on the force of persuasion and an appeal to the communal instincts of his associates. His uniform and decorations were laid aside; he dressed as a peasant and lived on their miserable fare; he identified himself with the peasants as far as possible, and seemed to raise them to a higher level of culture by so doing.

He used to call on us and bring extracts from the Russian newspapers which quoted the English press, and ask if all English people in England thought along the lines that were set out in our newspapers. Did English people really think that ruin and chaos was all that was left in Russia? How was it that the English, who were such a liberal people and friends of progress and democracy, could allow their papers to sneer at the Revolution? Was it because Russia could not fight?

He said that such criticisms in the foreign press made it so hard for Russians of his way of thought to work among the people; that the work they had in hand contained intrinsic discouragements enough, but the querulousness of foreigners and their complete lack of faith in the efforts of men such as himself seemed to take the heart out of life and almost make them doubt if they could accomplish anything at all. The peoples to whom they had looked for encouragement sneered; those from whom they had hoped for guidance showed them a sword.

We told him that in America and England there were imaginative people to whom the Revolution was one of the greatest and most ennobling events in

history, and that the hearts of these people turned with love and gratitude to Russia.

He wept. 'Brother,' he said, 'we see a vision together; we have to get our peoples to see it, too.'

In May the hospital of which I was the only medical officer closed down, among other reasons, for lack of funds. A letter was sent to all headmen of villages, stating that the medical work was being brought to a close, but giving no reasons. Some of the villagers of Vaceelooka came to hear of our lack of funds, and sent a deputation of four men — three village elders and my friend. I was checking a list of stores at the time, and asked what I could do for them. The three moujiks and the artillery officer replied that they had come to help me who had so often helped them. So they lifted boxes about, and read off the lists, and rearranged the storeroom.

I was puzzled at all this, and said that it was work best done at odd times, and it was not proper for men in the busy time of ploughing and sowing to do such work in the middle of the afternoon. They then said they had come to tell me how sorry they were that I was going and that we needed money; they had been considering it in the Mir, and had found that the village could afford a hundred roubles a month and a horse and food, fuel, and a house, if we would stay. This offer we had to decline, with great regret. They said that, if we must part, we must part as brothers; they brought the blessing of God on our journey, and asked that we would remember them to our friends in England and America. 'And if at any time you return, the lamp will be lit and the samovar set, and there will be a place at the table, for we love you and would like you to be one of us.'

Thus we parted from a commissar and his friends.

SUPERFLUOUS KINGS

BY ALICE MEYNELL

Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Antony and Cleopatra.

As the kings lag, and then pass away from the stage of the world, many men will ask what there is to regret. Assuredly nothing, if not royalty, in the mind of Shakespeare. Mankind will in time probably forget or deny that there was ever anything in the life of the world answering to Shakespeare's royalty in Perdita, or to his princeliness in Arviragus and Guiderius, or to his kingliness in Lear, or to his glory in Cleopatra. It may be so, as to the world; there may have been nothing thus answerable. But there was Shakespeare.

And our regrets in regard to him cover all his regalities — the hidden and hereditary and unconscious, and the conscious and braggart and manifest: Perdita's dignity among the romps, and her sportive disputes as to Art and Nature among the clowns, her unflushed composure amid the junketings, and also Lear's loud and indignant death. The splendor of Shakespeare's veneration for kings is perhaps deeper where the kingliness — the blood of it — is unrevealed, as in the shepherdess of *The Winter's Tale*, for here it is matter of Shakespeare's faith. So with the brothers of Imogen who, by the way, — and not merely by the way, — like her, discuss flowers — 'Then to arms!' They too have an inexplicable distinction, unknown to the world of their exile, but known to Shakespeare, who is aware of their blood and lineage. Here, and in *The Winter's Tale*, Shakespeare makes

his resolute and implicit act of belief in the blood of kings.

In *Lear* that faith suffers outrage and defies it. Many years ago that great actor Rossi, who did not gain in England such honor as was rendered to Salvini, — I fear because his physical personal dignity was not so obvious as Salvini's, — played King Lear in Italian. But there was one cry, one royal proclamation, that could not be removed from the English. It needed Shakespeare's own word to vindicate Shakespeare's royalism. (One might make sport of any kind of translation: say '*ogni centimetro*' — 'every centimetre a king' — is good farce.) No Italian will serve; the Latin mind has not this degree of imaginative reverence, nor has the Italian language the faculty of giving sudden greatness to a customary word.

But Shakespeare, conceiving for royalty not only 'the beauteous Majesty of Denmark,' and the 'courteous action' of the dead, — 'being so majestic,' — and the dignity of Hermione's daughter, and the tempest of Lear's elemental tragedy, will not consent to touch us with nothing more than pity and terror. He confronts us with the uttermost of pride of life in the royalty he sings; confronts us — no, rather brings us to our knees before the arrogant splendor he conceives: —

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts
gaze.

It is the pride of life and the pride of

death. Only hand in hand with a queen does Antony venture on the prophecy of that immortal vanity. If to him are given the most surprising lines in any of the tragedies, it is only as the lover of a queen that he has the right to them. To him is assigned that startling word, the incomparable word of amorous and tender ceremony — 'Egypt.'

I am dying, Egypt, dying.

That territorial name, murmured to his love in the hour of death, and in her arms — I know not in the records of all genius any other such august farewell. Lear's word is outdone here. Lear a king in every inch of his aged body, but Cleopatra a queen in every league of her ancient realm. Has not majesty spoken its one unexpected word in the mouth of such a lover?

Superfluous kings — Shakespeare's irony could find no other adjective so overcharged with insolence as this. Kings must be as he conceived them in order to that antithesis: —

Superfluous kings for messengers.

But an antithesis more complete than that of downfall and of servitude is that of mortality. The humiliation of the beaten monarch leaves the Shakespearean conception of kingliness face to face with the mere fortunes of war; the derision of the word 'superfluous' implies, in reversal, an inalienable dignity; so in the act of dying, the visible act, done in life; so with 'sad stories of the death of kings.' The final contradiction is not here; but in the grave itself, in the hidden burial, out of the sight of the populace: it needs the utmost of Shakespeare's passion of royalty to answer to that depth. And here is poetry, not by him, but wonderfully worthy of him, that tells us of

High-born dust
In vaults, thin courts of poor unflattered kings.

Shakespeare only, besides Young, could have written this.

Literature, then, will lose this glory, and with this glory this humiliation. Who will say which is greater, the thesis or the antithesis? But they cannot be parted to be compared. There they are, in our national literature, and cannot be effaced. But who shall hinder their becoming, for the student, first a matter of mere literary interest, then a matter of mere literary curiosity, next a matter of some new derision? (We need no new derisions: our wits are apt to mockery.) Is it well that any one of Shakespeare's many passions should come under our frigid inspection, to be examined so?

When kings are in fact superfluous, Shakespeare's great word 'superfluous' will be canceled out; when kings are no longer flattered, Young's great word 'unflattered' will be a futile word; when there are no full assiduous courts, Young's 'thin courts' will suggest no spectres. Regret is for Shakespeare, as has been said; not for Saul, or Louis the Fourteenth, or Charles the Twelfth. But, short of Shakespeare's devotion, there will be some sentiment damaged. When the mortality of kings is no sharper sarcasm than is the mortality we all inherit, then the lamps and the gold that enshrine the bony heads of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar at Cologne may take their place, outside of cathedrals, with the unnamed relics of the shepherds who preceded the kings to the manger.

Shakespeare's greatest splendor, then, that so shines down the splendor of history and the world, is under sentence, and under sentence his greatest compassion, and under sentence his greatest terror, and under sentence his greatest irony. And I have placed at the head of these pages a word of neither terror nor compassion, because the word of irony implies the rest.

THE WEEK-ENDER

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

IN the times of Henry VII, the story runs, there lived in Swaffham Market, in Norfolk, a pedler named John Chapman. Having dreamed one night that, if he went up to London, on London Bridge he would meet a man who would bring him good news, and being unable to get this dream out of his mind, he presently betook himself to London, and all day long walked to and fro on London Bridge. At length a shopkeeper, noting his strange behavior, asked him the meaning of it, and the honest pedler told him his dream.

'Ah!' said the shopkeeper, 'had I taken account of dreams, I might have seemed as much a fool as you; for only the other night I dreamed that in a place called Swaffham Market, in Norfolk, there lives a pedler named John Chapman, who has a tree in his backside, under which is buried a pot of gold.'

The pedler humbly acknowledged the folly of such behavior and forthwith returned home. There he lost no time in digging under the tree in his backside, and in very truth found just such a pot of gold as the shopkeeper had dreamed of, whereby he lived in plenty the rest of his days.

It must be evident that, under some subtle influence, — a dream, an invitation, or a prospectus, — John Chapman went off for a week-end, and came back from it with his eyes opened to new possibilities at home. Every week-end knows that many a problem insoluble on a Friday will yield to treatment on a Tuesday.

Just as the provincial pedler turned for his holiday to the metropolis, the metropolite naturally seeks his in remote rural solitude. It is my hard lot to spend a part of my summer bread-winning in the stifling city, and to have only the week-ends with my family in the country. Between the scene of my labors and the bosky isle which they inhabit lie four hundred miles of rail, with which my weekly journeys have now made me reasonably familiar. And what with four days and three nights in town, and four nights and three days out of it, I sometimes hardly know which is the week and which the week-end.

I write this memoir on the way back from one of these tranquil retreats from the bustling world. This morning I did nothing at all that I remember, except rise at six, help anchor and beflag the stake-boat and the finish-boat for a regatta, act as announcer for the opening events, drive a launch in the procession, compete in a boat-race, and paddle violently in three hot canoe-dashes, besides communing with nature in the intervals. We had just time for lunch before I left for the train; and now, rested and refreshed, I am returning to the busy city, eager to participate again in its fervid life.

It is no great inconvenience for the island household to have me ply between it and the marts of trade, and I sometimes prove very useful indeed as a sort of pony express. Week-enders I believe always carry candy, melons, or green corn; but my supreme exploit in

transportation was the night I staggered backwards off the steps of a moving station bus, with a large suitcase, a box of candy, and a seven-foot beach umbrella in my otherwise empty hands. Of course, I added a basket of fruit before venturing on the train. John Chapman himself can hardly have returned from London heavier laden.

I went week-ending once in Egypt, years ago, with a plum-cake, and a basket of vegetables — the leeks and onions of Egypt — so huge that it and I occupied an entire compartment of the Fayum train. Something like this happened last summer, when I was escorting north a wooden ash-stand perhaps two feet high, in the form of a negro waiter. The person who sold him to me asked me where he was to stand; and when I said on the porch of a summer cottage, she answered brightly, 'Then this will be just the thing. You know you want a touch of color.' But when packed and boxed, my touch of color proved too bulky to go under the berth, nor could his congener, the porter, find room for him in his closet or in the vestibule; and in the end he did in simple fact occupy an upper all by himself, even as I.

Why is it that the week-end, no matter how high-minded, thus unfailingly degenerates into a beast of burden? Are there not express companies and parcel-posts? Yet who cares for what they bring? A commonplace-looking bundle is pushed at you over the post-office counter: it must be those bathing-shoes come at last, when the interest felt in ordering them has evaporated. But to arrive at the island before breakfast, bringing out of one's pack things ordered, or, better, unexpected — this has about it something of Santa Claus and the Swaffham pedler combined. The things you bring are the spoils of your hunting; you have somehow wrung them out of the vast

impersonal city, and you come bringing them in an elemental sort of triumph. Your arrival becomes an event.

There is also another reason for this pack-horse phase of week-ending: you forgot to get the things till the last minute, and you had to carry them, or arrive ingloriously, bringing nothing more welcome or substantial than explanations. Besides, shopping for the paraphernalia of sport through the week helps to keep one in a holiday frame of mind. And was not John Chapman, that patron of week-enders, himself a pedler by profession?

The beach umbrella was for the Fourth of July; but lesser occasions, like regattas, have their uses for the week-end express. All I brought up last Friday night, that I now recall, besides my personal luggage, was two paddles, three boxes of candy, a boat-hook, a navy anchor, and six rope-fenders for the launch. The boat-hook, I remember (someone else won it and now rejoices in it), was of a peculiar elegance, being tipped with brass. As I was buying it in a sporting-goods store, a boy and a man looked on. 'We ought to have one of those,' said the boy, and added with fine inconsequence, 'What's it for?' 'It's to open and close windows with,' said the man; thus betraying his narrow urban horizon.

The picturesqueness of our island remoteness is accentuated by the railway which connects us with the great world. For more than twenty years it has stood like a rock against the encroachments of fashion and our too mechanical age. On it one finds none of the freakish contrivances of modern travel. Its fine old sleepers go back to the Victorian period. I have made some study of archæology, but I must confess that in the dim pillared aisles of some of these ancient coaches I stand in awe, not to say dread. What was-sail of thirsty fishing-clubs have these

venerable vehicles not witnessed! They are as redolent of antiquity as Dickens's ghostly stage-coaches, only these hoary conveyances are still awheel. The porters are of an appropriate maturity. They are like old family servants. The same old darky year after year greets you at the steps of your Pullman, and the dining-car conductors are old family friends, to whom fathers introduce their children.

The locomotives, too, have their distinctive traits. Most engines start slowly and reluctantly, but in this ozone-laden air, the very engines jump forward eagerly to their task, and the whole train starts with a thrilling jerk. Strangers misunderstand this, but the sympathetic and reflective week-end-er sees deeper into it, and comes to find the lazy ways of city locomotives tedious and annoying by contrast. It is an experience to see one of these quaint engines, with its spark-arrester, so suggestive of afternoon tea, jauntily perched upon its smokestack, ricocheting along the rails, or, in more pensive mood, stealthily pushing its way through the thick shrubbery that overhangs the track. Our railroad has a system of powerful locomotives, each eighty cubits long and capable of six thousand horse-power. But it has never profaned our forest solitudes by the admission of these monsters. They would wreck the mossy old bridges, frighten the timid creatures of the wood, and put the way-side golfer off his game.

But what a thing it is, in the dewy freshness of early morning, having again survived the perils of travel, to descend from the train upon the very shores of a certain friendly lake! The launches from the scattered cottages that dot the points and islands are picturesquely clustered at the landing just beyond the trees. In a moment they are filled and scatter, and proud is he who gets away first with his load.

In a minute or two they are strung out in a gallant line, making each for his particular breakfast-table, about which will soon gather the gayest breakfast-party of the week. News of the city and the lake will be exchanged, and plans discussed for the three days that make up a proper week-end. It is now that the week-end-er opens his capacious pack and draws out a new rug for the living-room and a six-foot flag to fly in the regatta. He has also a new fire-screen, a can of paint for the boat-house, and a pair of wading boots for the general good. Of a truth, there is *no morning like Saturday morning*, and the week-end-er is its prophet.

If it be true that habitual week-ending imparts to existence a hectic hue (and hectic, if I remember, began by meaning habitual), it has its sanative properties as well. There is nothing like a change of air, and to change it twice a week all summer should restore any appetite. How much the stable native population which ministers to our summer migrations would be profited by a little judicious week-ending! How it would disorganize their factions and rearrange their prejudices! It would recharge their spiritual batteries and air out the cupboards of their souls. It would set local rivalries in a more tolerant perspective, and ease the cruel friction of rural life, which is so real to them and to us migrants so like a stage play. An occasional holiday on London Bridge, or its American equivalent, might send them home again with eyes to find the pot of gold under the tree in their backside.

Yet much week-ending might blur the piquant outlines of personality, dull imagination, and conventionalize speech. The other day, as we were gathering minnows from a creek, the forester's boys came down the road. With bucolic courtesy we asked where they were going. They answered with-

out emotion that they were after their colt: 'The blame shrimp swum the lake.' Mark the passionless restraint of the reproach, and the fine propriety of the figure. From the hotel-keeper who is our local eponym we later learned the climax of the colt's exploits. The spirited creature had effected a landing at the hotel, and seizing the bell-rope in his teeth, had roused the slumbering establishment with wild alarum. Even a colt will have his holiday on London Bridge, and if there is no bridge where one should be, will swim for it perforce. So deep is the week-ending instinct.

On a peaceful evening, summer before last, the semi-weekly freight brought a certain long-expected launch; and as the next day was the Fourth of July, it seemed very necessary to get the boat into the water that night. Half the men of our village had been retained to help in this, and a boat-wagon, especially designed for such ceremonies, was in attendance. The locomotive obligingly left the car with its end to the road, so that the boat might be shoved from its fastenings upon the wagon, and the waiting cohort immediately swarmed over car and launch, tearing off crating, wrenching away supports, and heaving the hull laboriously out of its cradle.

The other half of the villagers looked on and helped with interested advice. Among them appeared one of our neighbors, a veritable Captain of Industry, who had come down to the train to meet a cow. Instinctively he took command, and instinctively we all obeyed. It almost restored one's faith in the industrial order. 'Here, Bill! get your back into this,' he cried to the mightiest of the onlookers. Bill only wanted to be called on. He sprang upon the car, his brothers close behind him. The scene became Homeric. The car was thick with straining men. There was a clamor of voices. The horses became frightened and had to be taken

from the wagon. A judge of the state Supreme Court sprang in to take their place, and held the tongue. What an allegory! Justice Holding the Tongue of Transportation! The Captain of Industry moved about, adjusting the packing and giving crisp directions. The twilight faded and night was falling. At length, a final heave, and the hull slid down upon the wagon. The supreme justice was relieved, the horses were put in, the preferred half of the villagers scrambled upon the hull, and as the wagon creaked away toward the lake and the moon mounted above the pines, we dispersed with a friendlier understanding for a half hour's common toil.

Sometimes, of a Saturday night, the transient and the permanent elements of our sparse population meet for a dance at the so-called rink. The big bare room is dimly lighted with a few oil-lamps, and in the corner the burly forest-ranger, with his fiddle, leads the orchestral trio. The station agent, the inexorable custodian of our telegrams and express parcels, attends thinly disguised as a German peasant, and all make a diligent show of enjoyment. For this is a truly decorous affair, and you may find more real gayety at many a prayer-meeting. The music belongs to the epoch of the waltz, and the Virginia Reel and the old reliable Lancers are seen again. Then, before the hour of midnight checks the patriot's use of pleasure gas, we scatter to our Fords and launches, and speed homeward under a glorious autumn aurora, just like the picture in the dictionary.

My week-ending will run into some six thousand miles this summer, and as Stevenson says of voyaging in the South Seas, it seems strange to travel so far and see so little. But what people one meets and what narratives one hears! Once in a while you may encounter that rare old species of raconteur, the

Lion of the Smoking-Room. As soon as he begins to talk, that luxurious retreat quickly fills up with an attentive group.

It was from a superb specimen of this vanishing race that I heard the legend of the Camels of Arizona. It would seem that long ago, before the Civil War, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, it was observed that the Government Mule was not adapted to use on the American Desert. The resourceful strategists of that epoch be-thought them of the oriental camel, the Ship of the Desert, and the War Department accordingly imported a number of these animals to carry supplies and ammunition to the waterless parts of the West. This picturesque experiment was not, however, successful. The loads were too heavy; the camels were less amenable to military discipline than their pictures had led Mr. Davis to suppose; and a *rapprochement* between them and the mule-drivers proved difficult to effect. At all events, the stately creatures soon died or deserted, and the military phase of the experiment was over. But on clear nights, more especially after pay-day, the belated rancher has often seen the weird forms of them or their posterity, swinging off across the moonlit sands among the mesas.

I have not been able to substantiate this legend in any particular, and I

shudder to think what a wreck historical criticism might make of it. It is not as fact that it interests me, but as imagination; as the finest example I know of the Smoking-Room Legend; or, shall we say, the Pipe Dream?

In my adventurous youth, I stood one evening on the Wielandshöhe, overlooking the River Neckar and the little city of Tübingen. It was a peaceful scene. Far below me a cavalcade of students, booted and spurred, rode two and two across the bridge to some distant rendezvous among the hills. Suddenly, around a bend in the river there swept into view a long raft of logs, steered down the swift stream by a little crew of lumbermen, on its way from the Black Forest to the Rhine. Instantly in all the Verein-houses that crowned the heights, windows were thrown up, heads were thrust out, and a chorus of hoots and cries filled the evening air. One corps vied with another in shouting derision at the little band of raftsmen, and the storm of sound pursued them until the raft disappeared from sight behind a hill below the town, when the uproar ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

So does the cloistered student, like the London shopman, cry out in mingled envy and derision upon the free adventurer in his quest for the pot of gold which is the week-enders' exceeding great reward.

LEAVES FROM A COBLENZ DIARY. II

BEING FRAGMENTS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF HEINRICH
SCHEINSTUTZEN, APOTHECARY

BY LOUIS GRAVES

January 3, 1919. — Much to our surprise the Americans at the Peace meeting do not seem to be standing up for Germany. This, in spite of our kindness to their soldiers. The news from foreign lands indicates that we are to be made the victims of the greediness of other nations who are full of envy of our achievements. They speak of 'reparation' as if they considered us responsible for bringing on the war. Surely the clear statements of our statesmen at Berlin should have convinced any reasonable man that it was not of our seeking. Has not our Kaiser himself declared, 'I did not will this war'? But there is no end to the malice of our enemies.

January 7. — The vast projects for the amusement of the American soldiers have become the topic of much talk among our citizens. Our monster Festhalle, adjoining the Kaiser's palace, has been leased, and there they have fancy-dress balls, and theatricals, and boxing-bouts; while the lower floor and some of the smaller chambers are fitted up as rest-rooms and reading-rooms. Many other buildings in the city have been taken over for clubs and canteens and moving pictures.

We have never seen anything like this; and fortunately, too, for the discipline of soldiers cannot be maintained

if they be petted and pampered after such a fashion. Yet even now the Americans are not satisfied.

'So you think this is doing a lot for the soldiers?' one of their officers said to an acquaintance of mine when leasing a house. 'Why, the generals and colonels all over the area are complaining because we are not doing enough. We have n't started yet; the railroads have been too tied up with hauling food and clothing to bring us the material we need. Later you will see some real action.'

January 13. — With all their prating about Germany's misdeeds, the hypocrisy of the Americans is proved by this thing alone: *they bring their women along with them.* And they are shameless enough to put them in uniform, and flaunt them in the face of all the world. Of course, no respectable women would come across the seas, away from their families. It is not necessary to apply the word to them; it is too plain.

January 14. — All the past unbecoming behavior of Maria's has been eclipsed by her display of temper to-day. Truly, I had not imagined her capable of such language, such rebellion. It came about through my making a casual remark about these American women — practically the same as I

set down in my diary last night. She fairly leaped out of her chair.

'You shall not say such a thing — I will not have you say such a thing!' she cried in a rage. 'Two of those girls let me go up in the Festhalle while you were at the store yesterday, and look at the soldiers; I could see what those girls were like, and they told me about all the others. You shall not say such a thing! It is — it is a slander, a lie!'

Such words from my wife! Then I, in my turn, grew angry.

'“Shall not, shall not,” you say?’ I replied. ‘You tell your own husband he shall not? And what if he says what he pleases? What then, woman?’

Whereupon she narrowed her eyes, — I never thought that Maria could wear such a look — and came closer to me.

“What then?” she repeated. ‘I’ll tell you what then. One more such shameful word, and, husband or no husband, I’ll go right upstairs and tell those two boys just what you said about them. If I can’t tell them so that they’ll understand, I’ll take their little dictionary and show them each word at a time until they *do* understand. And just what do you suppose they will do with you, then? How long before I would be your widow instead of your wife, do you think?’

I said no more. There is no use trying to talk to Maria when she is like that. I shall not bring the subject up again.

January 17. — We are not troubled to keep ourselves from social intercourse with the Americans, because they have themselves made a rule against any sort of association — ‘fraternizing,’ they call it. In the streets and public places the foreigners always keep to themselves, and their military police have even been seen to rebuke soldiers who have broken the rule by

holding a moment’s conversation with a German. Inside homes where they are quartered, they exchange pleasant greetings with the women and children, as they pass in and out, but go by the men in silence.

Having in mind the fact that Germany may be helped by our gaining their friendship, I have once or twice smiled pleasantly at the sergeant and corporal, encouraging them to speak, but they have walked on by as if their faces were made of stone.

After I had thought over their conversation on the steps, I decided it would be much better to pass off as a joke my pretending not to understand English; and so, when one of them was talking to Maria in the hall, I said laughingly, —

‘You young rascals were too clever for me. I thought I would play a good joke on you, but you found me out. Ha! ha!’

His lip curved into a sort of smile, and he finished what he was saying to Maria, — something about getting him a bath, — and walked upstairs.

He was no doubt flattered by my compliment to their cunning. I cannot help congratulating myself at my skill in thus disarming whatever suspicion they might have. Unquestionably they are very simple.

January 19. — Wilhelm Stieffel, the merchant, was telling me to-day of the American lieutenant who lives on the second floor of his house. For three years Wilhelm has had hanging at the head of the stairs, just outside the lieutenant’s room, a fine painting of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. Desiring to do everything possible to win the American’s good-will, my friend asked him if he would like to have the portrait removed. Of course, a German officer, in a like situation, would never permit an enemy general’s image to be kept to

stare him in the face several times a day. But the lieutenant laughed gleefully as he declined the offer.

'Lord, no,' he said, 'let the old boy stay there if you want to. Rather like it myself. Every time I look at him it makes me think of the day we had such a fine romp across the Hindenburg Line.'

Such impertinence is typical of them, and shows their lack of respect for greatness.

January 25. — Last week Friedrich Schnitzel and I were in thorough agreement as to the unwarlike qualities of the Americans, but I found this evening that he shook his head doubtfully when I touched upon this topic. It seems that Friedrich and his younger brother Otto were walking through Goeben Platz. Otto is less level-headed than Friedrich, and, like some others of our citizens, has become somewhat nettled at the continuing lack of any sign of assistance from the Americans at the Peace meeting. They were talking of this, when they met an American soldier on the narrow sidewalk. Instead of drawing to the right and giving room, Otto held to the curbstone on the left and bumped full into the soldier. One who recalls his broad shoulders, and his disposition, may be sure it was no gentle bump.

The foreigner did not protest, as my friends thought he might do. There were no words — the soldier's arm just shot out, so fast that Friedrich says it looked less like an arm than a streak, and caught poor Otto under the chin and brought him flat upon the pavement. Without noticing him further, the American turned to Friedrich and said, —

'Do you want to meet the twin to that punch?'

'No,' said Friedrich quickly.

'All right — then you and your chum

better try to get along with half the sidewalk.'

With which the soldier passed on. Friedrich thinks they may not be so soft as we had thought. But this particular American is an exception. From what I have observed of them, with their laughter and childlike ways of acting, I do not see how they can be fighters like our German troops.

January 26. — A cousin of mine, Jacob Stietz, whom I had not seen since he was called into the service two and a half years ago, came home to-day. His regiment has been demobilized, and he has been allowed to come through the American lines to take up his life again in his native city. I had a talk with him this afternoon about many things, especially the Americans. I told him of their doings since coming here, and of my opinions about them. He listened to me for a while, but at last rudely interrupted me.

'You are talking like a fool, Heinrich,' he said. 'If you want to find somebody to agree with you, pick out a man who did not fight in the Argonne Forest. You talk of their laughing. I know of it, too. I could hear them laughing, sometimes, from our trenches. And, soon after, they would be piling over on us and fighting like devils. I like their being here no better than you do. But do not talk to me of their being "soft." It makes me sick.'

Jacob was always a bumptious young fellow, without due respect for his elders.

February 1. — Just before the evening meal, when I came home, I found the American sergeant and corporal out in the street, playing with the child Marguerita and several of her friends. There were eight or ten of the children. Instructed by the Americans, they were running from place to place, and

knocking a ball back and forth, and screaming and laughing. The two soldiers behaved just like Marguerita and the other infants, the only difference being that their laughter was deep instead of shrill. And yet these are the men who, during the war, are said to have adopted the coarse motto, 'Treat 'em rough'!

February 7. — The brother of the man who serves as butler in the house of the Countess of Altbieber, at the neighboring town of Neuwied, was in Coblenz to-day; and I was able to hear from him an authentic account of what occurred at a dinner given by the countess a few days ago. It appears that both high and low circles in Neuwied and the surrounding country are agog with the story. The countess decided to have a dinner attended only by women. There were nine of them present, and they talked all the time about the Americans, men and officers, a large number of whom are quartered in and around that town.

According to the butler, who repeated the conversation to the brother with whom I talked, the women at the dinner related to one another their experiences with the Americans dwelling in their houses, — all the fine residences in that section, including the princess's palace, are partly occupied by officers, — and the discussion resolved itself into the most shocking judgments upon the conduct of German men toward their wives and women in general.

'I confess I have had my eyes opened to a few things in the last two months,' the countess herself declared. 'The men have been having their way in this country a long time, and don't seem to have learned much. It looks as if we could now set about teaching them a little about behavior, anyhow.' And then she added — in a very serious tone, the butler said — the following

words: 'But let us not forget that our great chance is with the children.'

Thus it is that women who call themselves German are becoming tainted by shallow and dangerous ideas. But for the high position of those present at this dinner I should not consider such prattle worthy to be set down here. As it is, one may be excused for a feeling of alarm at the sinister suggestion conveyed by the incident. Especially disquieting, when one looks to the future of our Fatherland, are the countess's final words — about the children.

February 12. — Several times I have noticed that, after three or four days of depression at reports of how our less well-balanced citizens welcome new and perilous ideas, I find occasion to congratulate myself that the mass of our citizens are proof against these new-fangled forms of nonsense. Especially am I thus reassured after spending an evening with my companions at the Schloss Café. We discuss all these things at length, in our own circle, and at the hour of parting we always decide that the Fatherland is safe.

As to the women, I learn with a mixed feeling of satisfaction and humiliation that Maria's new turn of mind is not general among those of her sex. Friedrich Schnitzel tells me that his wife has spells of weeping two or three times weekly over the unhappy fate of our exiled Kaiser. Johann Schmidt and the others also testify that their helpmeets retain that feminine tenderness and loyalty, which, alas! are no longer found in my own household. Displeased as I must be at the situation there, I rejoice at the thought that most of the women of Germany stand staunch for the old and true faith.

February 18. — Never did I think that my eyes would look upon such a

desecration as met them when I turned into Clemens Platz to-day. There, *on the very grounds of the Kaiser's palace*, the foreigners had erected a monstrous wooden building which they say is for some form of entertainment for the soldiers. To think that this ground, which was always held so sacred, — upon which even our own citizens were forbidden to tread, so that it might be smooth and beautiful whenever the Kaiser came to visit us, — to think that this place should be so profaned!

I recall what the American officer said to my friend about the increase of amusement facilities; and what he foretold has indeed come true. Coblenz has been made what they call a leave centre; and barracks have been built on vacant lots all over the city, to accommodate several thousand soldiers who come in from outlying towns on three-day leaves of absence. Clubrooms, restaurants, libraries, moving-picture theatres, have sprung up in bewildering numbers. One cannot make a turn without seeing a sign bearing the letters 'Y.M.C.A.' or 'K.C.', or an army poster, announcing the readiness to satisfy some particular kind of want of these holiday-makers. They seem to go out of their way to think of new wants to satisfy.

February 26. — There is evident throughout our city a tendency to relax from the bearing of friendship toward the Americans. Attentively the citizens have been reading of the doings at the Peace meeting in Paris, and they have observed no sign that the Americans' President and his assistants are seeking to lighten the burden to be placed upon the Fatherland. If our kindnesses have only this result, ask the impatient ones among us, of what use is it to keep them up? But this view is to be deplored. Patience and persistence have always been two of our most valuable

national virtues, and we must not lose them now. Several persons who have come through from Berlin, and who are in close touch with the sentiment of the authorities there, insist that the policy of amity and helpfulness must be maintained. They say that it is bringing benefits, under the surface, which those who do not think deeply fail to realize. This is to my mind the correct view, and it is our duty to swallow our pride and continue in the way that the men high in our councils advise.

March 2. — From snatches of conversation between the American sergeant and corporal, I gather that the foreigners throughout the whole occupation area are homesick. Truly, I join them in the wish that they may have a speedy return to their firesides. They sing slangy ditties about their country, and recall longingly to each other agreeable incidents in their past; but with it all they seem to keep their cheerfulness. Yesterday I heard the sergeant singing, —

'Hello, Broadway, good-bye, France!'

Whereupon the corporal, in a louder voice, interrupted him, bellowing, —

'But we won't go back till it's over, over here!'

Then they both joined in the meaningless laughter that I am becoming used to.

March 3. — Even at the midday hour, I cannot enjoy the peace that a busy man is entitled to. To-day, on approaching my home, whom should I meet but the child Marguerita, with little Hans Pfeffer and about a dozen of their playmates in tow, marching up and down the sidewalk singing. Coming nearer to them, I found that their song was one they had picked up from the foreigners, of which the boisterous refrain was, —

'Hail, hail, the gang's all here.'

March 10. — It is only the very small children for whom we have to fear, in connection with the new doctrines that foreigners — and, I regret to say, a few firebrands among the Germans themselves — are sowing abroad. The youths of fifteen and over have been well grounded in sound principles, and will not be led astray. Proof of this is supplied, not only by the testimony of parents: one has only to observe the manner of our young men, as they walk the streets and rub shoulders with the Americans, to know their true feelings.

March 15. — Authentic reports from Berlin bring the welcome news that men who were high up in both civil and military affairs during the war still wield a powerful influence. New names have been adopted for the form of government and the various branches of the government, but I notice that those in nominal power have had to call in experienced army officers, and statesmen well trained under the Kaiser, to do the real work. Along with the names of president and chancellor, new men who have a temporary popularity, we find other names that give us full confidence in the future of the Fatherland.

March 16. — Though *our war* is over, lesser struggles continue in Eastern and Southern Europe. What these portend is not clear, with the meagre news at hand; but, as I see it, they are all to the advantage of Germany. This is the judgment of all the citizens with whom I talk. Enemies who might combine against us are wearing their strength out fighting among themselves; and it may be that the rich regions to the east and south, wasted of their man-power, will be of great use to us in the forthcoming contest with our arch-enemies to the west. These greater powers are still in apparent accord, but any day may bring dissension among them.

They keep numerous forces here; but they are sending home auxiliary units — such as hospitals, labor-battalions, engineers, and so on — which are indispensable in war. True, Germany also is not prepared to renew the fight now. But only let us stay united! Then nothing is impossible to our people. Shall we not always bear in mind the inscription on the statue of our great Kaiser Wilhelm the First here in Coblenz: 'Never will the Empire fall while Germany stands united and faithful.'

I recall constantly, with tears in my eyes, the shouts of the last of our homecoming soldiers who crossed the Rhine ahead of the Americans. Waving their caps, they looked back at our cheering citizens and said, 'We will come back to you — some day!'

March 18. — Yesterday, apparently, was a feast-day among a large proportion of the Americans. They call it St. Patrick's Day. It is an Irish festival. So curious was I to understand why the Americans made it the occasion of celebration, that I overcame my reluctance to hold conversation with the foreigners, and asked the corporal the meaning of it.

'Sure it's Irish,' he said; 'but we've got a few million of the Irish in the U.S., and we never let an excuse go by to celebrate a holiday, — with an extra feed if we can work it, — so a lot of the rest of us join in and shout for old St. Patrick too.'

Indeed, these people's minds operate in strange fashion.

'But I always heard that the Irish were friendly to Germany and hated England,' I ventured, smiling to keep the talk on the level of banter.

'Friends to the Dutchmen! Ha! ha!' he shouted. 'You ask some of your birds in the Prussian Guard who got up against the Rainbow on the Ourcq.' Then he stopped laughing and asked,

with a sort of surprised expression, 'Say, who's been stringin' you, anyway? Just because a few Irishmen can't keep their shirts on when they talk about England, do you think the Irish in the U.S. ain't Americans first of all?'

I saw that there was no use trying to explain to him. Being only a corporal, of course he cannot be expected to be well informed. Our own leading men, officials of the government and editors and preachers, have told us that the Irish throughout the world were ready to take up arms against England at any moment; and if Irishmen were enrolled in the American army, plainly it was because they were forced to be and could not follow their natural desires.

March 23. — The most unruly element among our people, the so-called Spartacists, have attempted an uprising here in Coblenz, but it has been nipped in the bud. One of their emissaries came from Berlin, and they had made plans to capture the post-office and the banks; but the American military police learned of the plot and arrested the leaders.

In the rest of Germany, the excesses of this element do not serve an altogether bad purpose. They create a reaction in favor of law and order; by contrast, they give our sound leaders a chance to regain their hold, and at the same time, by the alarm they stir up, reconcile our enemies to the reestablishment of a strong government with which they can deal. But I should prefer that they do not disturb the quiet that now reigns in the occupation area. We are secure here, and, though we lack many things we sadly need, we have plenty of food to keep us from danger of starvation. This is because the foreigners bring in their own provisions, and furthermore do not permit food-stuffs to be shipped out of the Rhine-

land. It is better that the outbreaks be confined to Berlin and Bremen and Hamburg and other distant places.

March 26. — A remark of Maria's has renewed in me a vague feeling of uneasiness, of which I find it difficult to rid myself. When I returned from the Schloss Café last night, feeling, as usual after these talks with my companions, more cheerful about the aspect of affairs in general, I remarked to her that things were beginning to look more bright for the Fatherland.

'If the Germans stand fast, and stand together,' I said, 'we shall soon be able to face the world again and show it that we are invincible.'

She replied with that combative spirit that she now so constantly displays.

'Yes,' she said bitterly, 'if you men have your way we'll have the war all over again — the killing and the hunger. And half the women or more are with you, like sheep.' Then she brightened and went on, 'But if it can be put off long enough, those who are now children will fix it better. Little Marguerita and Hans and millions like 'em will be grown up, and oh, God! I hope they will not be so blind. Our hope lies in the children!'

Always that same idea keeps forcing itself upon me. When she said this, at once I recalled the sight of the infants playing in the streets with the Americans, and what was said at the Countess of Altbieber's dinner, and a dozen other little incidents and remarks, all carrying the same suggestion. Doubtless, after another conversation with my good friends Friedrich and Johann and the others, I shall feel cheerful again. But at the moment I cannot shake off my depression. There is truth in what Maria says. Always it is — the children! There lies the danger to our dear Fatherland.

(The End)

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she loved it. Even in childhood she left home with reluctance and returned with ecstasy. It was not because her inner life was dull and bounded, but because it was vast and wandering; and loved, common things were all that anchored her to herself. 'Home,' she says, 'is the riddle of the wise — the booty of the dove.'

She was well aware, of course, of the solitude she lived in. 'Nothing has happened but loneliness,' she writes to a friend, 'perhaps too daily to relate.' But you err much, if you think the solitude was barren or empty. Light, bright thoughts swarmed in it, quick and eager fancies, wide desires, wider hopes, and endless laughter.

She had books as companions.

Unto my books so good to turn
Far ends of tired days.

To be sure, she was no student, no persistent, systematic reader, as Mrs. Ripley was. She would pick up and put down: a chapter, or a page, was enough for her, enough to kindle hope or quench ennui, if she ever felt any. But her immense capacity for being stimulated could not resist a book. She loved words, says her niece, Mrs. Bianchi; 'the joy of mere words was to Aunt Emily like red and yellow balls to the juggler.' How then could she fail to love the royal masters of words? Her father liked 'lonely and rigorous books,' she told Colonel Higginson, but she preferred them more graceful or touched with fire. After her first real one, she said to herself, 'This, then, is a book, and there are more of them?' When she found Shakespeare, she thought the world needed nothing else.

She had the piano as a companion, played upon it gayly, turned common airs into wild, fantastic reveries. One improvisation, which she called *The Devil* was, by tradition, unparalleled. We may assume that she loved the other arts, also, as well as music; at

least, that they fed her fancy, though she could not much come near them.

And nature was the friend of her secluded spirit. 'You ask of my companions. Hills, sir, and the sundown, and a dog as large as myself, that my father bought me.' Flowers and trees and birds and insects talked to her and she to them, in that strange speech which they perhaps understood better than her human fellows. What the charm of this converse was she intimates to us in light, delicate touches. 'We are having such lovely weather — the air is as sweet and still — now and then a gay leaf falling — the crickets sing all day long — high in a crimson tree a belated bird is singing.' Or she can go behind this bare portrayal of the surface and bring out wayward glimpses of hidden feeling, vague and subtle hints of dim emotion, such as flutter in all our spirits and are gone before we can define them. She can do this in verse, —

There's a certain slant of light,
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.

She can do it even better, to my feeling, in prose. 'Nothing is gone, dear, or no one that you knew. The forests are at home, the mountains intimate at night and arrogant at noon. A lonesome fluency abroad, like suspended music.'

From suggestions such as these it is evident that, even if outside adjuncts failed her wholly, she had sufficient society in her own thoughts. She lived in a hurrying swarm of them, a cloud and tumult of manifold reflections, which made the gross, material contact of daily human speech and gesture seem poor and common. She shut herself off in this silent hurly-burly as in an aristocratic garment of her own. 'How do most people live without any thoughts?' she cried. 'There are many people in the world — you must have noticed them

in the street — how do they live? How do they get strength to put on their clothes in the morning?’ She herself put on in the morning a garment of scintillating radiance and only exchanged it at night for a lighter robe of gleaming stars. ‘In a life that stopped guessing you and I should not feel at home,’ she says. She filled the universe with her guesses, and then made comments on them that were more intriguing than the guesses were. Not that she was in any way a systematic thinker, any more than reader. Heavens, no! She never could have labored with the slow and ordered speculations of Mrs. Ripley or of Margaret Fuller. Sometimes she sets up a stable reign of goodness in the world, believes that things will be well with us, and asserts it hopefully. ‘I’m afraid we are all unworthy, yet we shall “enter in.”’ Sometimes she doubts, rebels even, wonders whether suffering has at all its due complement of loving, murmurs in wayward petulance, ‘It will never look kind to me that God, who causes all, denies such little wishes.’ And always, to her probing guess, the world and life are veiled in mystery, and on the whole she is not ungrateful. ‘It is true that the unknown is the largest need of the intellect, though for it no one thinks to thank God.’

It was perhaps, then, dreams rather than thoughts, that were her playfellows, at least, thoughts condensed, broken, abbreviated, intensified. No doubt she spoke and wrote, in gleams and figures, and her oddities of speech, though they may have been slightly emphasized by too much Carlyle and Browning, were, like her oddities of action, not affectations of manner, but real oddities, quaintnesses, inspired flashes of soul. She lived in a world of dreams, dreams above her, dreams about her, dreams beneath her. Now and then, as we all do, in our rarer moments of half-conscious somnolence, she rubs her eyes

and asks herself of her condition, ‘Sometimes I wonder if I ever dreamed — then if I’m dreaming now, then if I always dreamed.’ But the eyes close again, and the dreams press more thickly, sweet phantoms that crowd and shudder into one another in the strange, disordered way dreams have. ‘The lawn is full of south and the odors tangle, and I hear to-day for the first time the river in the tree.’ She tries to clutch them, to stay their dim and fluttering passage: ‘I would eat evanescence slowly’; but they quiver and fade and vanish, only to give place to others as fantastic and enchanting as themselves.

Yet back of the dream playfellows there is one substance that endures and never fails her — God, set solid in the white, unchanging background of eternity. And I do not say that she had any dry, mental certainty about these things. When mortal pangs come, they rend and tear her hope as they do others: —

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

And I do not say that God was anything tangible to her, like her father in the next room. If he had been, she would not have found Him God, or loved Him when she had her father. In her quaint, wild way she even indicates that she loved God because He shunned society as she did. ‘They say that God is everywhere, and yet we always think of Him as somewhat of a recluse.’ But God filled her solitude, God gave life and body to her dreams, God bade evanescence stay with her, or turned evanescence into an all-sustaining, all-enfolding, all-satisfying duration,

which made the vague, unquiet futility of common life not only bearable but lovely, even to her restless and inquiring spirit.

Still, for all God and dreams, I would not wholly cut off her image from human ties. 'I often wonder how the love Christ is done when that below holds so,' she writes. That below held her. Let us see how.

II

In early life she would seem not to have avoided even general society. There are records of social gatherings, dances, varied merrymakings, in which she took a ready, gay, and active part, without any marked indication of undue withdrawal within herself. In her schooldays she was liked and, if not exactly popular, could always use her wit and fun to draw listeners and lovers. As a young woman in Amherst, she did not wholly refuse herself to the conventional demands of social intercourse, though it is evident that she yielded with protest and escaped with a sigh of relief. 'We go out very little; once in a month or two we both set sail in silks, touch at the principal points, and then put into port again. Vinnie cruises about some to transact commerce, but coming to anchor is most I can do.' The general kindness of the world, its chilly and indifferent courtesy, its ready and empty acceptance and circulation of cordial nothings, grated on her direct and poignant spirit. She would not endure the haggard necessities of parlor conversation. She was suspicious even of real sympathy from an unauthorized source. 'Thank you for tenderness. I find that is the only food the Will takes now — and that, not from general fingers.'

But, on the other hand, she had her need of human affection, like every one of us — hungered for it, starved for it

at times. She wanted those she loved when she wanted them; wanted them as she wanted them; expected their devotion to her bidding, though she was so coy about doing theirs. When she said, 'come,' they were to come, and 'go,' to go. If they did not come, it vexed her. 'I think I hemmed faster for knowing you were n't coming, my fingers had nothing else to do. . . . Odd, that I, who say "no," so much, cannot bear it from others.' She well knew the bounds and limits of friendship; but perhaps she prized it all the more on that account. Her love was as abiding as it was elusive. Grasp at it and it flitted away from you; then flitted back, like a delicate butterfly, teasing and tantalizing your heart with quaint touches of tenderness, till you knew not whether to laugh or weep. 'I hold you few I love, till my heart is red as February and purple as March,' she murmurs in her strange idiom; and, again, she flings love wide beyond even the permanence of her own soul: 'To live lasts always, but to love is finer than to live.'

These things rather for outside friendship. As for her family, she clung to them with the close persistence of a warm burr, which pricks and sticks. She knew all their foibles, of which that stern New England household had enough. She sets them out with the calmest realization, as a keen-sighted heart will, must. 'Mother and Margaret are so kind, father as gentle as he knows how, and Vinnie good to me, but "cannot see why I don't get well."' Or, in a more general, inimitable picture, 'I have a brother and sister; my mother does not care for thought, and father, too busy with his briefs to notice what we do. He buys me many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they joggle the mind. They are religious, except me, and address an eclipse, every morning, whom they call their "Father."'

Yet she loved them all, with a deep, devoted tenderness. Her mother comes to us mainly as a shadow figure, to be petted and spared and cared for. Her sister was a swift, practical personage, not too ready to enjoy Emily's vagaries, but trained to accept them. She swept and dusted and cooked and tried sometimes to get a useful hand from her dreaming sister; a useful hand, perhaps, when she got it; but I fancy she often wished she had not. Of the two brothers, Austen was Emily's favorite, or at least she looked up to him, as she did to her father: a stern, august, impressive face and spirit. Intimate communion with such a one must have been difficult for anybody. Emily would have been the last to look for it, or to expect it. But to touch that granite soul and to feel that it belonged to you made life seem more solid and death less terrible.

And the same was far truer of her father. Certainly he never put his cheek or his heart against hers, never fondled her or caressed her. She never would have wished such things, would have resented them. 'Father's real life and mine sometimes come into collision,' she says; 'but as yet escape unhurt.' But she looked up to him, how she looked up to him! Or, rather, she was always looking up, and, in doing so, she found her father's face a marked sign-post on the way to God.

Yet she could not touch those she loved best — friends or near, dear kinsfolk. None of us can, you say. To be sure; but she knew it, and most of us do not. She moved among her family and through their house, like the ghostly shadow of a rare desire. The little needs and calls of domestic duty she detested, though she sometimes took her part in them. Hear her wayward fancy describe that soul's pest, a household removal. 'I cannot tell you how we moved. I had rather not remember. I

believe my "effects" were brought in a bandbox, and the "deathless me," on foot, not many moments after. I took at the time a memorandum of my several senses, and also of my hat and coat, and my best shoes — but it was lost in the *mêlée*, and I am out with lanterns, looking for myself.' The patient solicitude of nursing tenderness she gave, no doubt, most deftly and devotedly. Yet one feels its burden: 'Mother's dear little wants so engross the time . . . I have hardly said "Good-morning, mother," when I hear myself saying, "Mother, good-night."'

But her isolation from these crying, crowding human realities about her went deeper than the mere irksomeness of daily duty. The trouble was that they were not realities but shadows, as she herself was, even more. What was sure and reliable and eternal and beyond the touch of trouble, was solitude and loneliness, where she could forever regale herself with the infinite companionship of thought. These dear human perplexities flitted in unaccountably. Before you could adjust yourself to them, they were gone, and you were never quite certain whether they left love behind them or torment. 'Perhaps death gave me awe for friends, striking sharp and early, for I held them since in a brittle love, of more alarm than peace.'

Then one wonders how it was with the greatest love of all, the love of sex for sex. Did it help her or hurt her or ever come near her? That she was fitted to draw the love of men is clear enough. She was strangely, puzzlingly beautiful. It was not an everyday, peaches-and-cream, ballroom beauty. She teased and startled with her face as with her soul. Her piercing, disconcerting eyes, her rich, gleaming, gold-auburn hair, her white, fragile, ever-stirring, questioning hands, her movements, light and wafted as the

movements of a dream — all these must have tormented mens' hearts as the wild suggestion of her words did. We know that she had lovers in the early days, when the world touched her; and the memory of her fairy charm must have haunted many who never thought of declaring love. But how was she herself affected? Did she return the love that came to her, or long to return it, or have a girl's visions of what it might be, if it came in all its glory and were returned? The record of these things is dim and vague. In her early youth she looks forward, mockingly, to lovers, and expects to be the belle of Amherst when she reaches her seventeenth year. 'Then how I shall delight to make them await my bidding, and with what delight shall I witness their suspense while I make my final decision.' Later, love calls her to a rapturous hour, though duty forbids, and she overcomes the temptation, 'not a glorious victory, where triumph would come of itself, faintest music, weary soldiers, not a waving flag, nor a long, loud shout.' And through the letters and through the poems there breathes often the faint, poignant perfume of love, flickers the wayward, purple flame of love, love questioning, love exultant, love despairing, at once immortal and impossible.

But who could realize Emily at the head of a household, a calm, buxom matron, providing her husband's dinner and ordering the household duties? As well yoke a wood-nymph to the plough. And children — doubtless she loved children, the children of others, played with them, laughed with them, wept with them. Perhaps children of her own would have been hardly enviable. She was made to dream of all these things, to step for a moment into the tumult of others' tears and laughter, always with the protecting carpet daintily unrolled before her feet, then

to vanish quietly, visionlike, back into the blue void, her own inner region, where there was still that colossal, constant companion, God, and the echoing silence of eternity.

And if love did not often tempt her out of this solitude, did conscience sometimes urge her out? Did she feel that the world needed her, that there were deeds to be done and fights to be won? Did she suffer from that restless, haunting desire of action which so many of us misread and call by fine names, but which more or less overrides almost all of us with its impetuous tyranny? She, perhaps, as little as any. But I seem to catch at least some understanding of it in the exquisite, tender solicitation to a doubting heart. 'All we are strangers, dear, the world is not acquainted with us, because we are not acquainted with her; and pilgrims. Do you hesitate? And soldiers, oft — some of us victors, but those I do not see to-night, owing to the smoke. We are hungry, and thirsty, sometimes, we are barefoot and cold — will you still come?' But the smoke and the soldiers and the fighting were mostly drowned in quiet — for her.

III

Do not, however, for a moment suppose that, because her feet were quiet, her mind was; that, because she refused to live in the casual world herself, she was not interested in the casual life of others. On the contrary, do we not know that these solitary, passionate recluses live all life over in their windowed cells; that it is the wild abundance of other lives in their rioting imaginations that makes all possible adventures of their own seem tame and frigid? Do we not know old Burton, who sucked strange melancholy from the confused chaos that rumbled about him, whose dear delight was to turn from his thumbled folios to the loud, profane

quarreling of bargemen by the river-side? Do we not know Flaubert, who shut himself up in his ivory tower, only to lean from his window in the moonlight and hear the dim revelry and causeless laughter of the children of men? So Emily. The action she dreamed of was too vast for the poor, trameled limits of this world. But she found an absorbed pleasure in watching this world's stumbling, struggling labors all the same. It was not so much concrete facts, not the contemporary history, which seems all-important to those who are making it and mainly dies when they do. Politics? Emily cannot fix her thoughts on politics. 'Won't you please tell me when you answer my letter, who the candidate for President is. . . . I don't know anything more about affairs in the world than if I were in a trance.' But human passion, human love, human hope, and human despair, these absorb her, these distract her with an inexhaustible interest. She feels them in the touch of human hands and reads them in human faces.

I like a look of agony,
Because I know it's true;
Men do not sham convulsion,
Nor simulate a throe.

The thrill of life, its glow, its color — her eyes and her thoughts were awake for them always. 'Friday I tasted life. It was a vast morsel. A circus passed the house — still I feel the red in my mind though the drums are out.'

This vivid sense of the intensity, the ardor, the emotional possibility of things, filled her with passion so overwhelming that it could not be expressed directly. Words were inadequate, and she was obliged to take refuge in jest, mockery, fantastic whim, which merely deepen the message of underlying feeling for those who understand. She was own sister to Charles Lamb in this, Lamb in whom tears were so close to

laughter and the most apparently wanton jesting the cover for a tortured heart. It seems at moments as if Emily mocked everything. She sits idly on the stile in the sunshine and lets the great circus of the world pass by her, riddling its vain parade with shafts of dainty laughter. She is simple, she says, childish, she says, plays all day with trifles, regardless of the mad doings of real men and women. 'As simple as you please, the simplest sort of simple — I'll be a little ninny, a little pussy-cat, a little Red Riding Hood; I'll wear a bee in my bonnet, and a rose-bud in my hair, and what remains to do you shall be told hereafter.'

She carried the screen of whim, not only into verbal mockery, but into strange fancies of capricious action, tricks of Puck and Ariel, which amazed and delighted children and simple hearts, but annoyed and disconcerted the grave, staid, older children who had never grown up to real childishness. She would drop kittens to drown in the pickle-jar, and shudder with scared glee when they were served up on the hospitable table to a visiting judge. She would say to another grave judge, as Falstaff might have, when the plum pudding was lighted, 'Oh, sir, may one eat of hell fire with impunity here?' And in all these fantastic tricks there was no affectation, — though some thought so who did not understand, — no affectation in the sense of a vulgar, conscious effort to impress or astonish. There was no vagary of the witless. It was simply the direct impression of a great, strange world in a heart which could not grasp it and strove to, and gave right back the bewitching oddities it found.

And if in this surface of confusing eccentricity it might be thought that there was callous, or even cruel, indifference to what others took with enormous and bewildered seriousness, it must be re-

peated and insisted that, as with Lamb, the eccentricity was a mere mask for the most complete and sensitive sympathy, extending often to pity and tears. If she was a sister of Lamb, she was also a sister of those most delicate creatures of the whole world's imagination, the clowns of Shakespeare; and as Touchstone and Feste could not surpass her in exquisite fooling, so she was equally akin to the tragic tenderness of the fool in *Lear*. It needed all the gayety and all the trifling and all the mad songs to keep down the waves of sorrow that would surge upward in her spirit, and at times not all would do. 'If we can get our hearts "under," I don't have much to fear — I've got all but three feelings down, if I can only keep them!'

So, in the effort to explain or forget, she mocked at all the grave and busy problems of the world. Love? A divine, unrealizable dream, so tantalizing in its witchery that one could not but make a tender jest of it. Money? Possessions? Oh, the solid, evanescent things! The foundations of our souls rest on them, and they slip away and leave us weltering. We *must* make a jest of them, too. 'You know I should expire of mortification to have our rye-field mortgaged, to say nothing of its falling into the merciless hands of a loco!' And the busy people of the world, the grave, substantial, active, useful people. She is not useful, and she knows it and deploras it. Yet, deploring her own inactivity, she cannot go without her jest at the others. 'L—— goes to Sunderland, Wednesday, for a minute or two; leaves here at half-past six — what a fitting hour — and will breakfast the night before; such a smart atmosphere. The trees stand right up straight when they hear her boots, and will bear crockery wares instead of fruit, I fear.'

And again she sums up this mighty

buzz and hum of the achieving world — or the world that dreams it is achieving — with the image of a circus, probably the most vivid form of vain activity that came under her touch. 'There is circus here, and farmers' Commencement, and boys and girls from Tripoli, and governors and swords parade the summer streets. They lean upon the fence that guards the quiet church ground, and jar the grass row warm and soft as a tropic nest.' Or a briefer word gives the same vast — to staid souls how horrifying — lesson to a child: 'I am glad it is your birthday. It is this little bouquet's birthday, too. Its Father is a very old man by the name of Nature, whom you never saw. Be sure to live in vain, dear. I wish I had.'

And if she could mock the most serious things of this world, do not suppose that she had the slightest hesitation about mocking another. Eternity was so near her always that she treated it as familiarly as her brothers and sisters; and to pass through the wide-open door of death seemed far less of an adventure than to pass through the grim, closed front door into the streets of Amherst. Ill health, whether as the prelude to death or as the torment of life, she could touch lightly. In strangers she could trifle with it. 'Mrs. S—— is very feeble; "can't bear allopathic treatment, can't have homœopathic, don't want hydropathic"; oh, what a pickle she is in!' In her own family she takes it as easily: 'We are sick hardly ever at home, and don't know what to do when it comes — wrinkle our little brows, and stamp with our little feet, and our tiny souls get angry, and command it to go away.' When the blow struck herself, she may have writhed, but we have nothing to show it. There is the same mockery to wave it aside: 'My head aches a little, and my heart a little more, so, taking me *collectively*, I seem quite miserable, but I'll give you

the sunny corners, and you must n't look at the shade.'

Religion, formal religion, Sunday religion, the religion of staid worship and rockbound creeds, she takes as airily, with as astonishing whiffs of indifference, not to say irreverence. If a phrase of scripture, even the most sacred, fits a jest, she uses it. If a solemn piece of starched emptiness in the pulpit ruffles her nice and tender spirit, she does not hesitate to turn him into delicate and cutting ridicule. Faith, she says, oh, yes, faith, how august, how venerable! 'We dignify our faith when we can cross the ocean with it, though most prefer ships.' A revival comes to town. I have no doubt its deeper side stirred her whole soul. But this she cannot put into adequate speech, and instead, 'There is that which is called an "awakening" in the church, and I know of no choicer ecstasy than to see Mrs. — roll out in crape every morning, I suppose to intimidate antichrist; at least it would have that effect on me.'

Even her most intimate friend, her comforter and consoler, her everlasting solace, God, is treated with such light ease as an intimate friend would be. We have seen that every morning her family prayed to an eclipse whom they called their Father. Elsewhere the tone is just the same. 'If prayers had any answers to them, you were all here to-night, but I seek and I don't find, and knock and it is not opened. Wonder if God is just — presume He is, however, and 't was only a blunder of Matthew's. And again, in apparently more solemn form, but really with daring like Omar Khayyam's, —

'Heavenly Father,' take to thee
The supreme iniquity,
Fashioned by thy candid hand
In a moment contraband.
Though to trust us seem to us
More respectful — 'we are dust.'
We apologize to thee
For thine own duplicity.

I quote verse here to show that every phase of Emily's thought and character could be illustrated from her poems as well as from her letters. Criticism of the poems as such is not within the limits of my purpose. Yet even the most abstract literary criticism of a writer's works usually serves to give some clue to the writer's mind. And doubtless the puzzling incoherency and complexity of Emily's versicles, the wild vagary of her rhythm and rhyme, express the inner workings of her spirit, as Milton's majestic diction and movement imply the ample grandeur of his soul. Common words come from common lips and rare from rare, and if the rareness verges on oddity in utterance, there is oddity in the spirit, too. At any rate, it is indisputable that every trait I have been working out in Emily's letters could be found in the poems also, only more obscure, more veiled, more dubious, more mystical. The love of friends is there and the search for them and the hopeless impossibility of touching them. The longing for love is there, all its mystery, its ravishing revelations, and its burden. The intense joy of life is there, its vivid color, its movement, its sparkle, its merriment, its absurdity. There, too, is the turning away from it with vast relief to quiet, solitude, peace, eternity, and God.

It will be asked whether, in writing her swarms of little verses, Emily had any definite idea of literary ambition, of success and glory. Certainly she made no direct effort for anything of the kind. Only three or four poems were printed during her lifetime, and those with extreme reluctance on her part. Her verses were scattered through brief letters, tossed off with apparent indifference and evident disregard of finish. In the main, they must have been rather a form of intense, instinctive expression than a conscious attempt

to catch the thoughts and admiration of men. She herself says, 'When a sudden light on orchards, or a new fashion in the wind troubled my attention, I felt a palsy, here, the verses just relieve.'

It is true that there are occasional intimations of literary interest. This is sometimes suggested in her intercourse with Colonel Higginson, though I cannot but feel that her correspondence with the good Colonel contains more attitude than her other letters, and she certainly played with him a little. Further, the verses which introduce the first published volume of her poems are definitely in the nature of an author's apology: —

This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me.

Nevertheless, we are safe in saying that few authors have left behind them permanent work with so little conscious preoccupation of authorship.

IV

And so we are brought back to her one great preoccupation with the inner life and God and eternity. For eternity rings through every thought of her, like a deep and solemn bell, monotonous, if its surface echoes were not broken into such a wild and varied music. Change? She appreciates change, no one more keenly, its glory and its horror. 'No part of mind is permanent. This startles the happy, but it assists the sad.' Rest? She appreciates rest, if in this world there were such a thing. Love 'makes but one mistake, it tells us it is "rest" — perhaps its toil is rest, but what we have not known we shall know again, that divine "again" for which we are all breathless.' Yet change and toil and love and agony, all she forgets in that divine permanence, from which her soul cannot escape and does not desire to.

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D

As all the heavens were a bell,
And being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

Or again in prose, even more simple and overwhelming, 'I cannot tell how Eternity seems. It sweeps around me like a sea.'

Let no one say that this inner absorption, this dwelling with God and with that which abideth, is selfish. Many will say so. And what lives do they lead themselves? Lives of empty bustle, of greedy haste, of futile activity and eagerness. Lives no doubt also of wide benevolence and deep human sacrifice; but these are not the most ready to accuse others. And too often broad social contact and a constant movement out of doors are but symptoms of emptiness, of hatred of solitude, of an underlying fear of one's self, and of being left alone with God. Who shall say that such a quiet, self-contained, self-filling life as Emily Dickinson's, with its contagion of eternity spreading ineffably from soul to soul, is not in the end as useful for both example and accomplishment as the buzz existence of Frances Willard?

It is true that some who watched her thought her selfish in minor matters. She was exacting with her family, made hard demands, and expected to have them satisfied. But this was a detail. In her larger life she forgot self altogether, or rather, she made self as wide as heaven, till all loves and all hates and all men and all God were included in it. And note that she did not fly the world for her own purposes. She had no aim of long ambition to work out in solitude. She did not trouble with self-culture, did not buttress thought upon the vast security of books and learning, as did Mrs. Ripley. She just sat quiet, with the doors of her spirit open, and let God come to her. And even that celestial coming did not make her restless.

She had not Mary Lyon's longing to bring God to others. She did not share Frances Willard's passionate cry, 'Tell everyone to be good.' If God had desired men to be good, He would have made them so. If God's world needed mending, let Him mend it. She knew well enough that He could, if He wished. Why should she vex her soul with trifles? For to her was not the real unreal and the unreal real?

So I see her last as I saw her first, standing, all white, at her balcony window, ready to float downward on her unrolled carpet into the wide gar-

den of the world, holding eternity clutched tight in one hand, and from the other dropping with idle grace those flowers — joys of life which the grosser herd of us run after so madly. And I hear her brothers, the clowns of Shakespeare, singing, —

When that I was and a little, tiny boy,
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,
A little thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

'He that has and a little, tiny wit,
With heigh-ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes fit.
For the rain it raineth every day.'

AN UNDERFED NURSLING

BY CHARLOTTE FITZHUGH MORRIS

I

It appears that Miss Wooding, my new room-mate in the New York Home for Self-Supporting Gentlewomen, has been doing something mysterious to gentlemen's neckties at a factory here, for forty years or so. I suppose that she has not always been in this particular place, but that she emigrated here from the South in some prehistoric period when any sort of migration would be less like the dead awakening.

I can speak of her but inadequately, feeling that the only form of expression which would be appropriate to her would be sentences trailing weakly off into the three dots which I have always claimed that only a slacker uses. Everything about her is inadequate. There is not enough of her in any respect. Her black skirt is scant, and her white waist, pulled down tight, reveals no nor-

mal curve of the bosom. She looks as if as an infant she had not had enough milk, and as if, ever since, she had not had enough leisure or money or food or clothing or recreation.

At present, the rest of the self-supporting gentlewomen are trying to convey to me by that prudent adroitness of non-committal speech in which these girls are proficient, that my room-mate is mentally affected. 'She has n't quite all that's coming to her,' said one; which kindly euphemism expresses Miss Wooding with a painful literalness, so it seems to me. Her scantiness has a somewhat childlike appeal; and yet all the child that one can see in her is like a flower 'pressed flat between the pages of a book.' She reminded me the first instant I saw her of the smallest thing I have ever seen in my life, the thing that first made vivid to me, in its beautiful concreteness, Plato's idea of

smallness — a boy covered from head to foot with the light, lamb-like fuzz of the cotton mills, whose small form, in sharp relief against the many-windowed, sunlit wall of a huge factory, offered the inadequate argument of its twelve-year-old speck of personality against that age-old bulk of matter looming up behind him.

Her daily existence is meagre, too, and unvaried, as if there were not enough life going on in her to make growth possible. She is an expression of immortality in which one feels he has to believe, not because the overflowing fullness of life seems so impossibly remote from exhaustion, but because the cup could never in the world be emptied by such a scanty sipping.

I have always had the haziest idea of factory women, as young and rather hard females with plastered hair and a rouge-pot — just as immigrants have always appeared in my muddled consciousness as swarthy fellows with red kerchiefs. But now, as the sharp silhouettes of the city and the hard ring of its pavements are administering a swift cure to my erstwhile bucolic, meandering way of thinking in general, so Miss Wooding, in our illuminating intimacy as room-mates, is demonstrating for me the superficiality of certain specific conceptions.

‘Miss Wooding,’ I said one evening, ‘do you know how I feel since I have been living here? I feel just as if my brain had a lot of little facts all running around loose in it that I had never really *cared* for — just as if my mind were an orphan asylum. It drives me crazy.’

‘It must give you the headache,’ replied my room-mate. ‘I never get a headache. It is nice and light at the factory and the air is good. You did n’t mean *I* gave you a headache, did you, Miss Morris?’

‘Indeed I did n’t. You give me some-

thing that I know is good. It’s not your fault; but my brain is not only like an uncared-for orphanage, but like an orphanage that the Germans have dropped a bomb into.’

‘That must be *terrible*,’ said Miss Wooding sympathetically. ‘But I guess you’re like me. You can’t afford to call in a doctor for anything. I had one once, and it cost me two dollars. I guess it was worth it, though, because I’ve never had to have one since.’

‘Well,’ I continued, while she watched me undress with the same mild interest with which she read war-news, ‘at last I am seized with a maternal desire to mother these young orphans, to feel their pressure against me, to turn my mental asylum into a home. What would you suggest doing?’

Miss Wooding answered immediately with the gentle astuteness of simplicity: —

‘I wish you’d work in a factory as I do, Miss Morris. It is *very* easy. I work all day and I sleep so well. You are very restless.’

‘That’s a great idea of yours, Miss Wooding. I don’t sleep well. Perhaps I need the same insidious anæsthetic of monotony that is your lullaby.’

‘Miss Morris,’ she said, after a long pause, ‘if you need anything I can give you, I’ll be so glad. You are so kind, always giving me pins. Is n’t it strange I never could keep pins? And it was kind of you to give me those chocolate creams, since we have n’t had any sugar on account of the war.’

Miss Wooding had a characteristic liking for these childish sweets, which was in keeping with Lamb’s conviction that all innocent-minded people liked apple-dumplings.

She kept rocking a little harder as I took up a book. I could feel her eyes fixed upon my back in quiet, patient anxiety, and I knew she was wrestling with the eternal question, between

room-mates, of bedtime. Presently she discovered that if she talked to me I could not get lost in the book, and there would not be that nerve-racking anxiety about the light.

'Miss Morris,' she said apologetically.

'Yes, Miss Wooding?'

'Here's an advertisement in the paper that says, "Young man, what do *you* do with your spare time?" I was just thinking. Of course, I'm no young man' (she smiled disparagingly at her flippancy), 'but I never had any spare time, especially when I was young. I always sit around a little after supper and then go to bed because I have to get up so early. Would you like to go to bed early to-night?' she added as on a sudden inspiration; 'but of course if you want to keep the light on, I don't mind at all.'

'I'd as soon hang myself on it as keep it on when you are ready for bed,' I assured her.

To which she replied, 'Don't try; you might succeed.'

II

A few days later, I found Miss Wooding rocking in her small chair, in what was, for her, considerable agitation.

'Why are you home so early?' I inquired, finding that she was non-communicative.

'I am not to go to the factory any more. That rich lady I told you about is going to take care of me.'

'That is very nice, is n't it?' I said. 'You won't have to work any more.'

'Yes,' she answered doubtfully. 'But, do you know,' she added, with her little confiding smile, 'I *always* just before supper wash out my white silk gloves, and I don't know just what to do now because I won't need them tomorrow morning. So I'm reading the paper now, which I always read *after*

supper, and after supper I won't know what to do, and all day to-morrow when everyone else goes to work. It will be very dreary. I like to go to the factory. I've got so used to it. But she would think me ungrateful if I kept on, would n't she?' she asked appealingly.

'Yes, I'm afraid she would n't understand. She thinks it will be so nice for you to rest after all these years of work.'

'A long time ago I would have liked it. I remember I wanted to play long ago, but I was so tired when I went to bed. But it sounds silly now wanting to play, and I hope you will excuse me for saying it.'

'It sounds frightfully sentimental,' I said with a smile; 'I'm surprised at you.'

'Yes, does n't it?' she said vaguely. 'Anyway, it's different now.'

After a little silence I suggested that she write a note of thanks to the lady.

'That's right, so I must!' she exclaimed with deep relief. '*Now* I know what to do after supper.' And she turned to the paper.

If one knows just before supper what one must do after supper, that is all that is necessary when one has lived, since a childhood deprived of play, in a little unilluminated corner of habit. My mind dwelt on that uneasy period of her youth, to which she had alluded, which had been, at last, so effectually quieted. She had said to me once, 'You think a great deal, don't you, Miss Morris?' and had added apologetically, 'I used to plan every night to do a little thinking before I went to bed; but do you know,' — and with that she had smiled in her little confiding way, — 'I have *always* gone right to sleep, so I've never done it yet. But I always plan to do it.'

She had indeed had time to sleep. There was nothing cruel, startling. Only, I felt my mind and heart leap up

and accuse me because that other mind and heart had been betrayed by an imperceptibly gradual starvation more insidiously evil than any spectacular injustice, which at least carries with itself the saving grace of an incentive to retaliation. It was not Miss Wooding's fault that she had begun to work so early, but where was her champion when, defenseless, gentle, impressionable, easily moulded, she had gone on and on, slipping little by little into the tragedy of purely mechanical usefulness, her whole life oiled for her into this ghastly soporific smoothness?

The next morning, in obedience to Miss Wooding's suggestion, I went to the date-factory which I had picked out at random from the advertisements in the papers. I gave my name as Wooding, projecting myself back into her youth. I felt alert, energetic, ambitious. My one idea was to become a good date-packer. In fifteen minutes I was a good date-packer; in half an hour I was a perfect date-packer. 'Just to think,' I said to myself. 'My one ideal has been attained in thirty minutes.' I looked around at the other girls fastidiously picking out the good dates and eating them, an eye on the foreman's door, while they deftly packed the bad ones.

Presently, even on this first day, ardor fell from me. I could already do as well as possible the one thing which, presumably, I was to do for weeks and months. The mechanical perfection of the hand left the mind empty, and, like a hungry hawk, it seized on Bessie or Jennie and devoured her poor pitiful little morsel of personality at a gulp. They were not going to school, were twelve and thirteen (they said), chattering revealingly, and although innocent of the feel of dirt, perhaps, yet preferring it, like sparrows chirping in a gutter.

A more sturdy and resistant person

than most of these children and the child Miss Wooding had been, would pull out of the rut in time; but there is a certain docility in many uneducated minds, a lack of virility and an uneasy need for leadership which has to pay the debt of lifelong dependence on its leader. One persists in thinking of other possible moulds in which the clay might have been cast.

Factory-work made me sleep so well that one morning I overslept and stayed at home, rejoicing.

'Every day is just like Sunday now,' remarked Miss Wooding; and added after a helpless pause, 'I never *did* care for Sunday. The Lord's day, some call it, but if you will excuse me for saying so, Miss Morris, the Lord is welcome to it.'

'You might go to the moving pictures to-day,' I suggested amiably, eating a chocolate cream for breakfast.

'I'd so much rather go to the factory. It's nearer and does n't cost anything.'

'Does n't cost anything?' I repeated. 'Well, I'll tell you the story of a white bear I was reading about up in the library. The bear lies down and lets the snow cover her and sleeps all winter buried, her warm breath making a little tunnel up through the snow for just enough air to keep life in her. She lies like the dead, but at the end of the winter snows, she digs herself out and comes forth to greet a new spring with a new cub at her side.'

'Suppose the snow got so deep the bear could n't get out with the cub. Would n't it be dreadful?' said my room-mate.

'Yes, it certainly would. Not only would she die, but the little scarcely born cub would perish before anyone had ever seen him. But I guess a bear always digs herself out. There are some people, though, who have had a longer hibernation than the bear's and their

atmosphere has had scarcely that little tunnel into the upper air for invigoration, and the snow keeps wrapping them up silently, flake by flake, and whatever they might have brought forth as a contribution to the race is smothered with them. That is sadder still.'

'I never did see why people would go wandering off hunting for the Pole, though. But it's too bad they get killed,' she said, with the easy sympathy one feels for whatever is remote from one's own interests.

'Yes, it is — for who can say that a thousand boxes of dates packed by the deft human hands compensate for the one flash of thought that might have been produced in the reasonable leisure of an educated mind? You don't mind my becoming rhetorical, do you, Miss Wooding?'

'You know that I love to hear you talk, Miss Morris. I've often said so. Perhaps if I had been to school more and read as you do, I might know more what the words you use mean — but you spoke beautifully about the bear,' she hastened to add apologetically. 'What else did you read about?'

'I did n't read any more. I looked at a parade on the Avenue. I thought of the stars on some of those brave service-flags which, I know, meant not only that a man had gone to war but that a child is taking his place. The bright twinkling of such stars hurts my eyes — unspeakably.'

'It's good you came home. And you had n't locked your closet-door and your clothes might have been stolen. You ought to get into the habit of locking it. There was a girl here once that never locked hers because she said locking it would make her feel as if there was something valuable inside, and then when she went to open it, she'd be disappointed. And her rubbers were stolen. Was n't she foolish?'

The time was approaching when

there would be the vacancy in the Old Ladies' Home which Miss Wooding was to fill. She was very restless and unhappy in a tentative sort of way, as if no one had told her to be unhappy and so she could n't be. But now, all of a sudden, the depressed, but obedient, expression she had worn so habitually during the painful tedium of her holiday had disappeared. Moreover, she was washing her gloves with the most astounding enthusiasm. As she walked across the floor to hang them at the window, she left wet footprints.

'Good gracious, Miss Wooding, take those wet shoes off,' I commanded sternly.

'Oh, I *never* take them off till I go to bed,' she said, as if my request were both unreasonable and immodest; 'my feet are so nice and warm. I won't catch cold.'

'I hope you are a Christian Scientist,' I said.

'Well,' she remarked reasonably, 'you've *got* to be a Christian anyway or you can't live here. It's a home for Christian gentlewomen.'

'I never heard such sensible theology in all my life — simple, practical —'

'Miss Morris, excuse me for interrupting you, but what do you think? One of the women from the factory came to see me to-day. We had such a nice talk. She was telling me about everything at the factory. There's a girl named Minnie, that used to sit next to me, put all her last week's pay in a hat and it blew off as she came over in the ferry. Was n't that too bad? She's going to do overtime until she's caught up.' She hesitated a little. 'My friend said that they'd take me on again even though I've been away so long. They are very kind that way. So I went up to see about it. That's how I got my feet wet.'

'What would the lady say who took you out?'

'I don't know, I'm sure.' She turned wearily, and sitting down in the small chair, began to rock nervously. 'The days are so long,' she said, with a pitiful little puzzled frown between her eyes. 'I wish everything was like it used to be.'

I stood at the window and watched the rain beating down. I could see a sycamore tree, its wet bark beautifully green and olive and black, its little balls dancing in the fresh fragrant downpour.

'If you'd like to go back, Miss Wooding, I'll see the lady about it for you. I'm sure she will understand. Don't worry any more about it. And for heaven's sake, change your shoes.'

'I have n't any others, so I can't change them, can I?' she said.

'You've worked like a slave for forty years. You ought to have a dozen pairs of shoes,' I retorted.

The lady thought it was extraordinary that Miss Wooding should want to go back to the factory.

'And Miss Wooding has never seemed extraordinary to me before. You know, in her little tight clothes, she always made me think of those little cheap dolls one sees on a bargain table at Christmas-time. I've known her many years and she has always seemed just the same.'

'Then how can you hope to change her now? How should she know how to enjoy leisure, to spend her old age sitting peacefully in a garden with the sun on her back? Her need for you was forty years ago; it was fifty years ago, when she was a baby.'

'I cannot think of her as a baby.'

'No, it is difficult. But once I saw a woman, as she was running across the street from the factory to nurse her baby, start to unfasten her dress as she ran. She was taking time off and her pay was being docked. Perhaps that was Miss Wooding's babyhood.'

'It sounds — meagre.'

I stood looking at Miss Wooding as she lay so profoundly asleep after her day's work. Her old-fashioned, high-necked nightgown made her look child-like in spite of the gray hair and barren lines of her small form. My hand dropped upon her scant black skirt carefully folded on the chair at her bedside, and my helpless fingers seemed to grasp the forlorn, inglorious trouble that lay in its weaving. Anyway, I was glad that my room-mate was sleeping so soundly, as if lulled by some little monotonous tune. What was it? Yes —

... the tune all our sheep know, as one after one,

So docile they come to the pen-door till folding be done.

THE WISH

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I WISH I had a dream that would go out to service;
All my dreams sit forever at ease in my heart;
They speak without ceasing of you,
But never a one stirs herself
To make you a fire, my darling,
For all you are cold;
To spread you a bed, my darling,
For all you would sleep;
To dip you a crust in a little sour wine,
For all that you hang, my darling,
On the cross of our darkened day.

FAMILY FINANCES OF THE YOUNG PROFESSOR

BY THE PROFESSOR

IN the language of the full professors of our university, I am still 'one of the younger men.' This means that to a mathematical nicety they can calculate my remaining years of apprenticeship. I am classed accordingly by some as deserving a mathematical nicety of indifference. About all that, however, I am cheerful, for the caste distinctions of faculty groups are not troublesome if one has any sense of humor. The present story deals only with the income of these university teachers, and

particularly of those still under thirty-five years of age. Obviously, I am among that number.

Like our older professors, I myself have tried some mathematical niceties. These have to do, not with the social rating of others, but with my income and expenditure during four years of university living. Possibly I am more methodical than most of my kind; at any rate, all the amounts are to be found entered in a red-covered notebook. These I shall now display as con-

crete proof of certain peculiar circumstances in the economic situation of the younger men in our college and university faculties.

Particularly those rated as instructors are concerned with the situation about to be described. In their case, university living has always meant continual public appearance in the classroom and attendance at receptions and teas as their social-political meeting-ground, while they and their wives live on salaries now paid good clerks or war-time stenographers. They have lived in the Land of Make-Believe so long that they are adepts in all the devices attributed to frontier preachers. War conditions, however, have destroyed the popular delusion by making such pretenses to well-being impossible for even the cleverest. Now, therefore, our American writers and publicists are discussing what is to be done, laboriously, it seems to us, surely with too much acidity in their defenses of both employers and employed. An accurate set of accounts covering the four hard years of faculty service will give better ground for sane judgment than the vague vaporings now current regarding professorial poverty.

But these are general statements, not facts. To begin, then, with the first incident in my accounting story, I must go back to the days of my study for a doctor's degree. In plain English, this means three years of incessant grind, a finished book, and three hours of oral examination under the eyes of twelve professors in various states of friendliness. That labored ended, you have passed the first barrier to university advancement. It is perfectly understood in American educational centres that no man becomes a professor of any grade until he has won a doctorate of philosophy. That is nowadays a first principle. Quite proper, to be sure, that it should be so, for nothing else protects higher

education from clever charlatans full of good words and slight knowledge — unless it be uncommonly acute departmental heads. I willingly paid the price of future safety in my profession by completing this necessary task. Having finished it at the age of thirty, I found that I had spent \$3500 in cash on my graduate training, and six years of my life — three of the six in saving funds to meet part of the cost.

Thus far, you may say, my experience was very much that of any young lawyer or doctor who must earn his way through professional school. True, except in one respect. Slight mischances at the finish may upset all calculations of the scholar, rarely so of a doctor or lawyer. For example, some other scholar, working like yourself in secret in order to protect his investigation, may publish his results first and render your work valueless. On account of such disabilities only a venturesome scholar marries until he has the degree. His future during those years of research study is far too uncertain for him to bear the added responsibility of a wife and family.

Having my doctor's degree, at the age of thirty I became an instructor. With the courage born of eight years' waiting, we two were married that same month, four years ago, when I began receiving the annual salary of fourteen hundred dollars. Consideration for my teaching experience saved me a year at the lowest grade, two hundred dollars further down the scale. That fourteen hundred dollars was to be my first income after freeing myself from debt for my education, and I vowed to keep clear.

From this point let us deal in plain figures. Nothing else can make the situation so clear to others, for we all estimate another's lot by comparing it with our own. Since we lived of necessity in a good community, our rent was forty

dollars a month, a total of four hundred and eighty dollars a year. This was over a third of our income. Bad business, we both knew; so we put down this necessity as our only 'extravagance' and set out to economize everywhere else. For the time being we ignored all budget systems as utterly inadequate to meet such a situation; nine hundred and twenty dollars could never be parceled out to cover new books, home furnishings, and necessary utensils, and that list known to book-keeping as 'incidentals.' I know now that we both vowed silently to dig up our money-making powers of every conceivable sort.

I began immediately to tutor a stalemated youth who needed three more credits for admission to his college. After getting my usual four dollars for two hours the first week, I revolted absolutely and resolved to find a less enervating way of earning my extra money. Forcing facts into a boy who knows that you will compel him to pass his examination, provided he pays enough, simply to preserve your own record as a successful tutor! There is no heavier burden laid upon the pedagogue's spirit. Thank Jove and the twelve Graces, I threw it off for good and all!

That first year it was not my ingenuity that saved us; it was my wife's. Within twelve months she earned two hundred and forty-five dollars by reading manuscript. During her first years out of college she had learned how to do such work, and, luckily, was able to pick it up again with the same publishers. At the close of the year all of that money was invested in a single venture — a son. Whatever may have been my regret because that particular money was the only sum at hand just then, it was lost in our great happiness. Meanwhile, I had written enough thrilling love-stories to bring in eighty-four

dollars above the cost of stamps. These were published anonymously, as being quite beneath the dignity of my profession.

We had finished our first year free of debt, with thirty dollars left. Our total income, counting that last four dollars for tutoring, had amounted to seventeen hundred and thirty-three dollars. Eighty per cent came as salary from the university, twenty per cent from outside sources. We had been able to buy such household necessities as our friends had failed to include among their wedding-gifts. The less said about our ingenious devices in the matter of clothes the better. At least, we were well and completely happy; no matter then if we were only even up financially and worse off sartorially by a year's wear.

The second year, we foresaw, was to have novel expenses and likewise many that could not be anticipated. Had we forgotten, our young son would have reminded us at once. That year we followed the same programme of professional and unacademic work, but with greater variations. For instance, I found an opening to teach all summer and so earned an extra four hundred. The love-stories were worth ninety-six dollars that year. Some extension lectures — so called because you do them outside of lecture halls and usually at the end of a fifty-mile journey — these brought in four hundred and twenty-one more. Most marvelous of all, some copies of my doctor's thesis were sold and brought in twenty dollars. Manuscript reading netted a total of a hundred and three dollars, even though my wife had the care of our son added to her household duties of the preceding year. The usual salary increase gave me sixteen hundred dollars from the university, so that our entire income amounted to twenty-six hundred and forty dollars.

That was quite a respectable sum, we thought; and it was, by comparison with what many of our friends were getting. Our house rent had increased a bit; we had cared for our boy, and we had rejuvenated our wardrobes by several additions. With all this we managed to corral a sum of two hundred and twenty-eight dollars for our savings account. To get this favorable balance we had worked constantly. By that I mean, in my own case, every evening of every week-day and every Sunday morning, with the exception of an occasional evening off for a lecture or reception. Our leisure evenings of the first year had disappeared, and so had much of our social life. My university salary, I felt, was less deservedly mine that year, for the constant attention to outside engagements had drawn my strength and interest from the work of my classes. Incidentally, I had given up completely all research work in my special field of investigation. Again, though, we had made the round of months successfully. We were as happy and cheerful as ever, even though night-work without a stop had made me feel considerably older. If either of us was discouraged at the heavy burden of routine, there was no confessing it to the other.

The third year came on with a rush. My old engagements for extension teaching were open, there were more manuscripts than ever before for my wife, and I was starting work on a textbook that was to be an enduring source of income. Only the love-stories of past years went by the board — like tutoring, I hope, never to rise again. By using every other method named above, and using them more skilfully, we increased our outside income for that third year to the sum of two thousand and fifty-nine dollars. This exceeded our best hopes by a great deal; even though we had kept accounts as

usual, the totals were most impressive. We were struck with the fact that we had earned more than my university salary through outside service of various sorts. That year my university salary was eighteen hundred dollars, whereas our other income amounted to two thousand and fifty-nine! The question arose in my mind as to my university obligations. For at least nine months of the year my classes and research work deserved all my energy, according to the terms of my contract; yet here I was making my true profession merely an aid to larger returns from other sources. That year was both a success and a source of spiritual disturbance.

Here appears one of the temptations of university life entirely unknown in ordinary commercial affairs. What young business man tops his weekly salary check with a larger one from outside? Probably very few. During three years our income from other channels than my true profession had risen in proportion from twenty per cent of the total to forty per cent, and at last to sixty-four! My teaching and study seemed to me less fruitful than in the other years; yet we had seven hundred dollars more for the savings account — money that seemed mine, in some sense, at the cost of the university. At least, I was in the incongruous situation of prospering because I had neglected my obligations for the sake of selfish ends, meanwhile being promoted as if in reward for good service.

As for the fourth year, there the war and all its changes got in their work. I was unable to resist longer the direct asking of friends that I use my scientific knowledge for the good of our country. The coming of our second child a few months before fall deterred me only a little; then I was off to what seemed my place in a government office and laboratory. My wife, with the heavier

burden, stayed on in our new apartment, at last having a maid to help with the two children. We could afford to spend the money from my captain's pay, for at last we knew exactly what income we should find ready on the first day of every month. The fourth year was so exceptional in many ways that its finances have no place in this story. Uniforms, trips home, illness, and two places of residence instead of one have used up all my pay month by month.

Now, as I look ahead to next fall and a return to the university way of living, I can take stock of my past years with a good deal of understanding. My experience was typical of much that my young colleagues endured during those same years, though few had such financial success. Some added four hundred dollars yearly to their incomes through such extension of summer work as has been described, and a goodly number are still single men waiting to summon courage and cash in suitable amount. Putting it concretely, I was forced out of my true profession into all sorts of odd jobs because I chose to be married and have a family without waiting for a place of security in the academic scale. That my wife's ability made the family fortunes somewhat better was a matter of good fortune that does not alter the general principles affecting the situation. The fact is that to-day both the young professor and his university suffer immensely by the haphazard system controlling those fateful years immediately after the doctor of philosophy becomes an instructor.

And now, ignoring much of the weariness undergone to reach the close of every twelvemonth free from debt, I feel most regretful over the failure to grow in my true profession through the pressure of that necessary hack-work. My teaching was commonplace instead of vigorous and inspiring; I produced

no articles from my masses of material stored up during graduate years; I planned no new courses, outlined no new fields of mental interest. All that was to have been my true business in the university was shelved. Meanwhile, the university had advanced me automatically year by year in salary, and, at length, to my rank of assistant professor; from this point, however, I know well enough that the method of promotion is to be more exacting, more analytical of what I produce. I have had my three years of preliminary try-out with very little regard being given to me. Would that they had been free from financial experimentation, so that I might have shown my ability at once.

Yet I am not among those who feel that our universities should favor their new men with considerably larger salaries as the only remedy needed. Shorter hours and more pay have been the unintelligent outcry of too many uninstructed human beings, with the idea that private welfare means making the other party to the contract give more freely. After all is said in the matter, the university is as great a loser as the man. She gets poor return for her investment, and, worse still, demoralizes the very men who in years to come must be her leaders. Without some supervision they will either dissipate their energies in outside employment or will limit their scheme of life to the narrow possibilities of present conditions. The failure of the university has come through such methodical, indiscriminating advancement as has been described, through the regular giving of two hundred or a hundred dollars more yearly to the beginner until he has reached his professorial majority. There must be more rapid advancement for the deserving and discharge for the lazy incompetents — in short, we must have intelligent supervision.

Other help for the young professor

could well be found in tests of our current sociological theories. Universities might properly go in for experimental housing and for supervision of community living, with its younger men as the beneficiaries. Such paternalism would not be resented; rather it would create a loyalty to an institution such as the profit-sharing workman feels toward his own industry. These are only suggestions as to method. The great principle is that the universities must assume a social responsibility if they are to protect their younger men from self-destruction and themselves from both dry-rot and desertion.

That last word, so ominous when used during war-time, is equally so in present talk regarding the young professor. College and university teachers are deserting our institutions of learning for more profitable commercial employments. Take, for example, the chemist who has proved in war-work his theories regarding the manufacture of artificial rubber, dye-stuffs, or commercial chemicals. He will leave his place as professor of chemistry at three thousand dollars a year when offered a business connection at ten thousand. Many men have already made such changes, and the temptation is still before the others. Not long ago, a war-time acquaintance met me at luncheon. As casually as though ordering a lamb chop this man offered me a five-thousand-dollar place with his manufacturing firm. When I declined, with unchanged manner he said, 'Well, let me know whenever you get the notion to come along.'

His remark showed that he expected the change to come, sooner or later.

Evidently his calculations were based on experience with my kind during these past months of academic disturbance, when literally thousands of scientific students have assisted the best men from our universities in making practical application of their abstract knowledge. The manufacturers have discovered the scholar, and the scholar has been shown new visions of comfortable living.

But in my case my friend was wrong. I am going back. I began teaching from love of the work; I likewise see better things ahead for the university and college teachers of our country. Industry will keep in touch with laboratory theorists for its own advantage, and also will give us profitable summer employment. In this the universities will find cause to bind their men to greater loyalty through better salaries and some supervision of their welfare. Men in the liberal-arts division should share fully in such readjustment, for they are far more dependent upon their university salaries than the men in science. It is fair to assert as a prophecy, not as a warning, that the universities of America must give proper aid to their younger men without delay if they would avoid demoralization of instruction and research. To neglect this need will bring upon them a programme of slow reconstruction by way of training new men and reemploying at attractive salaries such as have deserted to industry. At last outside interests are bidding openly for all, not part, of the time of university teachers. It behooves the university to share with the professor and the business man their keen interest in the outcome.

MARIE ANTOINETTE DINES IN PUBLIC

[*These letters, describing so vividly certain phases of the ceremonial of the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, come to the Atlantic, curiously enough, from the antipodes. A correspondent, Miss EDITH HODGKINSON, in Dunedin, New Zealand, writes that she found them in a copying-book, with a journal of a tour made in 1836 by the copyist, — Mrs. Steward, — our correspondent's great-aunt, who copied them from the originals, described as 'Letters from the Continent written by my valued friend Mrs. Jackson to her sister Miss Teviot, in the year 1787.'* — THE EDITORS.]

It is with pleasure my dear Sister I inform you of our safe arrival in London. I have so often given you an account of the principal places between this and Berwick, that I do not mean to say a word about them, especially as I expect so soon to have it in my power to give you a description of another Kingdom, for our journey to France is absolutely fixed, and we purpose setting off the 1st of August.

Our party in the coach is to be Mr. Wilkinson, his two daughters, Mr. Clarke and myself; we are to have a servant to attend us on Horseback. I went yesterday to see the Coach, which is very handsome, and so large and commodious for travelling, that with the Imperial and the two trunks we might carry clothes for a twelve-month; however we do not intend to take more than each a Great Coat to travel in, a dress one for walking in, and a Gown and Petticoat to wear at Public places, which with a proper quantity of linen we think will be sufficient.

SPA, August.

We drove to Le Cours de Londres, and got there at 2 o'clock; it is reckoned the best hotel in Spa, but by no means answered my expectations, for the rooms are very small and the furniture shabby. There is no ordinaire, so we desired them to get us Dinner as fast as they could, for we determined to go to

the Ball as soon as we had done, and it begins very early. We sent for a milliner who soon made her appearance very well loaded, and we got some pretty looking Caps with crimped ribbon. The Friseur made us pay six Lions a piece for Dressing our heads but very indifferently, however he told us a great deal of News, which I suppose he thought it right we should pay for. At six we set off for the Ball, the Rooms are very elegant and the best lighted of any I ever saw, there are a great many Chandeliers, and the dome is so contrived that there are lamps all around it. The Card room serves for Theatre by means of a Floor that moves out and in of the Pit. The Company is really brilliant, you are quite dazzled with Stars, there were five Princes, the two Princes of Montmorency, Prince and Princess of Sens, Prince and Princess of Hesse, and another whose name I have forgot, who is with the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. The variety of dresses looked pretty, they were mostly Jack-ets of one Sort, and Petticoats of another, the Hats with wonderful high Crowns, and an immense quantity of crimped ribbon. The Duchess of Orleans is, I suppose, five or six and thirty, rather a fine woman, a good height, and large commanding features, but painted too much to be of the least advantage to her appearance. Her dress was a worked Lawn Pierrot, a small Hat

with a very high Crown, and a prodigious quantity of Red ribbon and black Cock Feathers stuck in it — the Gentlemen I thought in general very genteel, but the Ladies (to an English eye at least) sadly disfigured with rouge. I never saw dancing in such perfection and whenever the graces are mentioned, it will recall the elegancies of the Spa Cotillions to my remembrance.

I had a great deal of conversation with a very pleasant French woman, she began by admiring my Gown, and I found her very agreeably communicative. She told me great part of the Company and many of the Customs of the place, one thing she mentioned (was) that the Princess of Sens and the Duchess of Orleans had differed about precedence and they gave suppers at each other every night in the Ball room. We waited to see the Tables set out, and I think the Princess's Company was the most select, for the Duke had really introduced some English people to the Duchess, who were not very creditable acquaintance.

PARIS, *August 26th.*

We are just returned from Versailles and I think this has been as entertaining a day as any we have had. But I assure you my Pen cannot do it Justice, nor do I think any description upon Paper can convey an idea of this Fairy Land, which comes nearer to the accounts we read in the Arabian Nights entertainments than to any thing I ever saw before, the Labyrinth of Apartments, Gilding, Statues, Paintings &c., which are in the Palace I will not pretend to describe, and shall only mention the things that most struck me and the odd circumstances we met with in this curious excursion. We set off before nine o'clock, and were so fortunate as to have very favourable weather. We went in our London coach with four Horses. The distance is 12 miles,

road excellent and we passed a number of Gentlemen's Houses. There are three noble avenues which lead to the Palace, the middle one is fifty yards wide and those on each side twenty. They made the approach look very grand indeed and the number of carriages that are going backward and forward enliven the scene.

Versailles stands on an artificial eminence in the midst of a Valley. We stopped at an Iron Gate adorned with Trophies; here we left the Carriage and walked across a large Parade, at the end of which we ascended some steps and got into a Court paved with Black and White Marble. One of the guards came to us and offered to be our guide. He told us we had better not go upstairs till after the King went to Mass, but he would shew us the Opera House, which was well worth seeing and close to where we were.

We then sent Clairmont to order Dinner for us at the Hotel Monsieur Toullée had recommended and followed our Conductor to the Theatre. It is not large but beautifully decorated and the gilding and Chandeliers make it showy; it is only made use of when any Foreign Princes visit the Court and the King orders an opera to be performed in compliment to them. The Guard told us there had not been one for three years, but everything is kept in such order that you would imagine it was made use of every week.

As we had still near an hour before Mass we went into the Gardens; they are most strikingly beautiful indeed, laid out in a very different manner from any I ever saw before. The Palace fronts this way and is seen to great advantage, and the Statues, Fountains, stately Trees and spacious walks give this place quite the appearance of enchantment. All the Steps that lead to the different parts of these Gardens are of beautiful Marble, and many of them

5 yards wide. It is impossible to convey the least idea of this Fairy Land, and while the eye is charmed with a view so delightful the Ear is pleased with the warbling of the Birds, the murmur of the Cascades, and the sound which proceeds from the Marble and Copper Statues that spout up Water in different forms, which falls into Marble Basins of exquisite workmanship.

I was so enchanted with the Scene that I felt a degree of concern when the Guard told us the King was going to Mass. He led us into a large Gallery in which were several people waiting to see him pass. It is incredible the State and Pageantry of the French Court, the guards who walk before make a most splendid appearance, they are tall handsome men above six feet high, and are dressed in Gold and Blue Embroidery, their Caps are so loaded with ornaments that I wonder they can bear the weight. As soon as his Majesty passed we went to the Chapel which is extremely handsome. The Guard got us a place in the gallery where we had a full view of the whole Church as well as of his Majesty. The Altar is of the finest Marble and the King's Gallery faces it. All his Cushions are Crimson Velvet trimmed with deep Gold Fringe. He knelt in the middle and Monsieur¹ was on one side and the Count d'Artois² on the other. The gallery where we were runs all around the Chapel, and is ten feet wide. It is paved with Black and White Marble, and supported by sixteen Pillars of the Corinthian Order.

I can give but little account of the Prayers; as soon as his Majesty entered the Music (of which there was a considerable band consisting of Fiddles, Hautboys, Bass Viols, etc.) began to play; this continued for about ten min-

utes, and then the Guard came and ordered us all to kneel. As soon as the whole congregation were on their knees the Priest said a short Prayer in Latin, and when he had done the Music began again and we thought we might rise, for the Marble was rather uneasy and except in the Royal Pew there were no cushions for any body. However we had only made a little move to get up, when the Guards came and ordered us down again, and one of them stood with his Bayonet over us during the rest of the service. I took a little peep now and then at the King to see if he was very devout, but he looked quite unconcerned and kept playing time on the Cushion to the Music.

The whole was over in about half an hour and our Guide came and conducted us back to the gallery, where we saw the King return in the same state, and soon after the Queen passed to Mass attended by two Duchesses. Her Guards are as handsome and are dressed as splendid as his Majesty's, but her Livery is Blue and Silver with Scarlet Silk Stockings, Waistcoats and Breeches. She is a fine-looking woman, but so painted, as well as the Ladies of her Court, that I absolutely started when they entered the gallery; the White is laid on quite thick, and the Red is splashed on it, without the least imitation of nature, and except at a Puppet Show, I never saw any thing like it in England; nevertheless she is so stately and elegant that she looks like a Queen. The Guards walked before her, the Duchesses on each side, and she had two beautiful little Pages who held up her train.

We were obliged to leave the Gardens sooner than we wished, for our Guide told us the Queen's Mass was nearly finished, and as we intended seeing the Royal pair at Dinner we had better be in the Palace in time. We had not been more than a few minutes

¹ The King's brother, afterward Louis XVIII.

² The King's second brother, afterward Charles X.

in the Gallery, when her Majesty and the Duchesses returned. Our Guard told us he was sorry to say our Gentlemen could not be admitted to see their Majesties at Dinner as they had neither Bags nor Swords on; they also had Capes to their Coats, which was considered quite an undress.

While we were canvassing this matter at the end of the Gallery, we were struck all at once with the Sound of an English Tongue, and turning immediately to see where it came from, we saw an Old Gentleman sitting on one of the Benches and two Ladies standing by him, who seemed to be disputing whether they should come to us or not. We heard one of them say, 'I tell you Sister I will go, I know they come from dear England and will be kind enough to let us join them.' She immediately broke away from them and came running up to us. 'Gentlemen and Ladies I beg your pardon, but we really are in sad distress; I am sure I wish I had never seen Paris, for we have been in a Peck of troubles ever since we got our Feet on this nasty French Ground; for my part I have done nothing but cry, for I can neither get a thing I can eat, nor a creature to speak to. I come from Newcastle, my Father was twice Mayor of that Town, and we had very pretty Fortunes; that is Mr. White my Husband, and that Lady is my Sister.'

The poor Woman's Eyes were quite swelled with weeping, and the Sister, whose appearance was much more in her favour, was moving slowly towards us. I went forward to meet her and said I was sorry their Jaunt had been so unpleasant. She replied they had only themselves to blame, for that Mr. White was in an indifferent state of health and ordered to Margate to Bathe, that they were walking by the Seaside when the Vessel was getting ready to Sail for Calais, and Mrs. White said the day was so inviting she

should like to go in it, and she believed the Voyage would do Mr. White as much good as Sea Bathing. He laughed and told her if they could pack up their Clothes in time he was willing to try, and in this unthinking manner they had set off without recollecting that not one of them could speak French, that it was impossible to imagine the difficulties they had laboured under from that circumstance and even since they got to Versailles they could not make a creature understand them.

Just as Miss S—— had done speaking our Guide came to tell us we must now try to get into the room where the King and Queen were at Dinner, and he brought one of the Queen's Guards who he said would endeavour to get us admittance. Mrs. White took hold of my Gown and vowed she would stick by me whether I was offended or not, for the Guards she said understood more of my French in one minute than they did of her Husband's ever since they had been at Versailles.

When we got to the Door of the Room where their Majesties were at Dinner we were stopped by a Gentleman very elegantly dressed, and I thought by the conversation that passed between him and the Guard that he did not seem willing to let us in, but he told us very politely we were late, and he was extremely sorry he could not open us the door till some of the attendants came out, as their Majesties were seated, but he hoped we should not have long to wait. At this time the Newcastle Ladies were close by us, and Mrs. White made her observations on all she saw so loud, and with the broad Northumbrian accent, that I was obliged to beg of her to speak lower.

In a very few minutes one of the attendants came out, and we were instantly in the Royal Presence. The room is about 20 feet square and perfectly plain, I was surprised to see it so

small; the door by which we entered was at the side, directly facing us were their Majesties, for they do not sit at the Head of the Table but at the side. As we stood the bay Window was on our left hand and on our right that is to say at the bottom of the Room were two Chairs on which the two Duchesses who attended her Majesty were sitting. There was a most profound silence for some time, and the Queen and their Graces seemed to look as much at us as we did at them. To be sure the scene is truly absurd, and they must feel that the Exhibition is ridiculous. I got fortunately placed behind a Gentleman and saw charmingly over his Shoulder; but he was so polite he moved off, and I was then so very near the Table I could not stare half so comfortably.

The Dinner was served without the least regularity, but the Desert was set out in Form. When we went into the room the King was eating a standing Pie, and on the Table were Fowls, Partridges, poached Eggs and Fricandeaux and Pastry, all served on beautiful Gold Dishes. His Majesty seemed to do them great justice, mixed the different sauces, turned them about with a piece of bread, and ate in what I thought a very greedy manner. The Queen did not touch a bit but played with a Napkin which was very prettily folded, and sometimes with the Gold Plate that was before her. Mrs. White who could never be quiet begged I would look at the shabby Diaper Table Cloth, and said she was sure if they had dined with her at Newcastle she would have given them a better. I acknowledged it was coarse and looked as if it had been very often washed. The King concluded his very hearty meal by devouring three Poached Eggs, which he covered with gravy, and then the Desert was brought in. It was prettily set out partly on Silver and partly on very beautiful China; as soon

as it was put down the King called for a Glass of Wine, bowed to us all, arose, washed his hands in a Golden Bason and walked immediately off, the Queen followed him, and what became of the nice desert I don't know.

I had a full view of the Royal pair. The Queen is above thirty, a good height, rather embonpoint, but has a great deal of Majesty in her appearance. Her eyes are light Blue her Nose large, and her Teeth beginning to lose their colour. Her Dress was a short Green suit of Clothes, trimmed with the same pinked; her Hair was quite à l'Anglaise with only one Curl; a Gauze Handkerchief pinned on her Head, not better than what we buy for eighteen pence a piece, and another of the same round her Neck. She had a very elegant Bouquet made of Jewels in her breast and a beautiful diamond Necklace round her Neck. Her Hands and Arms are very handsome and were finely ornamented with Bracelets and Rings. His Majesty is very dark, rather shortnecked, has a large Face with very little expression of countenance, his dress Blue and Silver and he had a blazing Diamond Star at his Breast. During Dinner he observed to one of the Duchesses that dining in that way was very disagreeable; she answered it is certainly, but your Majesty must allow it is very soon over. The Queen lolled upon her Chair and conversed about the weather and other subjects with the Comte d'Artois who came into the room just before they went off. The Duchesses were a poor-looking Couple, very thin, dreadfully rouged and not young. They had black Lace Lappets pinned on their heads, and shabby dark-coloured suits of Clothes on.

As the Newcastle Party had seen the Palace before they went to Chapel we recommended them to take a look at the Gardens and they went off for that

purpose with their guide. It was now past 2 o'clock, and as we had really seen a great deal we began to think of going to the Hotel where Clairmont had ordered Dinner to be ready before three. Mr. Wilkinson went with us in the Coach, but Mr. Clarke said he preferred walking and he would loiter another Quarter of an hour. When we got to the Hotel the Cloth was laid and they told us Dinner would be ready shortly. We had hardly got in before there was a very heavy Shower. I sate down at the Slab, and was scribbling in my Pocket Book some account of what I had seen, when Mr. Clarke came running in, and said he hoped we would forgive him for intruding the Newcastle Party upon us, but when he was coming from the Palace he saw these poor people walking about the Marble Court in the greatest distress; it was raining and they had lost their Valet de Place and could not make the guard understand at which of the doors they had left their Coach. Mr. Clarke asked them if they had ordered Dinner, Mrs White answered, 'Not us indeed, Lord help us we did not know there was a bit of Dinner to be had in Versailles; do God bless you tell us what is become of the Ladies.' He said we had set off before it began to rain, that our Dinner would be near ready and they were welcome to join us.

I had sent Clairmont with an Umbrella for Mr. Clarke, and he luckily found out their Carriage. They arrived at the Hotel a few minutes after, and as my Husband had brought them, I thought it incumbent on me to receive them civilly, tho' we could all have excused their joining us. I went to the top of the Stairs to meet them and Mrs. White began Bawling the moment she saw me, 'O dear Ma'am your Husband's an Angel, I am sure we are much obliged to him for if it had not been for him, we might have staid in

that nasty Palace till we had been starved. When we came from the Gardens not a soul was to be seen but the guards, and they did not understand a word we said.'

The Sister Curtseyed and passed me in silence but looked uneasy and her countenance seemed to say, we have no business here. Mr. White hobbled up the Stairs and when he got to the top assured me he was ashamed to intrude in such a manner, but he hoped we would excuse them and make allowances for English People who were glad to meet with a party from their own Country. I begged he would make no apologies, that the Room would contain us very well and I was sure there would be sufficient Dinner for us all. They soon brought it up; it consisted of a number of Stews and some very good boiled Fowls. Mrs. White declared [it] was the first Dish she had eaten in France with the least degree of appetite.

Our conversation ran chiefly on our accommodations in Paris, the Shops which she declared were full of nothing but Trash and that she thought all the people in Paris could speak English or she never would have come near it, that she had been there nearly a fortnight, and had cried every day to get home, and if she were ever so happy as to see dear England again, the next time they caught her in France, she would give them leave to hang her. It was easy to see the Lady was extremely vulgar tho' her Father had been twice Mayor of Newcastle, but not being able to speak the Language of the Country made her so cross that she was out of all patience and silly enough to abuse the whole Kingdom because they did not load her with kindness, when she had been so rash as to enter it without being recommended to anybody, or knowing where to go, but as the Postillion from Stage to Stage directed.

FRENCH LEAVE

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

I

MEN and women were shouting and laughing and crying in the city outside the barracks. All the bells of Tours were ringing and the siren of the munitions factory near us was sounding at regular intervals a long-drawn note of sombre triumph. Officers and men gathered together in groups, the joy and relief on their faces blended curiously with a certain blankness of expression, as of numbed and incredible surprise. We had expected it, and yet, when it came, something we had been living on for months vanished in an instant. The fierce draught that had blown all our energies and dreams and ambitions into incandescence ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The war was over.

The messenger boy from the Mail Control came in, his wallet filled with papers, and deposited a great sheaf in my incoming basket. An orderly from the colonel gave me a memorandum asking that the Information Section furnish the chief ordnance officer with certain facts by noon the next day. Mechanically I routed the memorandum to one of the officers, and then looked at the incoming basket. A day's work was there, a day of war, and the war was over. Yesterday the papers in the incoming basket had been symbols of life and death, our slender line of communication in the front. Now they seemed dry and empty of significance, mere dead bones from whence the spirit of action had departed.

I glanced at Bart. He was staring at the battle-line map he had so carefully tended for five months.

'Nothing more to move, is there?' he said.

'No,' I said, 'nothing more to move. Better get a map of Germany.'

The men in the room walked about restlessly, their laughter and quick-flung sentences flashing through the composure of long discipline like rays of sun through a fog. Their desks, piled high with the dusty detritus of war, remained untouched.

'Bart,' I said, 'this is no time to work. Let's go down town to lunch.'

We walked slowly down the wide street that we had known so intimately for eight vicissitudinous months. It was filled with an eager restless crowd of French and Americans, a crowd that rippled and broke into laughter and quick shouts and sundry scurrings and pushings off the pavement. There were tears in the eyes of some of the women, but they were laughing merrily, and in front of us a group of girls stretched out their arms and refused to let us pass. One could almost feel a touch of spring in the November air.

We turned into the Officers' Club and surveyed the big square dining-room, with its sea of little tables about which the brown khaki undulated like rather stiff seaweed. The fine, gray, invisible dust of the army hung thick about the room, as it had hung thick about my papers that morning. As we sat down, I thought again of those papers accumulating steadily by virtue of

the dumb, diligent, impersonal hands of the messenger. I knew they would never stop — the wheels of war would swing in the empty void for weeks.

'Gilk,' said Bart, 'let's celebrate tonight, and then go on leave to-morrow. We've not had leave since we've been here.'

'Old man,' I said, 'I'm on.'

'Where shall we go?' said Bart. 'South of France?' I thought for a moment, and then Bart broke in, 'We'd better go wherever it takes the longest to get to, because you know we have seven days after we reach our leave area. Let's go to Carcassonne. It takes days and days to reach Carcassonne. I never heard of anybody's actually getting there.'

'All right,' I said, 'let's go to Carcassonne.'

'Besides,' said Bart, 'if we go down there, we escape all M.P.'s, and checking in and out of stations, and high ranking officers, and all that stuff.' He looked reflectively at the grave-faced officers who flanked our table. 'My right arm's paralyzed with saluting, anyway,' he added.

When we reached the office after lunch, Bart buried himself immediately in the *Guide Joanne*, emerging shortly with the information that a journey to Carcassonne could by a stretch of civilian conscience consume three days. This seemed as much as one could expect of any town in France, so we prepared a memorandum for leave to Carcassonne, and handed it to our colonel. Bart had discovered that, if we intended to derive the contemplated benefits of our trip, we should go to Carcassonne by way of Bordeaux; so we took the noon train to Bordeaux, intending to reach Dax in the South of France late that night. As we settled ourselves opposite the best-looking girl we could find, in order to improve our French, the old thirst for travel and new

faces came upon us more strongly than ever. And as our train sped on through the soft gray light of the November afternoon, we chatted comfortably with the girl and read the *Guide Joanne*.

Dax proved to be an empty little place, filled with mud-baths and steam. There is no lure in mud-baths to those who have become well acquainted with dirt, and steam issuing from the ground is not impressive. Also there were American soldiers about. It did not take us long to discover that the lure of Dax was a fiction of the *Guide Joanne*, and at noon we left for Pau.

When we reached Pau we found American soldiers on the station platform, and sleek, solid, empty hotels standing monumentally on the terrace above our heads. We persisted to the terrace and forgot the soldiers and the hotels. There, spread before us, were the Pyrenees, coldly enticing, like sirens arising out of very chilly water. We gazed upon them as men will gaze upon the face of sirens, and across the great silence between us they beckoned, and we were seized with a desire to know them better.

At this juncture the colonel approached and spoke to us. He was a straight, full-faced, honest-eyed colonel of artillery, firm of voice and a little gray, but with a certain touch of boyishness about him. His first words were a lament on the lost water-power that was escaping down the mountainsides in delighted rapture. He then told us he should be in Nice, but that he did not intend going because he was bored with acting upon orders. This was such a bond between us, that in fifteen minutes we had arranged to travel together; and as he was tired of surveying in panorama such quantities of wasted water, and we longed to get into the mountains, we decided to leave for Lourdes that night.

The little train nosing out into the darkness was taking us to a land where the echoes of war had sounded but

faintly in the great silence of the mountains. About us was the noise of falling water, and fresh, snow-touched air, and snug home-keeping lights that gleamed high up on the dark mountainside, and in the carriage were friendly people who looked at us with frank curiosity and asked if we were British.

II

The symbol of Lourdes flashed upon us a moment before we reached the town itself. It was a huge cross, apparently suspended in mid-air and blazing with an electric refulgence that was strangely disappointing in its very novelty. We had thought of Lourdes as an ancient shrine, a holy place worn by the feet of centuries of pilgrims, so skillfully had the church, the ancient mother of miracles, wrapped it in the twilight of catholic tradition. And yet, here, shining before our eyes, was a manifestation worthy of Atlantic City. But the colonel, gazing tranquilly from the window, was in a mood of philosophical satisfaction; his logical brain had reached the conclusion that the cross was placed on a mountain and derived its glory from a proper use of water-power. Quite cheerfully he descended and walked with us to the hotel, commenting largely on ancient and modern miracles.

Once in the hotel, we placed him in a room where the sound of falling water would not disturb his sleep, and then led him out to explore the town. The streets were deserted and the houses closed. About us there was only the loom of the mountains crouching in the distance and the white flash of water dashing away into the darkness, and the great cross up on the hill, with its myriad unwinking lights, poised above the city like some strangely mechanical symbol of eternal watchfulness. But the hills and the water drew us to them as Mother Nature draws her children to

her even unto the last; and the cross and the miracles and the holy shrine passed into forgetfulness under the potent magic of the mountains. We had only one desire — to leave Lourdes and go out to them.

We returned and examined the profile map at the hotel. It indicated Gavernie, some twenty miles away, as a desirable objective, so we decided to leave for Gavernie in the morning.

By eight o'clock we were on board a little electric train bound for Pierre Lafitte. The colonel, discovering an old friend in the motor, established himself beside him, turning to us now and then and gesticulating unintelligibly as we passed the water-power that was going to waste in laughing beauty down the mountainside. At Pierre Lafitte the railway ended, and we were left to a trolley which ran to Luz. We had now passed beyond the ken of M.P.'s, and not even a Y.M.C.A. man on the still hunt for a leave area was stirring.

The town of Luz met us as we left the car. We were, in the twinkling of an eye, transformed into municipal curiosities, which was beyond our wildest dreams of escape. A slant-eyed little man besought us to go to his hotel, — a gay thing, with gray marble slabs painted on the outside walls, — but we were not drawn to it. We sat on our baggage and looked at the hills and the little village, and the populace stood about and looked at us. An old *cocher* approached and asked us to ride, for forty francs. We awoke and inquired where. He pointed to the mountains and murmured something about Gavernie and the Spanish frontier. We looked at each other, and then the colonel said, 'By God, I am going to put one foot in Spain if I'm interned for it!' So we piled our baggage in the *voiture* and told the old man to take us to Gavernie.

As we went farther and farther into the valley we became aware, almost

imperceptibly, that everything about us was touched by the harsh sombreness of northern Spain. The houses were gray like the mountains on which they were built; the inflections of the natives' speech rose and fell on a stronger tide than the mellow French of Touraine; and their faces were dark with generations of mountain shadow. They were quiet too, with the far-off ancient stillness of the peaks that surround them.

There is a strange elusive charm that envelops the Pyrenees, and we felt it that afternoon. It is not the ancient mystery of high hills, but a charm, a strangeness that is essentially human. One thinks less of the mountains than of the people who have wandered over them; they are one of the great boundary-lines of the world, separating, with a silent gesture, race from race, and civilization from civilization. Upon this side lies France, gay, laughing, clear-sighted France, and just beyond lie the sombre plains of Spain, the land of fierce, melancholy dreamers. And here the two have met, have blended, in satirical mouth-lines, in the droop of an eye, in the harsh beat that sounds abruptly under the swiftly running words, and in the long sibilant sounds that hiss through their speech.

I don't think we worried much about that, however, as we jogged along the road to Gavernie. Beside us leaped a swift mountain-stream, its brown waters shot with the soft blue lights of the distant snows whence it had come. The houses, brown against the mountainside, became more squat and sturdy; their gables were broken into irregular lines and the low sloping roofs came close to the ground. They were like the people we met, silent and strong and gnarled-looking, but quite pleasant.

As we drove on, our *cocher* murmured inarticulate words from the box and pointed with his whip at such objects of nature as especially pleased his eye.

Then we turned a corner and caught sight of soldiers — not Americans this time, but French soldiers, bearing in their arms enormous rifles, articles of destruction evidently discarded by Napoleon in his advance through the mountains. They challenged us with the utmost politeness, and asked for our papers. Our papers directed us to proceed from Tours to Carcassonne, then some three hundred miles away. We surrendered them and added by way of good measure a travel-order from Tours to Paris, beautifully stamped. They examined these with great seriousness, and then bowed and begged our pardon for having detained us. After an excessive amount of saluting on both sides, we proceeded on our way.

Something about the soldiers, or their rifles, or our facile passage through the barrier they symbolized, touched the colonel's imagination, and he began to talk with more and more insistence about putting his foot into Spain. He was driven, he said, by the necessity of writing to his wife that he had been in Spain, and he seemed to feel also that he would derive a certain personal satisfaction from the act of entrance.

In the midst of a discussion on internment and its results, we came quite unexpectedly upon a little inn, and a church and a handful of gray houses. It was the village of Gedres, and we decided to make it our advanced P.C.

I will not describe our lunch, for there is a futility in describing lunches when one seeks the pen of John Galsworthy and finds only the appetite of Dr. Johnson. We finished it quite completely, and began a firm, but tactful handling of the *cocher*, who had a touch of siesta.

Finally we started, and the colonel fell to talking water-power, while the sun came closer and closer to the snow-clad peaks and the long shadows of afternoon slipped stealthily into the wooded valleys. Far up, tiny puffs of

smoke from the squat houses floated like some pale fabric caught between the blue of the sky and the dark outline of the mountains, and below from the brown meadows came the sound of sheep-bells. Caught in the golden afternoon we dreamed silently, while the shadows lengthened and the cold blue lights of the stream turned slowly to the gleam of polished steel, and the brown rocks moved closer and the sheep across the valley marched in endless procession toward the blue smoke. And then, at a turn in the road, we saw before us the white wall of the Cirque de Gavarnie. 'There,' said our cocher, 'is the Spanish frontier.'

At Gavarnie we were met by the village, which consisted principally of strong, decided-looking women of a certain age. They desired us to ride horses which they said they would prepare for us, and weakly we consented. They were vigorous, aggressive females, and then, we thought we would like to ride anyway. In a few minutes they produced five horses; and as Bart solemnly announced that he had never ridden a horse in his life and did not propose to begin at that time, we needed only two. Then the silence of the mountains was broken and we were deluged with swift words that fell like rain, and the astonished horses were pulled about and pushed forward until they began to show signs of life. Finally the colonel, with an attitude of command, leaped upon a horse and charged the women, and I followed, and together we clattered over the cobbled streets, two of the women jumping after us and the others hurling disparaging cries at our backs. The colonel said, 'Frontier, frontier!' with an expansive wave of his hand, and the women nodded and urged the horses on, with numerous ejaculations oddly compounded of French and Spanish horse-language.

As we advanced over the trail that

led from the town, we forgot the frontier. About us rose the Cirque de Gavarnie — a great circle of gray snow-clad rock, steep and impregnable, standing like a giant gateway across the valley. The road, the stream, the gray houses, all that we had been following, ended with absolute finality at this point, and beyond were only rocks and snow and cold sunlight.

As we approached, far to the right, across the valley that had broadened like a river at the foot of the Cirque, a mountain detached itself from the encircling mass, and at its top was a great cleft cut as by a giant's sword into the living rock. 'There,' said our guide, 'is the Pass of Roland; on the other side lies Spain.'

'Damn it all, captain,' said the colonel, kicking himself off his horse, 'you tell the women I'm going over there. I've seen enough of the Cirque and I'm tired of being followed by women. Let them take the horses back if they want to.'

Then he looked around to see how I took it. I told the women I thought we would go to Spain that afternoon. They began persuasively to tell us that it took hours to reach the pass; and as we insisted, they clutched the horses fiercely and refused to go farther, demanding to be paid. They were convinced, I believe, that we were spies.

The colonel stood with his back to it all, looking yearningly out into the distance. Then, without a word, he started down the valley, walking faster at each step, and I was left with the horses and the women. I can't say that the women interested me much at that moment, but the horses did. I had envisaged an ascent to the pass on horseback, and gently I led the subject of conversation and the horses down the valley and up to the trail, which disappeared over the shoulder of the mountain with the carved crest. But there I

halted, or rather the women halted me. They refused to allow me to ride any farther. So in disgust I paid them, and started up the trail on foot.

Never have I followed a trail that was more alluring. It rose gently, almost imperceptibly, over the side of the mountain, its stones and bare earth almost hidden in the brown grass on either side. Then, without warning, it shot straight at the rocky summit and lost itself in the flood of evening sunlight that streamed through the pass. I plodded along, my eyes fixed on the pass. The light was changing at every moment, and above, the dark rocks seemed touched with the flame of some invisible fire that lay beyond them; and as they burned, the shadows of the valley deepened from gray to blue and from blue to violet. Behind me the summit of the Cirque de Gavarnie shone incandescent in the pale crimson flames that shot across the valley from the pass, and below, on the rocks gray and ghost-like in the deepening shadow, the snow gleamed dully like some strange phosphorescent lichen. As I climbed up the trail the pass above seemed ever desirable, as if through it one passed from a land of silence and strange shapes and dying color into a flood of light, and the wide reaches of the setting sun. In the sound of the wind through the stunted pines that stuck their gnarled roots into the trail, I could hear the rustle of garments and the swift beat of Arab hoofs, and in the cold laughter of the stream there echoed the sibilant menacing words of an ancient and forgotten tongue. And above, through the jagged cleft of the rock, the sun shot a last ray of light like a crimson sword.

Was it a thousand years ago that Roland had died there, carving the casque of the mountain into that mighty cleft, in his death-struggle with the Saracens? Was it a thousand years ago that

the blast of his mighty horn had echoed over the mountains and valleys, carrying its summons to the Emperor Charlemagne? Ah, but Charlemagne was dead long, long ago; his tower, that tower at Tours that turns pale rose on summer nights, was old a thousand years ago! And Roland was a name and nothing more, with only a great cleft in living rock to bear him memory. And yet, as I stood dreaming, came the vision of all that we had seen in France, and all that the world had seen through four long, bitter years, and I thought, 'The spirit of Roland still walks his ancient land.'

When I got back, it was quite dark, and the colonel and Bart were waiting for me. The colonel had not reached Spain, and he was a little gloomy. Bart had borne the burden of the return of the women, and he was a little gloomy. The *cocher* was in a furious temper because it was dark, and we had an hour's ride to Gevre. So rather silently we started back in the starlight over the road we had followed in the afternoon.

III

In the morning we went back to Luz, and there the colonel left us. He had reacted from his wild flight toward Spain, and decided that he ought to go to Nice. He did not really want to go, but, as he had chosen it as a place in which to re-create his exhausted forces, he felt obliged to report there. Bart and I felt no such obligation in regard to Carcassonne. Bart, being an architect, knew all about Carcassonne, and he stated that it existed only in legend and in restoration. It was in fact a restored legend. Walls there were, of every century, but where Viollet-le-Duc began, and the Saracens ended, was quite obvious. It was a detached artistic piece of work, standing off by itself with an air of 'Observe me; I am

correctly restored and represent to the discerning eye all the periods of art from the year 400.' Thus spoke Bart, and I listened.

We decided finally to go to Arles instead of Carcassonne. Bart said the women there were the most beautiful in the world, and the *Guide Joanne* said coldly and practically that there was a Roman arena at Arles. So we took the noon train and journeyed beside the Pyrenees, through the province of Languedoc and beyond, into Provence and the Valley of the Rhone.

We reached Arles on the afternoon of the second day, and late that night I sat in my room at the little hotel and tried to write what I had seen. It seemed absurd, impossible. The beauty of the city floated like an illusive mist above the hard white paper. It seems so foolish to put things down in black and white when they never are black and white. And beauty is such a wistful thing, a swift brush of the wing, 'naught but the scent of ambrosial hair that one might know a goddess had passed,' as old Virgil said.

But the Arena of Arles that night, filled with deep gray shadows that lay like pools of water beneath its ancient arches, had the beauty of something deathless, eternal, something that had become old with many civilizations. Greek, Roman, and Saracen have swept over it, and it has emerged from each a little softer in outline, a little more mellow, and yet with its strength untouched, calm, serene, as if silently absorbing into its shadows the life about it, and storing it away for the dreams of future generations. The great stones lie so silently one upon the other, like folded hands, and the dim arches overhead roofed with still, starlit spaces, seem faintly articulate, as if they were whispering to the enveloping night the mysteries of two thousand years. And above, a homing airplane flies black

against the blue of early night. With a far-off whirl of wings it cuts its path across the Arena, and for a moment looks down like a curious bird on the stones worn smooth by the sandaled feet of Grecian slaves and Roman senators. It passes, a black spot, beyond the Saracenic tower that looms impenetrable over the walls of the Arena.

About the walls of the Arena are the yellow roofs of Arles, and beyond lies the Rhone and the merry land of Provence, a land where the blitheness of the Greek is stained with the rich color of romance. Everywhere is the spirit of Aucassin and Nicolette growing like some brilliant flower from the ancient stones of Greece.

But it is from the Arena at twilight that Arles rises before one, clothed in the many garments that the centuries have laid upon her. The Arena seems a part of the city, its parent, and the gray light from the vast stones so skillfully laid by the hands of Greek slaves, blends with the rays of the sun upon the yellow roofs, and touches with pale blue shadows the darkness of the narrow, winding streets. In the distance lies the sunlight, and the warmth of southern France, the France of Mistral, and of wine and song and quick blood. And below, like a dark current, flows the turbid spirit of the Middle Ages, shot with strange, rich colors and frozen into distorted, enchanting imagery. Yet each is touched in some abiding way by a clear, in-dwelling light that comes as from some great sun that has set forever behind the horizon.

In the morning we awoke a little dazed by what we had seen the day before. The beauty of Arles had taken us out into a world beyond the war, and we had only the desire to stay in that land of forgetfulness. No one knew where we were, so no one could send for us, and that gave us a feeling of repose and security.

After breakfast we stood in the plaza in front of the hotel, and smoked and watched the people. The idle watching of people, that effortless preoccupation with faces, where the mind is caught for an instant by some extraordinary feature, some unconscious revelation, and as suddenly cast into the midst of speculation, only to be caught again, is possibly the greatest gift that wandering brings to one. And we accepted it gratefully. The bare branches of the trees that lined the square stood in gray silhouette against the little houses which had emerged quite bravely from their panic of the night before. And at the curb, drawn up in single file, were three carriages lined with spotless linen, and presided over by three *cochers* of varying sizes, but of equally ruddy complexions. They had apparently no interest in prospective fares, as they were engaged in a violent discussion, which in no way concerned us.

At each corner of the square we had glimpses of narrow cobbled streets, and jutting houses, their flattened roofs and upper porches giving them an exotic appearance, as if some old memory of the East had stirred in the minds of their builders.

We walked out of the square and down one of the streets. It was still comparatively early, but the street was filled with men and women, slow-walking, expectant, talkative, and yet apparently busy in a leisurely preoccupied fashion. They lounged in doorways, gathered in little groups, and then dispersed suddenly, always with that air of leisurely preoccupation, as if there lay something unfulfilled before them. Evidently for them life was not a mere purple patch upon completed work. And yet how gladly had they sacrificed it! — the streets, as all the streets of France, were vacant of young men.

But there were women, the Arlésiennes, the women of Phœnicia, Greece,

Rome, the Troubadours, and Mistral. They are so much a part of their ancient city, that it is as if the shadows of the Arena came to life and spoke. I can see them passing now, serene, white-filleted figures, the pure contour of their faces touched with dusky color, the brow and nose swept into one exquisite line, as if by some subtle hand in a moment of divine carelessness. They were shy. We talked to only one girl, and she had charge of the Museum — the Museum where the Venus of Arles stands, a silent witness to the lost beauty of antiquity.

IV

We walked away from the river retracing our steps to the square in front of the hotel. It was our intention to get a drink, a large, solid, satisfying drink. Our country was already resting under the shadow of impending prohibition, and we knew our days of grace were numbered.

As we dropped into two of the iron chairs the waiters had been scrubbing a few hours ago, we noticed a French officer seated near us, a colonel by his insignia. He was tall and thin, with a long straight nose, high at the bridge and close at the nostrils, and a nervous, compressed mouth and solid jaw which from time to time set in motion slight muscular tremors just below his high cheek-bones. His eyes were deep-set and grey under rather scanty eyebrows, and the hair under his *képi* was touched with gray. His complexion was tanned and leathery, and cut by two deep lines that ran from the base of his nose to the short moustache that partially covered his mouth. His right arm was resting on the table, the forearm raised and the fingers slightly closed. He was gazing off into the distance, and except for an occasional twitching of one patent-leather boot which reposed on a chair

in front of him, he was perfectly still. In his attitude of nervous repose he gave one the impression of an elegant and domesticated hawk. Also there was something unusual, something incongruous about that boot on the chair, something indicative of an unexpected idiosyncrasy of character.

As the waiter came toward us, he followed him absently with his eye, until we came within the line of his vision. He looked at us for a moment, withdrew his boot leisurely from the chair, and came over to our table.

'You are on *permission*?' he said, with a bow.

We assented and then he asked us where we were stationed. We told him quickly, to get it over with, that we were at Tours, adding '*État major*,' by way of palliation. Our supply services masquerade in French as 'general staff,' and I have even heard them called *chic* by unknowing French females. The gentleman before us was by no means unknowing, but he was polite; and the subject dropped with the hollow thud to which we had long since become accustomed.

Then we all sat down, and he asked us to have a 'fine champagne.' I think it was the first time either of us had ever heard a Frenchman offer to buy a drink, — in their houses the cellar is yours, — and, rather startled, we said yes. The waiter shook his head in solemn deprecation, 'I cannot serve "fine champagne" to officers, *mon colonel*.'

'What!' said the colonel, a cold blue ray of light from his eye transfixing the waiter. '*Allez vite!*'

The waiter stood his ground a moment, — he had been a soldier himself, — but the ray of light grew colder and more steely, and with a dignified gesture of assent he turned into the café.

The colonel sat gazing into space, motionless, except for a slight tremor under his cheek-bones. Then he turned

quickly and said, 'We have too many regulations in France.' Not knowing exactly what to say, we said nothing, and my thoughts wandered to the suspended boot.

Then the colonel asked us how we liked Arles. We told him, and he listened intently, evidently a trifle curious of the impression that the city would make upon Americans. As we grew enthusiastic, his face softened, and the touch of strain that we had noticed about his eyes relaxed. 'Yes, it is a beautiful city,' he said; and did we know its history?

We answered that we did, having just read it in the *Guide Joanne*.

And did we know of Mistral? He had known Mistral well — a great poet and a great lover of Provence. 'A great lover of Provence,' he said again, slowly, his eyes resting upon the statue of Mistral that stood in the square before us. "'Cante uno chato de Provence,'" he repeated; and turning quickly, he said, 'Do you by any chance know Provençal? That is the first line from *Mireille* — it is engraved on the pedestal of that statue.' Then he began to talk, at first slowly and without the gestures of the South, then more rapidly and with greater and greater freedom of movement. And as he talked, his gray eyes became more distant, the lines of his mouth relaxed, and he leaned a little forward, his hands on the table before him. Like the slow resolving of a picture on the screen, the poet of the South stood revealed in place of the soldier.

Then he turned from his vision and saw us before him, and the distant gray eyes contracted, and the points of steel deep in the eyeballs became sharp again at the accustomed touch of faces, and the muscles of his mouth hardened automatically. He sat back, and crossing one leg deliberately over the other, touched his high collar lightly with his left hand, pushed up his chin, settled

his shoulders, and asked us some questions in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

But we led him away from questions, and started him again over his own country. We saw the Crau at evening from the hills of Baux stretching an endless waste of arid land filled with the beauty of the setting sun. And at its rim, where the mists of the sea rise like a summer haze above the scarce-seen water, we saw Saintes-Maries, the refuge of the voyaging saints after the death of Christ.

From there he told us they had approached the wicked city of Arles, good old Saint Trophime at their head, and had surprised the folk in their disturbing and quiet modern worship of the Arlésienne Venus. Thoughts of the Winter Garden and Anatole France blended strangely in my head as the colonel described the first onslaught of Christianity upon Pagan France. They had stopped the dancing and broken the idols, he said. But the Winter Garden still danced; and Anatole France — had he broken any idols after all? 'When the half-gods go, the gods appear'; and I thought of his face, like that of a world-worn seer, when he told Bart, long ago, at Tours, to remember that after the Age of Bronze came the Age of Gold, and not to decry the instincts of his own country.

A drop of rain struck the colonel on the end of his most excellent nose, and he ceased talking for a moment. The square was nearly deserted. The soft morning sunshine had disappeared, and the bare branches of the trees were flung in pale outline against a thickly clouded sky. The yellow roofs of the houses had turned to dull orange, and the houses themselves stood out detached. Then the rain fell heavily, soaking into the yellow gravel of the square, splashing in great drops upon the pavement at our feet. We moved under cover and sat watching.

The colonel broke the silence. His boot was on the chair in front of him, and he had resumed his attitude of reserved and somewhat ferocious elegance. 'Did you ever see General Foch?' he said, half turning his head toward us.

We said no, and Bart ventured that he had seen General Mangin once.

The colonel made no answer to the remark other than a slight 'Ah!' and an inclination of the head — his gaze was still fixed on the square. The lines had come back into his face, his mouth was tight, but the twitching muscles under his cheek-bones lay relaxed and scarcely visible. The look of strain between his eyes had returned, and there was a touch as of the faint hue of steel beneath his cheeks.

After a moment he withdrew his boot from the chair, touched his collar, and gave an almost imperceptible jerk of his shoulders. 'I am on the general's staff,' he said, quite impersonally.

We murmured polite words about the honor such a position entailed; but he continued his impersonal gaze without apparently hearing. 'We were at Doullens near Amiens on just such a day as this,' he said, looking out into the rain again. 'It was the month of March — you remember?' His eyes went through and far beyond us, yet caught us an instant in the fellowship of deep truths mutually understood.

We told him we remembered the month of March — we had expected to go to the front then.

'General Pétain came first,' he continued, 'and then General Haig. They came into the general's office together. It was a bare room, with a bare table and a map and some chairs. The general never liked papers. It was raining hard, and I can remember the soles of General Haig's boots stuck to the floor like soft red mortar. The general rose and shook hands, and the three men sat

down, the general in the chair behind the table. He looked across at them, his big head and slender body very erect. There was a look of inquiry, of receptivity in his coldly luminous eyes, and his protruding jaw was sunk slightly into his collar as if held in leash.

'General Haig moved forward a little and I could hear the squash of his wet boots. His elbow, placed on the table for an instant, left a dark semi-circle on the unpolished surface. He urged the general to give up Amiens, saying that General Pétain and himself believed it impossible to hold it any longer. The general listened, his eyes fixed on Haig's face as if absorbing and digesting his thoughts as fast as they were uttered. Without a word, he turned to General Pétain and heard his reasons. Then he rose and looked out through the glass doors into the garden. The rain had stopped, but the sky was still gray and the poplar trees that lined the walk were dripping desolately. The general walked to the hook where his hat and coat were hanging. I helped him on with his coat, and he put his *képi*, with its golden oak-leaves, firmly on his head. "I will let you know my decision in twenty minutes," he said. I stepped forward to open the doors, but he pushed me away as if I were an inanimate object, and walked out into the garden.

'For some reason we did not watch him. Some obscure instinct deep in the nature of a soldier, I suppose; and then the personality of the man seemed to forbid it. The two generals talked together in low tones, and I walked up and down the room, catching now and then an involuntary sight of the erect blue figure pacing to and fro in the garden. Then he came in. His face was as calm as it had been when he listened to General Haig's arguments. He

walked to the table and announced his decision. Then he gave his reasons, speaking with an air of powerful finality, as if he had experienced certain definite physical facts, the existence of which was unknown to his listeners. He spoke without gesture, but with the cold animation of a great reasoner, expounding his theories. His voice was deep and a little monotonous, and his words swung out in long sentences, gathering in his thoughts completely. In ten minutes he had finished, and the interview was over.'

The colonel ceased talking. He was silent for a moment, then brought his boot down sharply on the pavement and rose. 'I have talked a great deal,' he said, extending his hand, 'but I thought you would be interested. It gives me pleasure always to meet Americans.' And he bowed slightly.

We collected our thoughts and our French sufficiently to tell him how interested we had been in what he had told us. He bowed again, handed us his card, and said he should be glad to see us again. We thanked him, and with a salute and a quick smile he was gone.

Bart looked at me with gravely spectacled eyes. 'Damned interesting story, was n't it? Do you suppose it was true?' I nodded. 'Yes, I suppose it was,' he said, 'as true as most things. Come on to lunch.'

We never saw the colonel again, and probably never will. In the pale aftermath of war, as in the fullness of its terrible glory, men pass each other like shadows and are lost from sight; but we thought about him often, and he will always remain the one memorable personality of our journey.

The next day we started for Paris. Our leave was up, and the work of the Information Section lay before us.

SOCIAL UNREST IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY C. F. G. MASTERMAN

I

It would be a mistake to attribute entirely to the war the great waves of Social Unrest which to-day are sweeping over Great Britain. It is true that this gigantic catastrophe has caused a larger upheaval in society, from base to summit, than any European event since the passing of the Middle Ages. But any close observer of events below the glittering surface of pre-war life could discern a movement and fermentation destined, sooner or later, to produce action. The appearances of this movement in the upper world were sporadic and uncertain, and always excited, in the minds of the observers, unaffected surprise. It was little augmented by abstract ideas. It possessed no great leaders. It worked toward no definitely desired end. It was as far asunder as the poles from the changes, for example, of the French Revolution — the effect of the teaching of Rousseau upon a bankrupt nation, and the vision, revealed to a wretched peasantry, of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

The British labor disturbances before the war had no Rousseau. The idea and ideals of Socialism attracted but few adherents. The Independent Labor Party, which formed the intellectual basis of this doctrine, numbered but a few thousand members in a population of over forty millions. The political 'Labor Party,' in successive elections, returned an almost negligible minority of members to the House of Commons. Great communi-

ties of artisans like those of East London and Manchester, and the whole of industrial Scotland, voted almost solidly Liberal. Other great communities of artisans, like those of Liverpool and the district round Birmingham, voted almost solidly Conservative. Where Labor triumphed, as in certain mining districts, the representative was of a totally different type from that of the European 'intellectual' Socialist Deputy. He was generally a comfortable, substantial middle-aged person, who had spent many years as a trade-union secretary, settling small disputes in his trade, collecting subscriptions, and preaching on Sunday afternoon at the local Primitive Methodist or Baptist chapel. In Parliament he settled down contentedly in his corner, wondering what it all meant, but well satisfied that he had got there, and occasionally interfering in debate when discussions arose on the mine or factory legislation of which he had knowledge. Public controversy raged about Home Rule for Ireland, the veto of the House of Lords, and Mr. Lloyd George's attack on the British land system. None of these challenged, or even affected, the fundamental basis of the social order.

There were, however, underground indications that this condition of tranquillity was destined not long to endure. Curiously enough, revolt was arising, not so much on account of the poverty as on account of the wealth of Great Britain. It arose, not from the poorest, but from the best-paid elements of the

labor world. In the first fourteen years of this century Great Britain was getting rich at a rate without any previous parallel. Her foreign trade was expanding by leaps and bounds. She was drawing 'tribute' from all the world on the goods-pouring into all her harbors in payment for her investments abroad. The gold mines of South Africa, the practical monopoly of trade in India and the Far East, a considerable portion of the wealth of developing America, were sending up her standard of life to a degree which few would have prophesied in the previous century. That increasing standard of wealth was being revealed in the wildest extravagances of the few 'at the top.' And it was the extravagances of the few which were exciting discontent in the minds of the many. They contrasted this pursuit of feverish enjoyment with their own limited and uncertain lot: with long hours of toil at no satisfying wage; with unemployment always confronting them as a possibility; and an end with no visible progress in comfort and security. While a few thousand persons divided between them some hundreds of millions of the national income, more than ninety-five per cent of population died possessed of property so trivial in amount as not to be worth the cost of valuing for estate-duty taxation.

It was not oppression, or academic Socialism, or a gospel of hate which started the English Social Revolution. It was the high-power motor-car, the great country-house, feasting and pleasure-seeking, the new hotels and merchants' palaces, the obvious contrast between the 'monstrous inequalities of fortune.' Every attempt to provide, out of this squandered wealth, the money for some mitigation of the lot of the poorest, was fiercely fought by those who possessed the land, the means of production, and the foreign 'tribute.' And the few millions of pounds exacted

for old-age pensions or national insurance were the cause of greater controversies in time of peace than all the thousands of millions so lavishly scattered in time of war.

It was the comfortable and educated artisan to whom this contrast first appealed. The coal-miner, the railway-worker, the engineer, formed the flower of the British working-classes. They were, for the most part, an intelligent, well-paid body of men, who led not intolerable lives in large industrial communities. They were as far as the poles from any revolutionary ideals. Below them, in the silent and patient kingdoms of unskilled labor, scarcely a complaint emerged. The great and successful strike of the London Docks in 1889, led by Mr. John Burns for the 'docker's tanner' of sixpence an hour seemed to have exhausted their energies. In the cities they festered and bred in some of the most wretched slum areas of the world. In the rural districts they were represented by a landless peasantry, receiving in wages actually less than the minimum standard for bare necessities of life, as calculated by economists and food experts.

This 'unrest' found expression in a series of strikes among the skilled workers. Each strike was for certain specific improvements in the condition of the particular trade affected. And each strike was concluded by negotiations which (as is the custom in British institutions) ended in a compromise. There was a strike on the railways in 1908 and again in 1911; a strike at the docks in 1911 and again in 1912; a strike of the coal-miners in 1912. Some of these were 'settled' by negotiations between employer and employed, carried on by the government acting as friendly broker; some by definite Parliamentary action, as by the passage of the act giving the coal-miners a definite minimum wage. When the men had obtained

something like compliance with the actual demands they had put forth, they returned cheerfully to work; and society, once more breathing freely, returned to its business and its pleasures. Cracks had been soldered up and holes repaired in the social edifice. Few realized that events were impending which might shake that whole social edifice into ruins. There were signs, however, just before the war, of renewed preparations, with better organization, of the 'have-nots' against the 'haves.' More especially, approaches toward united action by the members of the three 'key' industries of the country — miners, railway-men, dock and transport workers — were hardening into a 'triple alliance' which would be able, if firm in its decision to abandon work, to hold the whole community to ransom, and impose upon government and Parliament any demand it chose.

II

Upon this rather perplexed and divided attitude of Labor fell the sudden shock of the war. The history of Labor during the four years of conflict is the history of a passage from high hopes and keen patriotic emotion at the beginning, to one at the end of disillusionment, class-hatred, and bitter distrust of the government. It is this process of change which has been largely responsible for the seeming declaration of industrial warfare before the ink of the signatures to the Armistice was dry. In part, this change has been due to actual events, independent of man's volition and but dimly understood even by those who suffered or benefited by them. In part, it has been due to government policy rising inevitably from the pressure of the war situation. And in part, it has been due to mistakes and mishandling of Labor by the government in a situation which required

from day to day extraordinary tact and delicacy of management, and a frank honesty of dealing not always present. Promises made under certain circumstances were freely broken under altered circumstances. Instead of pleading that the circumstances had altered, it was often found more convenient to affirm that the promises were never given, or that tacit understandings did not possess the binding force of written agreements. The workmen were often scolded or bullied into submission, and whenever they revolted were accused of 'playing the enemy's game,' or refusing aid to, and so compassing the death of, our soldiers fighting abroad. By such means strikes were broken, and the workers, bowing to the force of public opinion, of the newspapers and the politicians, were driven back to work. But they returned to work with a sullen discontent, and a determination that, as soon as the war was over, they would try issue with a government and governing class which had thus tricked them by the exercise of unfair advantage and argument.

A short outline of this progress is necessary, in order that the position at the end may be understood. At the beginning, the war united all classes, here as abroad. International Socialists in Germany became Germans; Pacifist Internationalists in Paris became fighting Frenchmen. In Great Britain organized Labor universally responded to the call for recruits, and immense numbers of the miners and railway-men and skilled engineers fought their way into the recruiting stations. Quite early, indeed, the government had to prohibit further depletion of the trades necessary for munitioning and supply. The appeal for overtime work in the government and private shipping yards, and, indeed, wherever needed, met with immediate response, and numbers of men threw into their work such feverish energy as

to wear out the bodily machine and cause unnatural nervous irritation. In August, 1914, the War Emergency Workers' Committee was formed; and a little later, an industrial truce was declared.

But during the autumn two forces began to develop, which were soon to dominate the whole political situation. The one was the rise in the price of food, which in six months had increased nearly twenty-five per cent, and continued to increase until the end. The other was the evidence of the necessity of an enormous increase in output, especially in munitions, just at the time when industries had been in part depleted by the removal of some of the best of the workers by voluntary enlistment in the army. Such output could be secured only by the introduction of unskilled and partially skilled men using automatic machinery, by the introduction of women into trades hitherto denied to them, by the abandonment of the long-apprenticeship system, and a free application of the labor of boys and young persons. All these changes involved the abandonment of trade-union rules and customs which had been imposed on the employers in the struggle of half a century. The patriotism of the workers, however, was still strong. The great prestige of Lord Kitchener was introduced, to influence, by personal appeal, the rank and file of Labor. And early in 1915, after prolonged negotiation, the unions concerned agreed to waive during the war all their previous limitations, on condition that, after the war was over, their rules and customs should be restored to them by statute.

Meanwhile, however, the great employers, and especially the great munition firms, were being pressed, by the bitter necessity of the army fighting for its existence in Flanders and Gallipoli, to fulfill contracts they had hastily as-

sumed at the outbreak of hostilities. They had made the mistake common to all such times of crisis. Each had entered into gigantic contracts which could not be fulfilled by all of them for lack of raw material; and they were competing, against each other and against the government, for the same limited supply of raw material. They laid the blame largely on the workmen; and they succeeded in persuading both the government and the military chiefs that the workmen were not doing their best. In the spring of 1915 Mr. Lloyd George, impatient of delay in delivery, accused the workmen of slackness and drunkenness, and announced to the shipbuilding employees that Drink was a more dangerous enemy than Germany or Austria. These accusations were fiercely resented by men, many of whom were indeed drinking to excess, but who were also laboring far beyond any normal or possible standard. And from that time the government commenced to drift away from the mass of the artisan leaders.

In addition to this there began to be visible the sinister figure of the profiteer. In all the big centres, and especially in those concerns working on government contracts, men of fortune were found to have immensely increased their fortunes in time of national calamity; and in every town cases were notorious in which men of no property and no particular talent or distinction, taking advantage of the national need, had suddenly acquired enormous wealth. The workmen saw themselves laboring incredibly for the benefit of private exploiters, as much as for the nation. They saw the government apparently on the side of these exploiters, numbers of whom were providing 'voluntary' services in government war departments at the same time that the firms and companies in which they were interested fattened on government con-

tracts or private adventures. And in face of this they saw themselves held up to obloquy for drunkenness and deliberate limitation of output. And all the while, they saw prices, directed by some inexplicable force, rising steadily against them and eating away at their standards of life. At this time was kindled that discontent which smouldered, with occasional sparks, during the years of warfare, and at the end immediately burst into flame.

III

In July, 1916, the Munitions Act was passed, which allowed the government, under certain conditions, to 'proclaim' strikes as illegal and to fine or imprison the strikers. A few days afterward a miners' dispute came to a head in South Wales. A strike was 'proclaimed' by the government. The proclamation was defied by hundreds of thousands of miners, who immediately 'down-tooled.' The government was impotent against such a demonstration. Mr. Lloyd George went down to Cardiff and gave the strikers everything that they had previously been refused. The lesson of combined threats and weaknesses was not lost upon the more defiant of the men's leaders.

In September of the same year, Mr. Lloyd George suddenly appeared at the Trade-Union Congress, and roundly accused the workers — by the use of illustrative examples — of scamping their work and not doing their best to maintain output. Unfortunately, he had been badly briefed, and his illustrative examples, on examination, completely broke down. But the detailed reply of the Union leaders found few readers, and the friction was increased. That friction came to a head in the early winter, especially in the vast industrial region around Glasgow and on the Clyde, where a special and advanced

form of revolutionary Socialism was being preached as a crusade by an ardent band of young Scottish 'intellectual' workers. With his usual courage, Mr. Lloyd George himself went down to Glasgow to address the men on Christmas Day. But his reception was exceedingly unfavorable. Temper rose on both sides. The Socialist newspaper which gave a verbatim report of his speech and its reception was immediately suppressed, and the leaders of the movement were arrested and deported. A violent strike began, which lasted many weeks but was ultimately defeated.

Meanwhile, there were continual bickerings about the extension of 'dilution' in the skilled trades, accompanied by resentment of the older skilled workers at seeing the new 'dilutees' receiving as much or more wages than themselves after a training of as many weeks as they had spent years in the trade. Continual efforts were also made in different trades by war 'bonuses,' to buy off discontent arising from the cost of living. And a heavy home censorship — which included suppression of news in the public press, the interception of private correspondence, and the introduction of police spies — was utilized to prevent concerted industrial action.

A third cause of disagreement, in addition to the questions of food-prices and dilution, arose over the operations of conscription. The Trade-Union Congress had repudiated conscription with almost fierce unanimity. Some of the Labor leaders, such as Mr. J. H. Thomas, the secretary of the railway-men, threatened the House of Commons that the enforcement of conscription in the labor world would mean revolution. Yet when actually put into operation, not a sound of resistance was heard. This was due partially no doubt to the fact that the great munitioning

industries were largely left alone, the 'combing-out' being applied to small shopkeepers, clerks, agricultural laborers, and miscellaneous trades.

In the autumn of 1916, a system of trade-card exemptions was established, whereby the officials of the Unions themselves 'badged' those who should stay and those who should go. But less than six months afterward, in face of the pressing claims of the army, this trade-card system was repudiated by the government in favor of a protected-occupations scheme. Thereupon began one of the most curious strikes in history. Hundreds of thousands of men ceased work in all the great engineering centres. The government was afraid to 'proclaim' the strike. It forbade the newspapers to mention the fact that the strike existed. It intercepted communications between city and city. It arrested and imprisoned the leaders. The workers replied by establishing their own system of communication, — fast motor-bicyclists carrying dispatches, — and by nominating a series of 'relay' leaders, each prepared to accept responsibility as soon as the previous batch had been swept away to jail. Feeling ran high for a time. A meeting at Leeds of the chief Labor leaders advocated soviets, — that is, workmen's and soldiers' councils, — and the more timid of the 'bourgeoisie' saw visions of the Russian Revolution being repeated in this country.

Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed. The great tragedy of the 1917 campaign in France, with the British, amid enormous losses, hacking in vain against the unbroken German line, produced counsels of soberness. It was evident that this heroic army *must* have its munitions; and a more or less armed truce was arranged, which provided for the release without penalty of all the imprisoned leaders, including the Clyde 'deportees' of a year earlier. From

this date until the signing of the Armistice, Government and Labor carried on a partially concealed contest. One or two attempted strikes were quashed by the threat of conscripting the strikers. It was evident that the authorities could always appeal against the skilled labor world to the mass of the population outside, and especially to the army. Skilled labor was earning enormous wages. Boys fresh from school could easily commence on thirty shillings or two pounds a week. Few persons outside took the trouble to examine its 'grievances'; and all eyes were concentrated, with hope or anxiety, upon the last terrible stages of the struggle abroad.

IV

· Foiled in direct action, Labor turned toward the alternative — the capture of the machinery of government. Immense efforts were made by the political Labor Party hastily to improvise a political organization in all working-class constituencies. Mr. Arthur Henderson, who had practically been turned out of the War Cabinet over the Stockholm Conference, took the lead in the agitation for a Labor majority in the House of Commons. To many acute observers such a majority seemed inevitable. All these schemes were, however, brought to nought by the adroit action of the Prime Minister. A few hours after the Armistice, Mr. Lloyd George suddenly dissolved Parliament, and appealed to the country to support the government which had won the war. He had bought up the Tories by a promise of liberal gifts of office after the election, and by a system of 'coupons' by which supporters of the Coalition, Liberal or Tory, were recommended for reelection against all Radical and Labor onslaughts.

The immediate effect of such strat-

egy was a dazzling success. The country was numb, and the election was fought amid an unprecedented apathy. But those who did vote — and especially the women — voted for the government. A strong 'patriotic' and 'khaki' appeal was made by a united press. Such Labor leaders as remained in the government were withdrawn from it — some with great personal reluctance, for they were very happy there — by their unions and societies. Mr. Lloyd George retaliated by denouncing organized Labor as tainted with pacifism and Bolshevism, and by appealing against it for his 'couponed' Junkers and plutocrats. The result was a Labor *débâcle*. Of some 360 candidates whom they put into the field, nearly 300 went down in the fight. Practically only the miners succeeded in returning a solid *bloc* of miners' representatives. The 'intellectuals' of the movement — Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Snowden, Mr. Henderson, and the rest — were especially marked down for assassination. None survived.

The Liberal Party, or that predominant section of it which had not bowed to the Coalition formula, or was for any reason distasteful to the Prime Minister or his wire-pullers, almost completely disappeared. A strange House of Commons, consisting of an overwhelming majority of Conservatives and no small proportion of plutocrats and profiteers, found itself installed in power, to confront the work of reconstruction after the war, and a Labor movement released from its shackles and pledges owing to that war's conclusion.

The situation at the beginning of the year was, therefore, as follows. Organized Labor was 'up against' the government, and the classes which the government was supposed to represent. Its programme of social betterment had been held up for over four years. Dur-

ing those four years it considered that it had made considerable sacrifices for the welfare of the country, and that these sacrifices had been inadequately recognized. It had completely lost faith in the professions and promises of the government of the day. It had tried extra-Parliamentary action and it had failed. It had tried Parliamentary action, and had been destroyed in what it believed to be a 'trick' election. Confronting a government and Parliament which it could neither dislodge nor effectively criticize, it fell back on extra-Parliamentary action again.

Its leaders were faced by two difficulties. On the one hand, it was evident that they had no claim to speak for the mass of the working-people, or even for their own rank and file. For their candidates had been defeated by overwhelming majorities of working-class votes. On the other hand, the movement of a minority of their own followers was driving them on from behind toward action of an almost revolutionary character. This minority of young, able, thinking skilled workers, mostly Scotch in origin, and with Glasgow as their Mecca and storm-centre, was infected by the ideals of social upheaval, largely communicated from the 'success' of the Russian Revolution, and the inauguration of the Social Democratic Republic in Germany. In and out of season they were preaching the class-war, the tyranny of the owners of capital, the infamy of the profiteer, the necessity and desirability of the complete overturning of the social order — the ineffectiveness of any social palliatives short of such a cataclysm. Through the influence of the 'shop-steward' movement they had largely captured the organization of many skilled trades. They despised all counsels of caution. They were 'spoiling for a fight.' They pressed the recognized leaders of Labor to the limits of possible demand; and

when these leaders declined to advocate impracticable policies, they threw over these leaders themselves. And they preached their gospel to a population irritated by overwork, by the long strain of the war operating on tired nerves, by high prices, and, above all, by uncertainty as to their future position when the special work of making war-material should cease.

The outside public, therefore, knowing little of the forces operating in the world of Labor, and desirous of settling down comfortably after the prolonged tragedy of loss, suddenly found that at home the conclusion of the Armistice had brought, not peace, but a sword. Labor began to strike — in some cases blindly and almost without cause; in others, for the social revolution; in others, for specific individual gains in the way of better wages and shorter hours of work.

Of the first, a typical example was the strike of the electricians on the underground railways of London. For a week, these did not run. Hundreds of thousand of workers, men and women, found themselves compelled to plod three, five, or seven miles, from their homes in the suburbs to their work in the city; and this through unusually foul weather, and in the midst of a raging epidemic of influenza. And as they plodded to and fro, they cursed with heartfelt objurgations organized Labor and all its works. The government at first assumed an attitude of aloofness, refusing negotiations with men who had acted against their leaders. But when the strike-infection began to invade the great railways, it hastily abandoned this attitude and gave the men practically all they asked.

An example of the second sort was the strike at Glasgow and all the great shipbuilding and munitions workshops along the Clyde. The motive here was frankly revolutionary. The aims were

not so much a programme of hours and wages as the general upsetting of society. Attempts were made, by missionaries and delegates scattered through similar centres, to produce a universal strike. The attempt failed. The leaders of the Union repudiated the strike. The government displayed firmness and exercised an unusual display of force. Soldiers, guns, tanks were poured into Glasgow, which presented the appearance of an occupied German town. There was rioting, and arrests of ringleaders, but no actual loss of life. The mass of the workmen got tired of striking for an abstract cause. The leaders saw that their action had been premature, and, with some good sense, declared the strike at an end.

Far more formidable, because based on definite demands which appealed to all, and directed by an inflexible will, was the action of the unions forming the 'Triple Alliance.' They took up their programme as it had been left in the days before the war. They added to it special features to meet the grievances caused by the war's disturbances. They presented it as an ultimatum. Briefly, this programme consisted of two parts. The one demanded more pay and shorter hours of labor. The other demanded nationalization of the industries concerned. The first appealed most strongly to the rank and file, especially to the miners who, from the first, led the movement. In the scattered colliery villages, it mattered but little to the worker in the mine whether the manager was responsible to a great colliery company or to a government department. What appealed to him was the hope of spending six hours a day, instead of eight, underground; and of having three shillings a day more to spend on enjoyment in this extra time he had obtained in the open air above.

The second appealed most strongly to the leaders, who were out for far

more fundamental changes of society, of which the national ownership of mines and railways was only a beginning. With this double demand they approached the government. The heads of that government were mainly occupied with international questions and the difficulties confronting the Peace Conference. There was some unaccountable fumbling and delay. The menace of direct action was scarcely appreciated. Doubts were entertained of the power of the leaders to 'deliver the goods.' The weeks narrowed down to days and the days to hours. The country suddenly found itself confronting a catastrophe whose end no man could foresee. The triple strike would first have paralyzed all industry, and threatened starvation. The soldiers would have been called in to run the railways and to terrorize the miners. The result would have been rioting, bloodshed, and something nearly approaching civil war. Britain was never nearer internal collapse and destruction than in those fateful hours of the 'Ides of March' of 1919.

Just when all seemed lost, the government awoke to the magnitude of the danger, and Mr. Lloyd George intervened. A duel for position between the Prime Minister and Mr. Smillie, the miners' leader, resulted in a first victory for the latter. To all the agility, fertility of resource, and efforts to find a verbal compromise which had served Mr. George so well in past conciliations, this most remarkable of British Labor leaders opposed an unyielding will, fortified by the knowledge that behind him were the big battalions. The government was driven to appoint a public commission, under the chairmanship of a distinguished High-Court judge, and to give to the miners the right to nominate half the membership. It was forced to set an early time-limit on the work of that Commission,

which was thus compelled to sit literally night and day. And it was practically forced to accept whatever conclusion the Commission might arrive at. The result was, of course, a foregone conclusion. On the specific question of work and wages, the miners won all along the line. Some small concessions were extorted from them, to save the face of the government. The advance in wages was a little less than the demand. The shortening of hours was delayed, although not denied. Simultaneously a settlement was effected with the railway and transport workers, mainly by throwing in large doles from the taxpayers' money. The question of nationalization was referred to the future consideration of the Commission.

By April, the Triple Alliance had won all along the line. A plebiscite approved, by an overwhelming majority, the superb tactical ability of the leaders. Without the miseries of a strike, but purely by judicious use of the menace of it, Labor had achieved the greatest of all its victories. It had achieved it, however, at a double price — the subsidizing of these privileged and, for the most part, highly paid trades at the expense of the whole community, and the revelation of the impotence of the government and present Parliament in face of a demand, and of a threat to destroy that community, made by a definite class of workers, who thus showed themselves stronger than the elected representatives of the people.

V

The immediate danger seems to have passed. Society is breathing freely again, and hoping to hear nothing of social unrest. But the quiet is for a moment only, like the quiet at the centre of a cyclone. And no one who looks below the surface can anticipate any

speedy or permanent return to tranquillity. As I write, the Coal Commission is examining the question of the nationalization of the coal mines. Economists whose opinions on the one side or the other have been known for decades are expressing their matured views on individualism or Socialism. The questions and arguments are entertaining. They have no more relation to the actual facts than would have the discussions of a similar commission concerning the truth or untruth of Christianity. One of the coal-miners' representatives blurted out the truth when he bluntly asked if Mr. Harold Cox's individualist philosophy 'would stand against the determination of over a million men.' The question will not be settled by the abstract determination of right and wrong, or efficiency against inefficiency. If over a million miners are resolved that the mines shall be nationalized, the mines will be nationalized, quite without regard to whether that process will develop or ruin the trade of Great Britain. The strength of Great Britain has passed into these great associations of well-paid and well-organized artisans.

Against that strength the miscellaneous mob of junkers and plutocrats of whom the House of Commons is composed is impotent. Already by-elections have revealed that this Parliament has no moral authority, and that no supporter of the government possesses a safe seat. And the process of reaction against the gamble of last December is destined to gather in momentum as the difficulties of government increase. Commissions and committees meet almost daily, and produce a litter of reports on labor unrest and its remedies. Newspapers and publicists wildly protest that the interests of employers and employed are identical, and that each should love the other. There are promises of efforts toward ap-

peasement of Labor's demands, in the guaranty of a statutory minimum wage and a statutory eight-hour day. But these efforts seem to be destined to the same fate as those organized by Ethelred the Unready to buy off the invasion of the Danes. A social programme, ambitious and well-boomed in the press, is to provide comfort and a career for the returned soldier and the dispossessed munition-worker. The country is gravely informed at intervals that so many millions of bricks have been ordered for the building of pleasant cottages for the working people; but no single cottage of the half million promised has yet arisen. There has been much agitation over promises to 'settle' soldiers on the land which they have preserved inviolate. But no such settlement on any satisfactory scale has been attempted; and the landed interests are demanding such inflated post-war prices for the monopoly in land which they possess, that it appears that the community will start the scheme with the certainty of enormous loss, or the settlers with the prospect of bankruptcy.

The financial chaos dominates the whole situation. There are over a million soldiers still undischarged, economically unproductive, whose upkeep is a heavy burden on industry. There are a million workers, not only unemployed, but drawing substantial government doles while they continue to be unemployed. And these doles can be paid only with borrowed money. The country is working, therefore, in a vicious circle. Trade refuses to march for lack of capital. In the absence of trade there is no work for the unemployed. The unemployed are therefore kept in idleness by expenditure of that very capital which might otherwise have been diverted into reëstablishing trade. So long as these doles continue, the raw edge of social discontent is blunted, and demands for social recon-

struction lack the intensity of the clamant cries of hunger and cold. But the effect of prolonged idleness on smallish government weekly grants is itself a demoralizing one. And any attempts that may be made, say, next autumn, to cut out this cancer in some such forcible manner as that in which the state relief works were closed down in France in 1849 may produce a similar social revolution.

Europe after the war is a poor land. It is in the condition of a family whose house has been burned over its head, and which is now groping among the charred ashes to gather what remnant it can obtain from the ruins. But Great Britain, at least, has not yet realized its poverty. The cessation of hostilities has been followed by a wild outburst of extravagance. Never has the London 'season' anticipated so brilliant a series of pleasure festivals. Never have the luxury trades encountered so heavy a demand, or reaped such enormous profits. The mind of men, suddenly released from a tense anxiety which was eating and corroding its energies and expansions, seems set on the enjoyment of the moment, and is prepared freely to expend the borrowed money upon which society is living. At the same time, the tornado of war has torn up from the roots great masses of men, filled them with new ideas, and driven home lessons of social equality which all the philosophers and preachers could not have taught in five generations of peace.

I remember returning from Verdun with a French *poulu* who had come straight out of a burning city for his ten days *permission*, and how he spoke the resolve of the soldiers struggling in that hell, in their demand for social equality if they survived. 'After the war, one will say to me, "I am rich"; another, "I have land"; another, "I am of high birth and breeding"; another, "I have

knowledge and am wise." And I shall say to them, "Yes, messieurs, these things may indeed be true; but I fought at Verdun!"'

A prominent French statesman, to whom I told this story, told me that he had no fear that such a spirit would upset the fabric of French society. The French army was in the main a peasant army. The French soldier would return to his little plot of land and the little house that he owns. And in his accustomed work on the soil, with his passion for thrift and his ant-like industry from dawn to sunset, social unrest would be allayed.

But the British soldier is not a peasant soldier. In so far as he comes from the rural districts, he comes from the condition of a day-laborer, owning neither cottage nor garden, and working for a mean and inadequate wage. In so far as he comes from the towns, he is a worker with nothing to sell but his skill or his muscle, both partially damaged in the war. New cities have arisen in his absence; other cities have decayed. Often his former home has vanished, and he has no new home to which to return. He is a wanderer on the earth, with no stake in the country which he is told that he has saved. While he was fighting abroad, the men at home were making high wages and profits, and lending to the government at a high rate of interest. He has no such capital investment. He will be compelled to work day and night to produce by his labor the 'tribute' necessary to pay the interest on that capital investment. Small wonder if, even in confused fashion, he surmises that something is wrong with the social order, and that — as in M. Viviani's famous phrase — he is unable to reconcile his sudden descent from a god to a brute. At one moment, marching in uniform in procession through cheering crowds, he is extravagantly praised as the boy of the bull-

dog breed who has saved Europe from the barbarian. In the next, divested of his uniform, he is denounced as the 'slacker' who refuses to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, and who is casting envious eyes on other people's property.

And to men smarting under the indignity of such a contrast comes the teaching of the advocates of Social Revolution, telling him day after day, and in and out of season, that this 'other people's property' is in reality his own.

VI

The shadows lie heavy on the hills. It will be years, it may be decades, before those shadows are dispelled. It may be that never will they be completely dispelled. These four years of mad destruction may have struck a blow at Europe's prosperity from which it will never recover. Some of the greatest of the Dominion statesmen have expressed to me their conviction that the result will be a permanent change. They foresee a great and increasing migration from Great Britain, and indeed from all the war-tortured countries, of people fleeing from national bankruptcy in a region haunted by evil dreams. From such a migration they anticipate the building up of huge white communities in still unsettled lands, which will give

a new orientation to the world's future history. Canada, South Africa, Australasia, will take the place in this war which was taken by the West after the Civil War in America. However this may be, at home we are in for troublous times. Reconstruction far more vital and profound than anything contemplated by the present Parliament alone can ensure internal tranquillity. The day of the enjoyment of great fortunes, undisturbed by the State above or the proletariat below, has passed, and forever. The new idea of a new demand for social justice is knocking at the doors of all institutions supporting the present social order. There will be, first, a great advance toward equality and a great extension of state action. Whether such equality and socialization will mean in practice the death or departure of enterprise and ambition, only the future can decide. I do not anticipate the excesses of a French or even of a Russian Revolution. The wild charges of Bolshevism by which the newspapers brand any movement or teaching they dislike are born of ignorant or timid brains. But it is necessary to recognize that the old easy-going and prosperous days are over. Great Britain, in the aftermath of war, and amid a Social Discontent which its rulers can neither appease nor forget, is entering upon the 'Iron Age.'

THE PRESIDENT'S HOMECOMING

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

I

FROM Charing Cross Station to Buckingham Palace it is a matter of fifteen minutes if one rides properly in a royal coach behind six cream-colored horses. Mr. Wilson made that journey on the morning of Boxing Day last year, through a crowd which overflowed from Trafalgar Square and the entire length of Pall Mall into the side streets; and at the end of the fifteen minutes the editorial writers of the London evening papers were writing, and the cable correspondents from home were cabling home, to the effect that the President had won the hearts of the British people.

More than once since that crisp and sunny — for London — morning, when I stood in Waterloo Place, just off Pall Mall, at the foot of the Crimean Monument, — stood quietly and scanned the crowd in conformity with my duties as a foreign observer; or craned up at the droning silver dragon-flies that were welcoming airplanes; or speculated in common with all my neighbors whether the two Tommies and the sailor who were scaling the Monument for a vantage-point would attain the shoulders of Victory or break their necks; or rose for one hectic moment on tiptoe to see a royal coach flit by with the now famous international smile inside, — more than once since last Christmastide I have wondered just how the editorial writers and the special correspondents knew at the end of fifteen minutes that the President had won the hearts of the British multitude.

If one were required to describe that London crowd without the slightest preconception, without knowledge of the person or the occasion that had brought it into the streets, — in short, to give a simple statement of just what one saw or heard and not of what one read into the spectacle, — the record might be somewhat as follows. A big crowd; a comfortable, quietly dressed crowd; many military uniforms British; a good many uniforms American; for the rest, a mass of interested but by no means febrile civilians. There were children perching on parental shoulders — the child as a rule well-grown for its age, the father rather slight for the weight he had to carry, as in all festive crowds, but quite brave under his burden, as in all crowds. There was the pathetic little woman of five feet nothing, whose outlook on such occasions is entirely confined to the masculine shoulders in front of her, and whose attendance is all the more an act of faith, save when the advancing barrage of cheers announces the supreme moment and she allows herself to be lifted high by comparative strangers for one ecstatic glimpse of a royal coach which flashes and vanishes. The women in the crowd are more intent on the show of the day; the men, one would venture to say, on the drone and the shimmer of the biplanes, and certainly on the antics of the two Tommies and the sailor now nestling between the feet of Victory right over the bayonets of the Crimean grenadiers.

A rattle of cheers breaks out. Somebody from Flanders or the House of

Commons has passed. A louder roll of cheers sweeps by and the women gasp and clap their hands wildly. The President has passed. The crowd floods out of Pall Mall, up and down Waterloo Place and its tributaries.

It is not my purpose here to set up the naturalistic, jog-trot method of descriptive writing against the emotional-subjective literary style. Certainly it is not my intention to deny that when Mr. Wilson rode from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace he carried with him the hearts of the English people. That may well have been the case. It is of importance, nevertheless, to insist on the fact that this London crowd of last December was not carried away by a tidal wave of feeling, such as would have justified the editorial writers and the special correspondents in describing a new conquest of Britain by Mr. Wilson in the course of a quarter of an hour. It is my own belief that to the very appreciable extent that the hearts of the English people were with the President that day, those hearts had been won before Mr. Wilson set foot in England, before Mr. Wilson set foot on board the George Washington in an Atlantic port. And this I believe to be true — by analogy — of the Paris crowds or the Italian crowds, which I did not see. It is a naïve, a melodramatic view, to think of Europe as won by the fleeting, physical presence of a man. It overlooks Europe's emotions during the months and years before Mr. Wilson's arrival.

One phenomenon I encountered in every European capital I visited. This was the readiness and certainty with which professional observers in one country were able to measure the pulse of the masses in the adjoining country. Elsewhere I have told how many of our American students of the soul of Europe, in their eager pursuit of the 'revolution' that was just about to sweep over the Continent, were always being re-

ferred to the revolution as just around the corner, but across the frontier. Radical British statesmen told us that England could not show the way in the great social upheaval, but that things in France were very ominous. In Paris we learned from men at the head of the radical movement that the French, because of peculiar historical and social conditions, were not ripe for revolution, but that a crisis was approaching in the British trade-unions, and that in Italy affairs were on the razor's edge. One might have expected a certain measure of caution from these men, seeing that their diagnoses of their own countrymen had turned out by no means infallible. British Radicals, for instance, spoke of the 'real' sentiments of the French and Italian people at the very moment when their forecasts of the revolutionary sentiment of the British people had been knocked into a cocked hat by Mr. Lloyd George's tremendous majorities.

On this point I confess to speaking with a fair amount of irritation. I have thought it something more than absurd, I have thought it mischievous and confusing, at a time when the world needed the truth and light so badly, that outsiders should be thumping the desk magisterially about the 'masses' of Europe; those silent masses whose hearts their own countrymen find it so difficult to plumb; those hearts which their very owners often fail to understand. American observers — more or less hasty observers — have spoken of British sentiment concerning Lloyd George with a confidence utterly unjustified by previous knowledge or by subsequent events.

But the great subject for *ex-cathedra* deliverances has been Clemenceau. How often have I read of this man's vast unpopularity with the French masses; of the detestation in which he is held by the *poilu*, who is the real France; of the certainty that Clemen-

ceau would be overwhelmingly beaten if he ventured to go before the French electorate. And how regularly Clemenceau, tiger that he is, has persisted in getting votes of confidence from his Chamber of Deputies and having his speeches placarded in the market-places of France.

II

It is a point that affects Mr. Wilson. The doubts I felt when fervid editorial writers and special correspondents assured the world that the President had won the heart of Europe in the course of a short drive from Charing Cross to Buckingham Palace, or from the Gare d'Orsay to the Hôtel Murat, these same doubts I experience now when a good many of these same editorial writers and special correspondents assure us that the President left Europe the other day having forfeited the hearts of the European masses, denied their hopes, darkened their faith. In neither case do I believe that the facts correspond to the vivid journalistic picture. I do not believe that the masses give their hearts or take them back with such melodramatic swiftness or completeness.

That Europe's feelings for Mr. Wilson a few weeks ago were not what they were seven months ago is probably true. But this is only the inevitable let-down from aspiration to achievement. Whatever Mr. Wilson had accomplished at Paris in these seven months, the relapse in Europe's emotions was bound to come. If the peoples of Europe expected all things from the President last December, then they are disappointed this August. But it is hardly for the contemporary historian to judge a statesman by everything everybody ever expected of him. Yet that is what a great many men are doing now. Of those who were quite sure seven months ago that Mr. Wilson, with a smile, had won the hearts of Europe, a great many

are now convinced that he is the tragedy of the European peoples.

When Mr. Wilson walks down the gang-plank of the George Washington, in the course of the next two or three weeks (I am writing in the third week of June), there is, of course, just one question which Americans will ask. It is a question which Mr. Wilson will probably ask of himself many times between Brest and the home shores. Does the President come home a victor or otherwise? Have the Wilsonian principles been vindicated? Has the Wilson peace been made? Upon one's general recollections — and prejudices — of the history of the Peace Conference, or upon a more thorough and conscientious study of the President's seven months in Europe, the verdict will be based. In either case it will be judgment passed upon Mr. Wilson abroad, upon Mr. Wilson as against the statesmen of Europe. He will have scored over Lloyd George or been beaten by Lloyd George. He will have won the decision over Clemenceau or been outwitted by Clemenceau. He will have asserted himself against Orlando and Sonnino or have surrendered to the Italians. He will have imposed his will upon a reconstructed world, all the way through the chaotic alphabet, from Albania to Zara, or he will have been completely vanquished by the old Adam of European politics. At the moment of writing it requires no special vision to foresee the entire range of judgment from one edge of the partisan spectrum to the other, from Wilson the victor to Wilson the ghastly failure.

Yet it must be obvious that at the moment of Mr. Wilson's landing in America we cannot say yes or no to the question whether he comes back in victory. And the reason is simply that Mr. Wilson's fight is not over. He has brought his European campaign to an end. He faces a new campaign on the

American front. And precisely as the four years' war against Germany, raging all over the globe, found its decision in the last great battle between Arras and the Meuse, so the issue of victory or defeat for the President must be ultimately decided here at home, in the course of the next few weeks or months. If the Senate ratifies the treaty, including the League of Nations, then Mr. Wilson has won a *victoire intégrale*. If the Senate rejects the League, then Mr. Wilson's battle has been a disaster. What happened to the President in Paris is of secondary consideration. His triumphs over Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando will be nullified by the collapse of the Covenant, just as all Germany's victories in Russia and Serbia were swept away in the collapse of the German front between Château-Thierry and Albert. If the Covenant is ratified, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Orlando, and Makino may have won the battle of Paris, but they will have lost the peace of Versailles to the President.

Until the American people, through the Senate, has spoken, the outcome of the war and the peace is in abeyance. This is the belief of millions of men in this country and abroad, who can see in the treaty, without the League, a fair approximation to reason and justice. It is the belief of many men who see in the treaty only error and wickedness, but find recompense in the League. It is a belief eloquently voiced by a distinguished radical English publicist, who has been sufficiently drastic in his criticism of the procedure at Paris: —

'Both the President and Premier Clemenceau have won and both have lost. The American peace is embodied in the League of Nations Covenant, and the French peace is embodied in the treaty. The Covenant lays down the scheme for a new world-order and the treaty reestablishes the old world-order;

the Covenant aims at the abolition of militarism, and the treaty reënaacts militarism. But the two cannot coexist; they are mutually destructive. If the Covenant survives, the treaty must go; if the treaty survives, the Covenant is stillborn. It is my purpose here to appeal to American liberalism, in the name of English liberalism, not to desert the President. The struggle between the President and the Premier is not over; it has only begun.'

True criticism does not condemn the artist for failing to do what he never meant to do. We cannot speak of Mr. Wilson's success or failure unless we keep in mind the aim he set for himself when he sailed for Brest. That great purpose, the President's only purpose, was the League. It is fair enough to say that by his insistence on the League the President delayed the work of peace at Versailles; but it was because he thought of the League as the peace. Friends will call that his faith. Enemies will call it his obsession. The name hardly matters. Mr. Wilson's success or failure will be measured by the degree to which his faith or his delusion is realized. It is impossible to have seen and heard the President at the Guildhall in London, or to remember him at the first business session of the plenary conference in Paris, without realizing how utterly the idea of the League had penetrated into Mr. Wilson's being, as the essence and meaning, as the foundation and the crown of the Peace. In London and in Paris it was the note he sounded in the first words that fell from his lips, it was the beginning, the climax, and conclusion of his argument. The League was the one thing for which he had come to Europe.

Between Mr. Wilson and the radical school of critics the issue is clear. He has been accused of doing things in violation of the spirit of the League of Nations, which things he did because of

his faith in the League of Nations. He has been accused of sacrificing this many or that many of his fourteen points; but the President, if it came to that pass, might almost assert that for the sake of a League of Nations he would sacrifice all his other thirteen points. He has tried to make the treaty, as apart from the League, square as far as might be with his ideals; but the League was his one ideal. For the sake of the League he compromised with the French maximum demands, rejecting the left bank of the Rhine, but conceding the Saar. For the sake of the League he compromised with France in the matter of the self-determination of Austria. For the sake of the League he confessedly compromised with Japan in the matter of Kiao-chau. His opponents have naturally asked how a man who believed in the reconciliation of the peoples — through the League — could sanction obstacles in the way of conciliation. His answer, just as naturally, has been that the League is the permanent and ultimate reconciler. With the League he expects to win back the price he paid for the League.

III

The President's enemies abide in two camps. To one set of men, the practical, hard-headed kind, he is a trafficker in the phrases of a misty idealism. To another set of men, among them many of his former disciples, he has been vacillating, weak, cowardly, and so down the line to clear high treason against the ideals of liberalism. It is my own firm belief that this empty doctrinaire, as viewed from the extreme Right, and this waverer and compromiser, as visualized from the extreme Left, has seen reality with clearer eyes and held fast to an ideal with a firmer grip than the multitude of his critics.

Mr. Wilson has remembered. He has

remembered the fifty-one and a half months from August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918, which so many of his countrymen have forgotten or have chosen to forget. And this thing which so many of us have forgotten is the once familiar vow that this must be a war to end war. We have forgotten our outcries when the agony was upon us: that this thing must never happen again. To that end alone Germany must be beaten and the new world built. The one great result of the war, the one profit that might make its horrors almost worth while, must be guaranties against the repetition of the horror. It must not happen again.

It was an amazing and disconcerting thing, when I arrived in Paris in the early days of last January, to find how many Americans, more or less in close touch with our peace mission, had forgotten the fervid oath of only three months back, how reconciled they were, only two months after the armistice, to the thing happening again. I was prepared to some extent for the usual swift transitions from war-psychology to peace-psychology. That our soldiers, once Germany had been beaten, should be intensely eager to go home; that France, from a champion of civilization and a valiant comrade in the field, should quickly have become, in soldiers' gossip, a nation of profiteers and unpleasing personal habits; that the nation which had fought the German invader to a standstill should by the very fact of her victory over Germany lose her clutch on our sympathies; that invaded and massacred France should become 'imperialist' France — all these things were natural enough.

What was not so simple was to find men of affairs in close contact with our peace delegates madly anxious to close the chapter of the four-years war and get home. To get the army home *toot sweet*; to sign a treaty *toot sweet*; to cut

loose from the European mess which we never could understand; to go back where we were before the sixth of April, 1917 — that was our sole duty. But what of twenty years from now, and another war in Europe? We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, I was told. This little old world could not be made over in a day. The point now was to get back home to business. We had forgotten, *too sweet*.

Other Americans in Paris had likewise forgotten. After all, you would expect to find the hard-headed business man among the first to shed the war emotion. If he absorbed the lessons of the war, it would be through their continuing impact on his normal life. The problems of the new world must be translated into terms of his daily problems. He had neither the leisure nor the aptitude nor the desire for consciously cherishing a 'vision.' But there were in Paris and about the Hotel Crillon a large and active group of men whose professional concern — I use professional in no invidious sense — was precisely with the vision of a world after the war. They were newspapermen, publicists, social workers, officials connected with the peace mission, of a radical cast of mind. To-day among the severest critics of Mr. Wilson, they were only six months ago his ardent disciples, with a greater faith in the President than Mr. Wilson possibly had in himself; for they, at least, seemed to have no doubt that it was in the President's power to impose his will on the rest of the Conference and shape the treaty quite as he saw fit.

Only that the things which they now saw were not what the President saw. They, too, had forgotten the one great longing which had been born out of the war — the longing for a guaranty against war. Theirs was the opposite impulse to that of the hard-headed business man. They did not say that

the world, after all, was bound to be the same little old world that had emerged from other wars. On the contrary, they were so carried away by the possibilities of a totally new world that they forgot their original interest in a peaceful world. They forgot the League in their interest in Reconstruction. And Reconstruction during those months was such an ever-new thing in Europe, so full of dramatic changes and promises, so rich in ever-opening vistas, that the idea of a league rapidly became for them old-fashioned, inadequate, or even hostile to their new affections. Two thirds of Europe was seething with revolution. New nationalities, new classes, new alignments presented themselves. What was going on in Russia, in Hungary, in Germany became of infinitely more consequence than what might happen to the League.

It is true that a more or less perfunctory tribute was paid to internationalism, of which the League might be supposed a part. But their great concern was with Revolution, with Labor, with Mass Effort. And war and peace? Yes, war was still an evil. Yes, war was a device of the governments and the 'interests' to bedevil the peoples. And yet, this question of war — well, frankly, it depends, don't you know? It might be a capitalistic war, or it might be a people's war. It might be a war for enslavement, or it might be a war for freedom. In other words, Liberals have begun to talk quite like their imperialist opponents. The Liberal, too, has discovered that there are righteous wars and the other kind. The only difference is that the imperialist discusses righteousness in terms of nations and the new Liberal talks of war in terms of class. A Clemenceau war against the German people would be an unholy war. An invasion of Poland or Hungary by the Soviet armies bearing aid to fellow Socialists in Poland or Hungary would

be a righteous war. And thus liberalism has opened the gates to the ancient enemy.

It is the President's outstanding service and his title to fundamental consistency that he has not forgotten. The memory of men's arms upflung in an agony of appeal against a return of the great horror has remained vivid to him, and he has written the vision into the Covenant. Between the men who six months ago cried out against war and now have their business to attend to and those others who cried out against war and have now found out that there are Revolutions and Reconstructions which they would much rather have than peace, the President stands forth as the man who has not forgotten. And with him, I take it, there are many millions of plain people who have not forgotten. How many millions, Mr. Wilson is now trying to find out.

IV

If the analysis I have attempted of Mr. Wilson's impelling motive is anywhere near the truth, there emerges the question, should Mr. Wilson have gone to Europe? It is not altogether an academic question. Until the President's work is completed, until the treaty has been ratified in the Senate, the victory is not won. And therefore it is still of practical importance to review the campaign from the beginning, to ascertain what errors of tactics or strategy Mr. Wilson may have committed, and to see whether the mistakes might be rectified in the interest of ultimate victory, precisely as the Allies in the war drew profit from the mistakes of the first three years of conflict.

Objections to the President's trip, when his plans for the voyage were formulated last year, were largely based on propriety. There was the precedent against the Chief Executive leaving the

country during his term of office. The issue was debated from both sides in the spirit of a rather trivial legalism. On the one hand, a precedent was being violated. On the other hand, a precedent was not being violated. Mr. Taft had driven or walked half-way across the international bridge between El Paso and Juarez, to shake hands with a Mexican President. Mr. Roosevelt had gone on a battleship to the Canal Zone. Mr. Wilson would travel on an American battleship, make his home in the American Embassy, and so constructively retain residence on American soil. The debate was suddenly closed by a common recognition of the simple fact that, in an unprecedented situation, old precedents die and new precedents are born.

But if the war and Mr. Wilson's earlier actions, as some of his critics pointed out, had rendered obsolete the argument from precedent, it was still Mr. Wilson's duty to have considered whether the great purpose he had in mind would be best subserved by sticking to precedent or by violating it. What was the strategy, rather than the narrow propriety, of the situation? Here I cannot help feeling that Mr. Wilson's position was like that of the High Command in a great battle. G.H.Q. is always found well behind the battle line, and general officers do not lead the assault. There are exceptions, to be sure. Napoleon occasionally seizes the flag of a wavering regiment and presses on to victory. But it is only when disaster threatens that the risk is justified.

If America's interests at the Conference had been represented by men of Mr. Wilson's choice, acting under guidance from Washington, and those interests had been at any time imperiled, we can well imagine the President taking ship for Brest. And we can imagine the tremendous effect which such

a move would have produced on the situation in Paris. It would have been what the rush of American troops across the seas was last summer. It would have been the oncoming of the reserves.

As things have turned out, it is possible to maintain that Mr. Wilson threw his reserves into the fight at the outset. We know that his prestige in Europe waned in the course of seven months. His second arrival at Brest naturally failed to evoke the tremendous repercussions of the first. We may well ask what would have been the effect if, in the last days of April, Mr. Wilson, instead of summoning the George Washington to Brest for the second time, had summoned her to New York City for his first trip abroad.

But the parallel between Mr. Wilson at Washington and Joffre or Foch one hundred miles behind the lines at G.H.Q. is not a perfect one. The Wilson battle-line lay only partly in Europe. One wing of the front, and for him the most vital sector, lay here in America. This problem would not have existed for the President if we had no constitutional provision requiring the ratification of a treaty by a two-thirds majority in the Senate, or if the President were absolutely assured of the necessary vote in the Senate. The facts were, of course, quite the other way. In the November elections the President had lost both Houses of Congress; and he had himself made the issue for the elections one of indorsement of his policies. It was difficult to explain away the outcome of the elections as due to matters quite foreign to war and peace. At least, the necessity confronted Mr. Wilson to demonstrate that, while a majority of the American people might be against Mr. Burleson, or against Mr. Creel, or against the Democratic Party on questions of domestic polity, a majority of the American people was still

for a Wilson peace. But the President was not there.

The war against Germany was won, not primarily by leadership, but by national unity within every belligerent country and by national organization for war within each country. Let it be recalled that not all Foch's or Haig's cares were concerned with the situation in the field. Many an anxious eye they cast back to the home front. When Mr. Wilson sailed for Brest to wage battle for a just peace, he left behind him neither a united country nor the organization for reëstablishing unity. To that task he might well have stayed at home and devoted himself. Through the press and the forum he should have advised — and consulted — the country and Congress on the aims and the methods of our peace representatives in Paris. I say advise and consult because it is obvious that much of the opposition which has arisen in Congress is not due to partisanship but to exasperation, natural to a great degree, with Mr. Wilson's reticence, with his self-sufficiency at a time when no statesman was big enough to dispense with the counsel of his countrymen. To explain where explanation was necessary, to placate where the strategy of the situation dictated conciliation, to attack where the challenge was clear — for all such purposes the President would have been at his strongest here at home. And his strength at home would infallibly have been reflected in the Conference, and victory in Paris would have been definite. It would have been the *victoire intégrale*, and in that case there would have been no supplementary battles to fight in the Senate after the Germans had signed.

This assumes that Mr. Wilson's delegates in Europe could have fought his battles as well as he has done. It is my belief that they could have done so. Mr. Wilson's presence in Europe was

not absolutely necessary to rally liberal opinion in the Allied countries against their own governments in favor of a Wilsonian peace. It is naïve to think that Mr. Wilson won the hearts of the French people in the course of a short drive along the Champs Elysées, that he won the Italian people by a single public appearance at Rome, that he won the hearts of the British people be-

tween Charing Cross and Buckingham Palace. He had their hearts before he set sail for Brest. He might have remained in the White House, and still be Wilson and America to the Italian peasants who are reported to have burned candles before his picture, and to the Poles and Czechs who erected statues to the great liberator across the seas.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND LABOR

AN EDUCATIONAL ADVENTURE IN ENGLAND AND HER OVERSEAS DOMINIONS

BY ALBERT MANSBRIDGE

I

On almost any day in August for the past ten years, casual visitors to Oxford may have noticed on more than one college lawn small groups of workingmen and women in eager discussion with those who were obviously college tutors. They would have interpreted the meaning of these groups rightly, if they had regarded them as symbolical of a steadily growing unity on the part of workingmen and scholars, or as evidence of coöperation between the universities and the organizations of labor. They were indeed outward and visible signs of the effort which the spirit of society always makes when the actions of men attempt to defeat her unalterable intentions. These laboring men and women had been removed from the opportunities of scholarship; but at Oxford, in time secured from

work, they had found their way, for a brief period, to their legitimate, if not exclusive task.

The groups on the college lawns may further be regarded as manifestations of the desire of scholarship to bring herself into right relationship with the indisputable facts and experience of practical life. All these views and interpretations may be illustrated in a single experience briefly told. On an August morning in 1909, the Professor of English Law at Oxford had lectured on the Workmen's Compensation Act to a group of railway-men, weavers, and miners gathered together in Balliol College. After he had finished, it fell to his share, in accordance with the invariable custom in these classes, to listen to discussion and answer questions for a space of time at least equal to that which he himself had occupied. Almost at once a railway-man, with a

wooden stump in place of a leg, rose and discussed from the point of view of the injured workman the effect of the act so far as he in his own person was concerned. In effect, he was a 'living document.' By this act of coöperation with the professor, the peculiar contribution to knowledge which he had the power to make was not lost as it usually is.

Within a certain range of subjects all workmen are 'living documents.' It is expressing a mere truism to say that any study which is not in contact with life and in process of continual correction by its experience tends to become unreal. The railway-man, in this instance, gained a new self-respect when he realized that he was able to add to the knowledge of the Professor, who, on his part, had achieved a new method of research, of vital and entrancing interest.

In the industrial town in which the railway-man lived, a University Tutorial Class had been formed, and it was by right of his membership in this class that he was enabled, and indeed assisted, to become, for a week at least, a student at Oxford. The week was to him the most notable period of his life, and, since it was the climax of a long period of study at home, the educational value of it, apart from the inspiration it supplied, could not be questioned.

Authoritative witness to the keenness of students like the railway-man, organized in University Tutorial Classes throughout the country is borne by a Board of Education report, signed by Professor L. T. Hobhouse and Mr. J. W. Headlam.

'No one could attend these classes without being struck by the zeal and earnestness of the students, their happy relations with the lecturer, the general atmosphere of comradeship and good feeling in the classes, and the strong

appreciation by the students of the benefits which they are deriving from the work. These impressions are not derived from any single class or type of classes. They are common to the diverse and widely scattered classes which we have visited.'

The report also calls attention to the keenness of students in writing essays.

'One operative told us that, in order to get a time when the house was quiet for working in, he went to bed at seven, got up at midnight, worked for two hours, and then went to bed again.'

The recognized period of a class meeting is two hours, on twenty-four occasions during each of three consecutive years. No really good class ever keeps to the two hours. They break up, as a rule, only when compelled by necessity. There are limits to the time during which buildings with caretakers may remain open, but there always remains the street. A class in philosophy at Birmingham habitually continued its sessions on the sidewalk until an energetic policeman threatened to charge the tutor with causing an obstruction. On one occasion an economics class, after a pavement session, accompanied the tutor to the railway station; and the argument not being finished, some of the students entered the train with him and went as far as they dared. A similar incident is reported from New Zealand.

It would be easy to add to these instances of keenness in study, but it will be more to our profit to trace the origin, to reveal the principles, to estimate the influence, and to discover the direction of the movement.

II

The fact that the education of workmen and women in England had developed just at those points where coöperation with scholars had taken

place, led in 1903 to the formation of the Workers' Educational Association, as a democratic, unsectarian, non-partisan body, consisting of working people and scholars, of universities and Labor organizations. In this way those who expressed the demand for education were unified with those who were best qualified to supply that demand.

The impetus, coming as it did from Labor, was sufficient to secure the rapid expansion of the movement, which was welcomed by scholars and administrators alike. By the year 1914 it possessed nearly 200 branches, was a federation of 2500 labor and educational bodies, and was at work in Australia and Canada.

Not only did it inspire agricultural laborers to study history persistently, sweated women to read and to enjoy Shakespeare in snatched time, and literally thousands of London workers to attend lectures on the history of Parliament given on Saturday afternoons in June, but it changed the whole conception of national educational facilities by replacing the metaphor of the 'ladder' from gutter to university as a means of education for the poor, by the broad and ample conception of a 'highway' open to all, poor and rich alike, who possess both the desire and the capacity to walk along it. Moreover, its continual insistence upon the necessity for England of an educational system which would secure the development of the gifts and characters of all for the common good, led to increased enthusiasm for education, especially on the part of organized Labor, and generated much of the power which made possible the Fisher Act of 1918.

It is improbable that the movement would have attracted so much support, or have had so much effect, if it had not adopted a spiritual idea of education, and based its work upon the old

conception of education as a force directly developing and strengthening the being of man, making for health of body, clearness of mind, and purity of spirit.

Educated men, it said, can work no ill with the knowledge they have and of which they desire increasingly more, not merely for their own but for the common good. At once, with such a conception of the meaning and purpose of education, it placed the efficient scholar on no higher level than the skilled workman. They were regarded simply as different types, with overflowing gifts to share with one another.

Its most notable achievement, and that which has attracted most attention, was the creation of University Tutorial Classes, which we have already seen at work. This creation was chiefly due to the determination of a group of workingmen and women in 1907, at Rochdale, to achieve study in their leisure hours, at the highest level possible to them. They pledged themselves to attend on twenty-four evenings for two hours during each of three years, to write fortnightly essays, to do as much reading as possible, and generally to promote in every way the interests of the class.

Fortified by these sound decisions, they approached the University of Oxford through the Workers' Educational Association, to which they belonged, and as a result secured as tutor Mr. R. H. Tawney, now a Fellow of Balliol and a member of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies. Needless to say, the Rochdale students fulfilled their pledges to the letter and furnished one of the two classes, the other, also taught by Mr. Tawney, being at Longton in the Potteries, which formed an admirable basis for the well-known report on 'Oxford and Working-Class Education,' which is the charter of the movement.

This latter class continued steadily at work for seven years, and at the end of that time contained several of the original students. The others had left, mainly for the purpose of organizing and teaching — animated solely by the sheer love of spreading knowledge — a whole series of classes in the mining villages of North Staffordshire. The fact that artisans would travel long distances to attend classes held at mechanics' institutes in the early years of the nineteenth century had always been a source of wonderment and pride to the advocates of education among the people. Now it is possible to point to laboring men who, for no fee and often at their own charges, are willing to travel many miles, arriving home past midnight, in order to help others, otherwise unprovided for, to study economics, history, and literature.

At the outset of the Workers' Educational movement, the majority of interested observers believed that workingmen and women cared little about higher education for themselves; or, at least, that, having regard to the hours they worked, they could hardly be expected to study persistently and with effect.

The experience of sixteen years has proved these beliefs to be false. It is clear that quite ordinary men and women are keenly interested in things that matter; that at least a portion of them can be organized into classes; and that in any ordinary town it is possible to organize a class, or classes, for workingmen and women scholars, which may be regarded as part of the higher, if extra-mural, work of a university. Before 1903 the universities almost despaired of getting workingmen and women in any numbers to attend their 'extension' lectures, which were designed to be entertaining as well as informative. They would never have dreamed of asking students to pledge

themselves to attend seventy-two two-hour class meetings spread over three years, and to write regular essays. But workingmen and women, left to themselves and inspired by a sense of need, did this upon their own initiative, and every observer knows that they kept their pledges. Moreover, they did so simply because they believed in education as being essential to reasonable citizenship, and to the fulfillment of their own lives; consequently, they regarded certificates or diplomas as unnecessary, if not actually hurtful, to their purpose.

So it has come about that of the ten thousand students who have passed through these classes not one has even a piece of paper to show for it. From this it will be gathered that the idea of 'getting on' is far from their minds, and that they look for industrial advancement from quite other quarters, usually through the good offices of their trade-union or other form of combination. They wish to rise with their fellows — not to leave them behind. Their Tutorial Class is often an oasis set in a desert of dreary labor. It gives them the opportunity, hitherto denied, of realizing their personalities. Their school-days ended at anything from nine to thirteen years of age. An inquiry showed that few had been to school since. The statement of these facts demands in itself some explanation of the claim that these classes are of university level. That they are, no one who knows them doubts.

The Board of Education insists that 'The instruction must aim at reaching, within the limits of the subject covered, the standard of university work in Honors.' It inspects them rigorously. The subjects studied are obviously not those which must be preceded by prolonged school education, but such as demand for their development the native capacity of experi-

enced, intelligent men and women who have striven to act as good citizens.

After two classes had been running for two years and six classes for one year, the essays written were sent to Oxford for examination. In the judgment of the present Master of Balliol, who expressed himself as astonished, not so much at the quality as at the 'quantity of the quality,' twenty-five per cent of the essays were equal to those written by graduates who obtained First-Class Honors in the final schools of Modern History at Oxford. A professor of history in a northern university characterized as 'moonshine' the claim that such students could do honors work, examined the essays, was satisfied, and went back to teach, or rather to study with, a class.

This high level of achievement has doubtless fallen in the later classes. It is inevitable that greater care and force should be spent on the construction of pioneer or experimental classes. Nevertheless, there are in every well-organized class a few first-class students who reveal themselves as such, either in the writing of essays or in discussion. In any case, as we have seen, a class must aim at attaining an honors standard, or it would not make good its claim to the government grant. The fact that the same kind of results was noted in the case of New Zealand groups goes to prove that this power of scholarship is widespread and a normal characteristic of the movement.

The method is that of Socrates.

'How shall a man learn except from one who is his friend?'

'The lecture is one, the discussion is one thousand.'

Left to themselves, unspoiled by theory, workingmen went straight to the mark. It is to the credit of the universities for all time that they encouraged and assisted them. 'We began by accusing Oxford,' said a New York

paper, commenting on the report 'Oxford and Working-Class Education'; 'we end by excusing ourselves.'

If a class is properly organized, the normal results will inevitably follow. It is fatal to induce a student to join a class if he is not keen and eager to study the specific subject. Rather, at the right moment, would-be students should have presented to them the disadvantages and responsibilities of membership. At times weakness has crept in because of the desire of a university to have a certain number of classes, in order that they might find sufficient work for a specific tutor. Sometimes this has resulted in a hurriedly organized class, or in some modification of the subject which the students desired to study. Any attempt to force development, or to interfere with the desire of the students, must lead inevitably to inferior results. As for the tutor, he must be one who is willing to explore and develop his subject anew with the help of his thirty experienced colleagues. He is ideally an editor of opinions, a provider of knowledge, a fountain of inspiration. He must have the spirit of the students, and be quick to use, for the benefit of his class, any knowledge which goes deeper than his own. No class really loves its tutor until it has taught him things. A dogmatic attitude is disastrous. The most experienced of the tutors said, 'My class is beginning to believe all I say. I had better pass on.'

The output of the class is the experience and knowledge of all fused into a unity. Thus the evil effect of bias on the part of a tutor is lessened, if not avoided. With sure instinct, workingmen prefer as tutors those who have had an experience different from their own. Thus, theoretically at least, they would prefer a public-school and a university man to one who had been a workingman himself. In practice there

is, and can be, no hard-and-fast rule. The spirit and personality of the tutor are the all-important matters.

The work of teaching keen adult students is hard and strenuous. Only those who are devoted to it could face the prospect of doing it as an exclusive occupation for many years. On the other hand, there is a fascination and adventure about it all which induces many leading university men, including those occupying chairs, to try to take at least one class, or to teach in the Summer Schools; and there is little doubt that this will become even more common. Certainly, few men occupied on the humanistic side of university studies will consider their work to be complete unless it involves them in some relationship with workingmen and women scholars. The abandon, the keenness, the freedom expressed in a Tutorial Class seem to come from an altogether different world from that in which the ordinary undergraduate moves, although this is not so true in reference to the experienced undergraduates who are crowding to the universities now that the war is over.

The payment of tutors, as laid down in the report on 'Oxford and Working-Class Education,' was to be eighty pounds per session of twenty-four lessons. It was thought that a man could teach five classes in each week. Experience proved that only the strongest could do this, and that four, or even three, especially if accompanied by a very little internal university work, was a reasonable task if it were to be performed well.

In the majority of universities, the payment is as low as sixty pounds, and of this the Board of Education provided thirty pounds in annual grant for some years; but latterly they have increased the amount to forty-five pounds. The balance of the money needed is provided by local education authorities and the

universities themselves, aided by grants from labor bodies, although these have been small, and from voluntary sources, such as the Gilchrist Educational Trust and interested individuals.

The administration of the classes lies in the hands of a joint committee at each university. This, following the Oxford model, is composed of an equal number of academic and of labor representatives. The latter, although nominated by the Workers' Educational Association, are appointed by the university and are therefore part and parcel of it, acting on its behalf. The committees have executive power, and their existence has done much to ensure the continual confidence of labor in the administration, besides securing to the university a means of understanding the peculiar difficulties of the students.

The universities and university colleges of England and Wales have combined to construct a Central Joint Advisory Committee, which is unique in that it supplies the first instance of a committee, or even of a meeting, attended by representatives of all the English universities.

III

It is difficult to estimate with any degree of precision the influence of the classes on English life. There are not wanting those who attribute the remarkable steadiness of English labor throughout the war, at least in part, to the influence of these classes and the activity of the Workers' Educational movement. Such persons derive much comfort from the fact that, in spite of much unrest, labor is not without men trained in the best schools, who will consequently enable it, not merely to avoid unthinking displays of power, but to secure reasonable and necessary development of industrial and political life, adapted to the needs of democracy.

Canon Barnett, the founder of English Settlements, was given to saying that the movement came twenty years too late. That was, perhaps, merely his way of expressing his sense of its importance; for the birth of a movement happens only when the moment is ripe. All the necessary forces must meet at one and the same time for the purpose.

Quite apart from the development of knowledge among students, the movement has had profound effect on teachers and, through them, on the universities. A new generation of economists, and indeed of historians, has arisen, which is widely different in temper from that of the Victorian Age. It was to these men that the government turned at the opening of the war. In August, 1914, those who were engaged in teaching work at the Cambridge Summer School were summoned to Whitehall as being men peculiarly fitted by their experience to understand the new problems precipitated by the war, which, to a large degree, affected workingmen and women in special ways. Needless to say, they have achieved notable success in the work intrusted to them.

Throughout the war period, mainly owing to the devotion of the older men and the women, the movement has maintained a comparatively high level. In general there was in England a real intellectual ferment which tended to strengthen well-organized education, although weaker effort fell rapidly to pieces. The number of University Tutorial Classes at the outbreak of war was 155, while plans were laid for over 200 in the session of 1914 and 1915. The weakest session proved to be that of 1916-17, when the number fell to 98. It, however, rose to 120 in 1917-18, and to 154 in 1918-19. The average number in each class was about twenty throughout the whole period. Roughly speaking, the level of essay work was

well maintained. In Australia and New Zealand the movement has developed steadily, in spite of the fact that it was established there only in 1913. There are now three thousand student members in Australia alone, and the various governments grant £12,000 a year to the work.

The English-speaking armies have without exception developed far-reaching educational schemes for adults, and were the better able to do so because the principles of adult education had been so clearly revealed in practice by the Workers' Educational Association.

In the British, Australian, and New Zealand armies there has been a frank and admitted adoption of the Tutorial Class method. This is not the case in the Canadian and United States forces; although both have given attention to the movement, it has not been actively at work in North America. A gathering of the United States Young Men's Christian Association secretaries felt at the outset of a conference on the subject that it had no specific message for them. At the close, one of them said, with the manifest approval of his colleagues, that, if they 'could induce American universities and American Labor to work together on the same lines, it would be the salvation of America.' That was doubtless an exaggeration of the situation, but no community can afford to let the powerful forces of education and labor develop otherwise than in conscious coöperation.

It is early yet to attempt to estimate the effect of the army schemes, but they cannot fail to increase the demand for education on the part of adults who are returning from war with the democratic spirit much more evident in all their ways. Consequently there will be an extraordinary development of activity, which will be aided by the greater willingness of the English people to

spend money upon education, including that which finds its inspiration and support in universities.

Those who have regarded the progress of Democracy as irresistible have always feared that the form would be achieved long before the education of the people was sufficient for its reasonable working. This will inevitably be the case, for the necessary education can be achieved only through experience; but people can be well prepared or ill prepared. England is at least fortunate in that she has taken some steps, such as those we have considered, to secure the education of her citizens; and since their direction has been determined by both students and teachers acting in common, they are bound to lead to permanent results.

The fact that there are, within her borders alone, many thousand students who, while working at their trade, have passed through classes of a university honors standard is of far-reaching importance. Students such as these are as leaven which leavens the lump. They exercise influence even when they do not actually teach others. Many of them are trade-union officials prominent in the present attempts which England is making to secure industrial progress through industrial peace. All of

them, in their degree and place, will take their part in shaping and reshaping English institutions, both new and old. Every organization, voluntary or statutory, whether its effect be judged to be good or bad, is now coming under the stern criticism of a democracy which does not so much exhibit reverence for the past as hope for the future. It has a passionate desire to make sure that the social, political, and economic fabric shall, in the coming days, minister to great and generous aspirations of brotherhood and world-unity.

The fear of an uneducated democracy is the nightmare of the reformer.

A people with democratic tendencies must develop a due proportion of students, or fail to realize its ideals. It is indeed in happy case if it develops them in a mental and spiritual atmosphere, generated by scholars and workmen acting in conscious unity, fusing academic and practical experience. The educational adventure we have considered, becoming more attractive and powerful as the days pass, has secured at least the beginnings of this development for England and her overseas dominions, and perchance may accelerate it in other countries which have adopted different methods to secure the same necessary result.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

WITH SIBERIAN DELIBERATION

Extract from a letter written by Harry Clemons, representative of the American Library Association at Vladivostok, to his wife in China.

VLADIVOSTOK, February, 1919.

STRENGTHENED by your letter, I got that Shanghai box of books out of customs yesterday afternoon. Thank you for the letter. I don't believe I can recall all the ramifications. Tuesday morning I took the blue bill of lading and sallied into Vladivostok. I went to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank and loaded up with dollars and roubles first, and then hunted for the office of the Russian Volunteer Fleet. After a little search I located that. I got into an office full of people and waited. Finally I caught an official's eye and waved the blue document at him. He took it, perused it with deliberation, then carried it to another official. The second perused it with deliberation, then wrote out a supplement to the document. The second official handed it to the first, and the first handed it to me and said, 'Pay three roubles, four kopecks, at Cash.'

I received the papers and started in the direction of his gesture for 'Cash.' I went into a hallway and wandered about a bit, and then sighted a window like a ticket-seller's arrangement. The window was closed, but I knocked on it. A third official woke up inside, gathered in my money and papers, stamped the supplement, and handed back the papers. For want of further directions I returned to the first office. Official number one deliberately perused the stamp and handed the papers to official number two. The latter per-

used the stamp with deliberation and returned the papers to number one. Number one handed them back to me and said, 'Go Customs House.'

I went back to the maddening world and hunted for the Customs House. Once I got lost in a maze of unclean backyards, but finally I located the building on a certain block. Then I made a systematic search. The first building was a bank. Into the second building a man with a portfolio under his arm was going. So I put my blue document and supplement under my arm and followed. It was a good scent. I got into a crowded office and found an official, number four. He knew some English and was obviously proud of it. But his method was to think each sentence through before uttering it, which gave an air of deliberation to the conversation. After a friendly interchange of remarks, he seemed to reach the facts in my case, and then delivered himself thus: 'You will please go upstairs and see the Superintendent.'

I went obediently upstairs. A page took my papers and disappeared down a long corridor. Later he came back and indicated that I was to follow him. I was ushered into the presence of the Superintendent, who was clothed like the Lord Mayor of London. We spoke briefly in different languages, and then an interpreter was summoned. I was asked what this was about. I said it was about a box of books. For whom was this box of books? For the American soldiers. Who was this Clemons, American Library Association? I indicated myself. But if the box of books was for the American soldiers, there must be some official document from

the American army to indicate that. Then they could consider whether the books should be admitted free of duty. But nothing could be done without that document. And I might come again tomorrow. I indicated a shade of impatience, I fear, but this only brought a repetition of the same statement. So I pocketed my blue documents and supplements and departed.

At Headquarters the adjutant told me that he would be glad to give me a letter identifying me, but that the other letter ought to come from the quartermaster at the Base. So I came back — back from Vladivostok.

That afternoon I approached the quartermaster with my tale, and he cheered me with a show of hearty sympathy and promised the letter.

The letter came yesterday. (So did yours.) At half-past one I started for the Customs House. The same page took the same blue documents plus the official letter to the same Lord-Mayor Superintendent. Then in the same way he waved me down the long corridor. This time, instead of the interpreter, there was a sixth official summoned. He read the letter from the quartermaster, and the Superintendent pondered. Then he apparently washed his hands of the whole blue matter and departed. The sixth official inquired if the books were for the American troops. I affirmed that they were. Then he asked if I wrote Russian. I uttered a regretful negative. Thereupon the sixth official condescended to write out a statement about the destination of the books on the back of the blue document, and asked me to sign it. I inquired if I should write the statement in English also. This seemed to grieve him, and so I assumed that the signature would be safe. Then I was asked to wait a few minutes.

I did. Twenty. At the end official number six said I would please follow

him. He was correct. We went downstairs into the office full of people. Number six pushed over into a corner where an important-looking number seven sat, and an earnest conversation ensued. I remained discreetly in the background. In due time official number six had persuaded official number seven to add a supplement to the document; so I returned with him to the room down the long corridor of the second story. When we arrived there, he informed me that now I should go to the Customs House!

I confess that I was a bit startled, and had to ask for a repetition of the information. But I had heard correctly. This time I took the precaution of asking the name of the building. He informed me that it was Korabelnaia Kontora. I practised this under his instruction; and telling number six, in true Chinese style, that I feared I had caused him much trouble, I departed.

The fresh air was invigorating, and after getting my lungs full, I fell into step to the tune of 'Korabelnaia Kontora.' It was almost as difficult for this purpose as the Wedding March. Whenever I met a person of intelligent mien, I stopped him and remarked, 'Korabelnaia Kontora.' For the first three attempts there was no result. But as I got near the wharves, I found two Russians who responded by violent pointing to the right. On I went, and was again urged forward; and again, a third time. Then I discovered a building with a sign over the door. Once I won half a small prize for an examination in Greek. But yesterday I felt as if I had got the equivalent of the other half also, when my Greek letters enabled me to spell out 'Korabelnaia Kontora' itself.

I entered proudly and immediately got lost. But a youth with a dog found me and steered me and my blue documents and supplements into a crowded office. After a time an eighth official

took the documents and perused them with deliberation, and then led me to another office. It seemed that the necessary official here was missing, and I was given a chair with a considerable show of politeness. Official number eight had an imposing array of stars on his shoulders, but rather feeble trousers. He seemed to be a general above and a camp-follower below. But he was polite. So I sat down. For twenty-five minutes. Then the missing official number nine entered briskly, bowed, and examined my documents with deliberation. Whereupon he uttered an exclamation and led me and my documents back into the former office. It appears that the proper official for my case had really been there. But meanwhile he had departed.

So I waited. Thirty minutes. Then official number ten wandered in, and everybody looked up and said, 'Here he is,' in Russian. Number ten perused my blue document and its supplements with unusual deliberation, and then rose and beckoned me to follow. We went forth into the fresh air, down along the docks, for a walk of some little distance, tried a warehouse or two unsuccessfully, and then in a third apparently found something. There was much conversation in Russky, and suddenly a little box bearing my name appeared. My heart leaped up when I beheld that little box. But workmen had to be summoned and the box opened and one of the books gravely felt and peeped into. Then the box was closed. But official number ten had forgotten to bring his order-book, and so I was led reluctantly out away from my box and back to Korabelnaia Kontora. The order was there filled out with elaborate care, and was given to me in exchange for my blue companion and its supplements. So I went forth for the third journey over that walk of some little distance back

to the warehouse and my box of books.

But I grew more cheerful as I found myself again in reach of the little box, and after a moderately short wait was able to hand over the order so elaborately prepared. But the warehouse boss, when he arrived, looked at the box and then at the order and then at me, and then struck his forehead with his open palm, in dismay. Something was wrong. A little crowd collected. The warehouse boss found a document of an appearance new to me and asked if I did not have one like that. At least, I so interpreted his inquiry. I responded in English that I had never seen anything like it, but was perfectly willing that he should use that for me. Then he called a minion, who was wearing Joseph's coat of many colors, and sent him hurrying off for something. After a moderately long wait he returned and uttered a negative. Then there was another little crowd, and a sub-boss appeared. He was Chinese and spoke English! Are there Bolshevik miracles? The Chinese took me away from my little box of books for another walk, — briefer this time, — and we interviewed official number eleven. Official number eleven said that I should have to pay forty-five kopecks. I paid them. Then he handed me a document of this new style, like the one exhibited; and the Chinese Good Samaritan and I gayly wended our way back to the little box of books.

At last it was surrendered to me, and the Good Samaritan helped me to find a Chinese coolie with one of the picturesque chair-shaped carriers on his back, and we loaded the little box of books on the contrivance. But at this moment of escape, the Chinese turned to me suddenly and asked, 'Have you got a pass to go out of the gate?'

Well, no. I had n't any pass. So we lowered the box of books and left it there in the warehouse, and went forth

to find official number one-dozen-th. It was n't really a very long operation, and I was moving on and on as in a dream, anyway. Yes, we got the pass, and went back to the little box of books, and loaded it on the coolie's back, and I said an almost tearful good-bye to the Chinese Good Samaritan, and the coolie and the box and hurried through the gate — and night was falling.

How I paid the coolie, and got a *droshky*, and lumbered in that broken-down vehicle back toward the Base, and how the driver struck three times for higher fare, and how I finally paid him ten roubles, and how we reached the warehouse, and how two enlisted friends of mine carried the box up to the library without letting me help, are other stories.

The quartermaster called on me today to inquire about results — and he seemed to think that I was lucky! I was. I have got the box. Nothing was broken in it except a pint bottle of ink.

BARSETSHIRE AND THE WAR

'Trollope,' writes a recent Contributor, 'has the most fascinating, compensating, curing nurses that could possibly cross the Channel. Nobody more useful ever stepped into a hospital ward than Lily Dale, or Mary Thorne, or Lucy Roberts. But Barsetshire is rather to seek when it comes to soldiers — chaplains, yes, but warriors, no.'

I read with mixed feelings. As to the nurses, I agree with all my heart, and as to chaplains, I can see Mark Roberts going out with a cavalry regiment, grumbling at giving up horses for trenches, but carrying on manfully, and Caleb Oriel doing his duty quietly, but not rousing the enthusiasm of his men as did Mr. Crawley. That beloved chaplain was refused at first, as too old. But after he went on foot from St. Ewolds to Hoggle End, recruited

a whole company of brick-makers, and marched them into the Silverbridge recruiting-office, his application could no longer be denied. Tommies of other companies might wonder, as he tramped the miry Flemish roads chanting Euripides or heartening his men with tales of Troy town, but they found that Hoggle End fists were very quick at closing the mouths of the disrespectful.

As for our other clerical friends of Barsetshire, were not most of them beyond military age? A cloud of young curates doubtless frequented Mrs. Proudie's drawing-room, but only the face of Mr. Slope is clear to the mind's eye. That eloquent preacher was at first a pacifist; but quickly sensing the unpopularity of that course, shifted to preaching patriotic sermons that were the most stirring to be heard in the vicinity of the New Road. It was not necessary for him to go to the front; he could do his duty without quitting his comfortable house in Baker Street.

No, the young heroes of the Barsetshire chronicles, the lovers of Mary Thorne and Lucy Roberts, Lily Dale and Grace Crawley, were not curates; they were more at home in pink coats than black. Do you think those straight-riding country gentlemen, Lord Lufton and Frank Gresham, funk'd the call to arms? Where Frank Gresham led, Harry Baker followed. As for John Eames, I see him on Vimy Ridge, and fancy that it was in a hospital behind the lines that Lily Dale found there *was* something god-like about Johnny, and scratched the 'O.M.' from her book.

Those trained and tried soldiers, Captain Bernard Dale and Major Henry Grantley, were early on Flanders fields. The cautious captain is one of the few survivors of the First Expeditionary Force, but the major did not come back.

The day her husband sailed, Grace Grantley entered a London hospital for training, and served in France through-

out the war. She and her sister Jane were decorated at Buckingham Palace for heroic service under fire. Both are back in Barsetshire, and both are widows. For before the sailing of the ill-fated expedition to the Dardanelles, Dean Arabin performed a double marriage ceremony in Barchester Cathedral, for Jane and his stepson, young Johnny Bold, and his daughter Posy and Bobby Crawley. The names of the two young lieutenants are on the Roll of Honor of Marlborough School.

The major and his wife were not the only Grantleys to be of use. The Archdeacon, after being refused for age, threw himself into the work of increasing the food-production, where he was ably seconded by Lord de Guest, Squire Gresham, Squire Dale, and Mr. Wilfrid Thorne. Mrs. Grantley headed the Red Cross for the county. Mrs. Proudie was assigned merely the chairmanship for the city of Barchester. The two ladies, however, rising to the spirit of the times, buried the hatchet, and Mrs. Quiverful is no longer the only person who knows that Mrs. Proudie has a heart.

Griselda Grantley also made her sacrifices to the cause. I do not refer to Lord Dumbello's going to the front, which she met as serenely as she did an earlier expedition of his to France, but to her nobly cutting down her establishment. For the period of the war she had only two women to dress her.

Others of the county families did their share as characteristically. Old Lady Lufton and Fanny Robarts turned Framley Court into a refuge for Belgian orphans. Dr. Thorne had a hospital for gas cases at Chaldicotes, while Mrs. Thorne's head, hand, purse, and tongue were at the service of every branch of war-relief. Gatherum Castle is also a hospital, with Dr. Crofts in charge. In its great hall hang the swords of the two sons of the house of Palliser, but they are passing their con-

valescence at that most comfortable country house, Matching Priory. Their father, Plantagenet, Duke of Omnium, served as faithfully at the Exchequer as his wife did energetically as head of the V.A.D. for the Empire. It was her daughter who sent to her from a hospital in France a dying message from a soldier of the Legion, Burgo Fitzgerald.

Only one of the great houses of Barsetshire was found wanting. Courcy Castle sheltered no one but the gouty earl, and no scion of that stock took the field. As for the Countess and Lady Alexandrina, they were interned in Baden Baden, without even one horse to their carriage.

RELATIVES FROM AFAR

I speak of relatives from afar, whose visits occur at rare intervals, say once every three years. Relatives near-by are simple problems in comparison. At least yearly it is customary to round them up. Thus, as by annual visits to the Zoo, one can keep track of recent acquisitions and note how certain adult specimens endure captivity.

I envy those of my relatives in whom the clan instinct persists. Instinctively, it seems, they readily recall the ages, sex, and principal characteristics of all of Relative-from-Afar's progeny. Once, by a sort of blanket inquiry, I endeavored to conceal my own uncertainty as to how many remained of R.F.A.'s offspring for me to ask after. I hazarded a hearty 'Well, and how are the others?' R.F.A.'s astonished look apprised me of my error, while miserably I tried to cover my confusion with a feeble joke, supposing of course there'd be 'additions' by this time. A knowledge of relatives cannot be bluffed.

R.F.A. telephones me of his arrival in town. His own sense of clan is enormous. Instinctively he invites himself to my house to dinner. Necessarily I

accept. His stay is brief — between trains. As well for me it were forever, once the first critical hour is past. It is the first hour that makes or breaks me as a member of his clan.

R.F.A. has settled back comfortably in my Morris chair, conscious of a difficult duty meritoriously performed. As I mentally sum up, apparently he has inquired for every relative residing in the territory for which he holds me responsible, with the possible exception of two or three. And these two or three! I cannot for the life of me remember whether they are *bona-fide* relations or connections by marriage. If the former, it would be worth my year's salary sweetly to say to R.F.A., 'You remember Cousin Agnes? Surely you knew we nearly lost her!'

I dare not risk it.

Now it is my turn. He is regarding me searchingly. 'Renegade, you are going to forget someone,' is in his eye. I am at a loss what form of inquiry I shall adopt. The 'How-is' form — 'How is Aunt Mary?' — may be employed perhaps thrice with dignity. A fourth or fifth repetition engenders monotony and implies a lack of ease with the subject. One might as well resort to calling the roll. What is worse, it creates an atmosphere of perfunctoriness, against which perfunctory conversations, especially, should be carefully guarded.

There are forms of inquiry, however, which, if carefully rotated, relieve monotony and gain for the user the reputation of a genial, kindly relative, in possession of complete details regarding each of his kin. After every visit from R.F.A. I determine to master these convenient forms. They require a minimum of thought and enable the

inquiring relative to give the best of his attention to recalling names, ages, sex, and other elusive data. Of course, reasonable caution must always be observed to apply each form of inquiry only to that class of relatives for which it is intended.

'Probably I should n't know her now!' In the case of any female child-relative this may be thrown off with fine effect. But it must never be employed in the case of R.F.A.'s wife, his mother, or his mother-in-law (mothers-in-law are regarded with great seriousness among relatives; only extra-tribally are they joked about). It should be delivered jocularly. R.F.A. will reply with a waggish shake of his head. To him, growing up signifies precociousness — something quite original with his own children, clever rogues!

'I suppose he's getting on well!' One is safe in using this comment when any male child is the topic. It is especially happy where there is doubt in one's mind whether R.F.A.'s boy is in school, at college, or has entered upon his business career. It would not be permissible were R.F.A.'s father under discussion. It is better not used where any aged relative is concerned. As applied to one of this class who is conspicuously wealthy, it might even be construed as attempted conspiracy.

I need not carry these suggestions further. The Mother of Invention, our nearest relative, will equip anyone willing to learn with a complete and error-proof system of inquiry and comment. Unless feminism or some other sinister force succeeds in destroying the family, we shall have the same classes of relatives, the same visitations among them, with the same distracting tests of memory *ad infinitum*. Why be unprepared?